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OUR *Through* *Solemn*
Seventies



Knock-out
Nineteen-hundreds



Titilating
Twenties



Foolish
Forties



The Years

1870 1940

102

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LXXIV

FEBRUARY, 1948

NUMBER 1

EDITORIALS

75TH YEAR OF COURANT

Seventy-five years ago this January, a few enterprising Fem-Sems organized an Abbot publication entitled COURANT. Those pioneers in Abbot's literary field made a brave start, and deserve much credit.

The first COURANT contains material which is comparable to that printed today. Not that they wrote in the same style, for much changes in three quarters of a century, but their ideals and emotions were similar to those we ourselves experience. (I refer the skeptics among my readers, who feel that we, the modern youth, are running a new and different gamut of emotions, to the ABBOT COURANT, Volume I, number one.)

So many stories written by teen-agers today end on a note of disillusionment. K.L.T. of the class of '74 was such a teen-ager, for although her tale of "Paul Revere's Ride" was written in a light vein, the unique surprise ending (as those in which we delight), well shows her personal disenchantment.

Moreover their reaction to Abbot regulations were like ours. Even though the bells were rung by hand, back seventy-five years, they were yet a pet peeve of the A.A. girls. The rampant feeling is adequately expressed in a parody on Poe's poem, "The Bells."

And in the first COURANT I found what was called "A Condensation of a Novel," *St. Selmo* by name. This tale was a superb parody of the numerous historical romances which line the bookshops today, in fact, one that might make Ruark stand up and take notice.

F.J.

* * * * *

All due credit is respectfully rendered to those Abbot pioneers, but quote I must some meaty bits from their first editions. The squibs in which dabbled the "tenants of these cloistered walls" seventy-five years ago are here brought forth.

Theirs was a day when 1900 was but a distant dream, when prim-mannered and proper minded they busied themselves in—(and I quote)

"—the wonder that a town as noted as Andover for being the center of so much culture and learning"—did not let "the country at large know of the unique and useful institutions, sidewalks."

Simultaneously they "rejoiced in gasoline in our street lamps," but warned that "the blinds of one window on the north side of Davis Hall suddenly disappeared May 16, 1874." (Suitable reward was offered for the arrest of the thief.)

But "as sardines without lemons," so would have been their paper without its fashions. Thus their style comments—"Hair is more rampant than ever. Curls are prevalent, also shell combs. Canes continue en règle with college sophs who are afflicted with uncertainty to the disposal of their hands."

It seems their leisure time was spent in uncanny recreation. "At the last Porter Rhetorical Exhibition" they listened to a "lively discussion on the ghastly question, 'Is Cremation Preferable to the Burial?'"', while "The Honorificabilitudinitatibus Club" still flourished, "becoming manifestly active on Wednesday evenings."

And not omitted was mention of the worthy "members of Phillips Academy's football eleven," for whom they "invoked the presence of Wingless Victory."

These were the thoughts that busied their brilliant brains. And laugh though we might, what do we find today? Eeek! "The Page."!

R.J.



At long last we have established a Student Federalist chapter at Abbot. We have started this chapter because we believe that students should know about world government, what it stands for, and what it means; and it is our aim to help them learn about it. We think that students should know about world government for several reasons: First, our votes will be counting soon, and we want to use

them wisely, and we want to keep the peace. Secondly, as students, our best opportunity to find out about world politics and world government is now. Thirdly, we have a responsibility to future generations to keep the world free from the chaos of war and open to the advancement of civilization.

I think that all those reasons are self-explanatory. Maybe you will consider them idealistic, high-sounding phrases. But they are not, really. Certainly, *peace* seems too good to be true in these unrestful times, but we all know it should be a political and social fact, and we want to make it one.

The work of the Student Federalists at Abbot is mainly informative. We are trying to help the school to understand world affairs and the principles of world government. We are also campaigning to make the United Nations stronger, and to give it power to keep the peace by making world government a political issue. To accomplish this end we offer a fairly definite plan for a federal world government.

But, as I said, our main purpose is education. We want you to become interested in world government; and we hope that, once interested, you will join the chapter and help us to make a strong world government a political fact.

LEE BOOTH '48

President of the Abbot Student Federalists



Few people seem to realize that there is an important demolition job for the world to take care of, the destruction of the still active dictatorships. There are too many of these left in the world, and while there is even one left there will be too many. In Europe there is Spain; in South America dictators fall and rise continually.

The world does not reason in a coherent manner. It is willing to fight the most destructive war in the history of mankind to safeguard its rights and liberties from the aggressive forces of dictatorship, yet once the menace is removed, the world allows the principle from which its sorrow and tragedy arose to be practiced in the most public and evident manner. The same forces which created such unimaginable suffering are now overlooked only because they have not

attained such proportions as to make them actually dangerous to any but those who are directly under them.

Of course, in all probability neither Spain, nor the South American nations which are ruled by dictators today, could ever rise up against the world. Their resources, population, and in some instances their *state* of civilization are too far beneath those of the United States, Great Britain, Russia, et cetera to enable them to do so. But why do we take the chance? Dictatorship is a germ whose rate of growth cannot be estimated. Few people in 1933 thought that Hitler would be the cause of real harm, yet he caused a world war. Why not, for once, strike at the core of trouble without waiting for it to reach such proportions that the only method left to check it is war?

Can the present dictatorships be destroyed without war?

Yes.

This is mainly a challenge for the United States. The United States is the most powerful nation in the world today. Its policy on major and minor affairs is copied by many smaller nations, and its decisions make larger nations consider twice as to what their policy should be. As far as Spain is concerned, probably the active support of other nations beside the United States of a no-dictatorship policy would be needed to put Franco down, but as far as the South American dictators are concerned the strong support by the United States of such a policy would be enough to dethrone many a dictator. Democratic South American countries would be quick to adopt such a policy if they were assured that a strong nation like the United States would stand with them.

North and South America are closely bound together by ties of commerce and trade. A break of relations with a South American dictator's country by the United States would make the dictator think twice about what his next move should be and might force him out of power. If the United States were to take a stronger stand than this against South American dictatorships, their downfall would be practically assured.

Were the United States to take such a stand it would not be long alone; such nations as Great Britain, Holland, Belgium would probably support such a move, and many others could be persuaded to join the fight. Certainly such countries as Venezuela, Guatemala, Mexico, etc. would be almost sure to do so. Finally the greatest aid would be forthcoming from the revolutionary factions of the

very countries wherein exist these dictatorships. They ask only the necessary outside aid (chiefly money and equipment) to fight with all their courage and strength against their tyrannical rulers.

The danger of Communism must not be allowed to overshadow the imminent danger of Fascism rooted in active dictatorships.

F.T.



Fire

Higher, ever higher the flames roar,
Mere wood dares not defy them.
Scarlet fingers play
With frail timbers—
Clawing,
Clutching,
Destroying—
An angry child with a once beloved toy.
Glorious brilliance, heaven bound
Stains the pitch night
With blood.
More than color
There is its voice,
Screams of the murdered
Which like a dagger fly
Through the night.
Now its glory is over.
It sinks, worn out, to the ground,
Dull grey is its mantle.
At once hated, feared, forgotten,
An old woman
Left to die
Alone.

FAITH JOHNSON '49

Back to the Desert

They found her on the desert. She had been one of a wandering tribe moving slowly westward, but somewhere along the way she had contracted the dread typhoid, and her tribesmen had abandoned her near the Ashuk River to die, or recuperate "as the gods saw fit." How did I know all this? I will tell you. . . .

I was making my morning rounds at the hospital one summer day, and having first pushed open one of the heavy wooden doors, I entered upon one of the small private wards. The room was bare but clean, and the sunlight streamed through the two small windows giving a more cheerful aspect to the room. There was an empty bed in one corner having no sheets, only a worn blanket folded across it, and a primitive wooden table and chair were the only other furnishings which the room provided. The room had a peculiar odor—quite different from the average "hospital smell" and I glanced around to see where it came from. My eye fell upon an earthenware jar in one corner, and I walked over to it. The unmistakable aroma of goat's milk greeted me, and I backed hastily away. This was probably a treasured possession which the patient had brought with her, so I did not disturb it.

So busy had I been in investigating the room that I had failed to notice the patient. She lay on a heap of rags beside the bed and was tossing about, so I knew her to be awake. It was not uncommon in a frontier hospital for the patients to sleep on the floor because of their custom, but my first duty was to wash the woman, so I had to move her onto the bed. I approached her, and in hesitant tones asked her if I might help her onto the bed. From this simple question came a shower of unintelligible words, thrown at me with such vehemence that I feared for my very life. The language was obviously that of her Indian tribe, and therefore fell strangely upon my ears, but the accompanying gestures were unmistakable—"Touch me and I'll scream! I am where I wish to be and I shall not be moved!"

I looked around for a means of getting this woman onto the bed, and my eye fell upon the jar of goat's milk. Suddenly I had an idea. I picked up the jar and held it over the narrow bed. This really brought results! There was a flurry of flying rags, and the dirty, be-draggled figure landed in a heap on the bed with her hands outstretched toward the goat's milk. I was so astounded at the speed

which this old Indian woman had exhibited, that the jar slipped from my grasp and crashed into a thousand pieces on the cold stone floor, while the milk gushed forth in a flow more terrifying than any of her former accusations against me.

This was a real tragedy! I had disposed neatly of the last possessions which she had in this world, and the old Indian woman just sat there gazing stupidly at the broken jar on the floor. She lifted her hand and rubbed it across her eyes as though she couldn't believe what she saw, and this pathetic gesture went to my heart more than any tears she might have shed. Finally I could stand it no more, and I turned and went from the room.

I went to the superintendent's office and told her what had happened; that I was too upset to talk to the Indian woman right now and would come back that night and try to make amends. Having said this, I left the hospital.

All day I felt depressed and couldn't forget the morning's occurrence. Never in all my years of missionary work had I encountered a situation which moved me so. It was such a small thing which I had done, and yet it had caused so much misery to this poor Indian woman that I felt like a murderer. All day I racked my brains to try and think of some way to make amends to her, but no inspiration came to me. It wasn't as though the goat's milk was a symbol of the tribe or a superstition among the Indians of that region; this I knew because I had talked it over with the superintendent before I left the hospital. It was just a small token which the woman was clinging to with all of her subconscious mind, and I had neatly disposed of it. My anxiety became so intense that when night came I went quickly to the hospital, fearing the worst.

"The worst" was beyond my wildest imaginings. The Indian woman had died that afternoon. She had developed an extremely high fever and had died about an hour before I had returned. All my life I will remember what I did that day, and that because of me, that woman had been forced out into the desert again in search of her tribe—she was free from the cruelties of civilization, at last.

ANN SAROLEA '48

Music

Music is color,
Vibrating, blending shades;
And from its sounds and harmony
Comes rhythmic art in melody
Which I can only sense, not see,
And makes me feel deliciously.

Clear pastel tones in rapturous song
Are soft and sweet; they swell,
And Music sunny, happy, gay
Has wrapped me in melodic spell.

Then crashing tones come tumbling down,
In black and blue and burning brown,
Streaked everywhere with whitish light.
It seems that every potent note
Fights for itself, and so I hear
Chaotic harmony.

LEE BOOTH '48

Phonetic Spelling

For years small-town college professors, driven admittedly by a desire to enlighten mankind, (and in point of fact by hope of world recognition), have spent long, sleepless nights and wild-eyed days seriously contemplating a matter of great consequence in today's troubled world—phonetic spelling. Having read one of their published works, I humbly beg their pardons, but herein add my bit.

Since phonetically everything is written by ear, we may substitute *s* or *k* for *c*, *f* for *ph*, *i* for *y*, and often *z* for *s*. Az we learn to write in this wai, we must learn to drop unnessessari final letterz (such az *e* or *y*) and to eliminat all doubl leterz. I lik to think in learning this new wa of speling that we wil sav tim bi omiting al rulz, for evrithing wil be pend presisli az herd. To set a spesific exampl: substitut *u* for *o* or double *o* wenevr posibl, eliminat *gb* befor finl *t*.

I fel that this taks car uv the fonetik angl, but I wish to simplifi furthr. Az it iz pland abov, we hav in ovr alfabet tu extra leterz—*c* and *y*. I propoz to uz thez leterz in this wa: Insted uv gerundz and partisiplz ending in *ng*, I sugest that tha end in *c*. (This can also apli to other aperencz uv thez combinashunz.) This wil sav not onli led, but also tim, for techerz wil no locer have to stres the finl *g*.

I adviz that the othr xtra leter, *y*, iz imploid in a similar fashun, i.e., to replas *th*—*y*is wil also be a tim-savr.

In yis esa I'm sertin I hav mad miself cler and I hop yat in ye not tu distant futur I can inlist ani or al uv my fervant redrz in mi fit for fonetik spelic.

FAITH JOHNSON '49

The Curse of All Courses

Je ne sais pas why it is,
That my brain begins to whiz
Away from any sense or reason,
To the darkest depths of nil,
Whene're le français thwarts my skill.

My "un's" come flat, my "r's" not trilled,
Or else this language leaves me filled
With knotted nasal, twisted tongue,
As those weird sounds from me are wrung.

Je ne peux pas to explain
The wretched state of my poor brain.
I'm left exhausted, weak and hoarse,
To curse this "cultural romance course."

ROSEMARY JONES '48

Shanghai

To those who have never visited the Far East, Shanghai personifies all the glamour of the Orient. There are many concepts of Shanghai: to some it is a glittering, international metropolis, rivaling the great Western cities of New York, London, and Paris; to others it is a quaint city of pagodas and peacocks, where stately temples rear pagan-hued roofs to the sky; to many it is a ravaged part of war-torn China.

All these ideas are true in part, for Shanghai is above all a city of paradox. For there rude-angled skyscrapers still overlook the graceful sweep of a temple's roof, and the ubiquitous automobile still rushes cheek-by-jowl with that age-old means of transportation, the ricksha. And even now in the midst of the up-to-date business district, there still stands a gambling house, its portals guarded by red-robed effigies, protection against bad luck and evil spirits.

Shanghai has not suffered physically from the war, but evidence of its effects are only too plainly to be seen. Hundreds of huts, scarcely more than lean-tos, have been erected, and in those one-room shacks whole families of ten or twelve exist in a precarious maner. China has always been a nation of great inequalities in class, but in these days the wealthy have become wealthier, and the middle classes and the poor find it an impossible feat to eke out even a bare existence. Their situation is desperate, and the number of petty thieves, vagrants, and beggars increases from day to day.

The streets of Shanghai best reveal her multi-faceted and contradictory personality. There are the quiet, tree-lined avenues of the exclusive residential districts, bearing charming names—Rue Cardinal Mercier, Rue Petain, Rue Duplaix. Besides comfortable homes placed behind formidably high walls, there also are the fashionable French club, the American School and the M. Fyre School. A few discreet night clubs are also allowed to exist.

In direct contrast are the littered streets of the shopping district. The streets are lined with all types of small shops, ranging from modest two-story buildings to the merest huts, and selling everything from silks to salted fish. Even the names sound different—Bubbling Well Road, Nanking Road. Crowds mill back and forth

constantly, though locomotion is well-nigh impossible because of the spread-out wares of the sidewalk peddlers. The state of the traffic is no better, cars moving sluggishly surrounded on every side by a horde of slow-moving rickshas. The air is thick with the sound of whistles and horns, and the violent imprecations of driver and ricksha coolie afford much amusement to bystanders. Added to this din are the shrill cries of the hawkers, punctuated by the rhythmic rat-tat of a stick beaten against a barrel, which is the food-vender's way of crying his wares.

Then there are the streets of the business section, the steel and concrete heart of Shanghai. Those streets resemble the down-town section of any American city, containing department stores and banks. The famous race-course and the skyscraper Park hotel are outstanding points of interest.

On the outskirts of the city is the magnificent Jesseville Park, and a well-equipped, efficient hospital, besides the beautiful campuses of St. John's University and Yenching University. One can hardly imagine that a few miles away on the other fringe of town there are cramped, twisted streets paved in cobblestone which scarcely see the light of day because of the great number of ancient houses packed so closely together. Yet this is true. Those districts are the oldest part of Shanghai, and it is a step backward in time to visit the streets lined with squat, broad-roofed houses, which may be a gambling den, a Buddhist shrine, a restaurant, or a family home. In the streets one will encounter sounds and smells found nowhere else in the world!

Although Shanghai is composed of such widely differing parts, the total impression is one of unity and compactness. It has a hold on the hearts of all its dwellers, for there is no other city like Shanghai, exotic, enchanting and bizarre, yet natural and harmonious. Shanghai is unforgettable.

GENEVIEVE YOUNG '48

Memory

I close my eyes and see it all again. It's funny but I can see it only in the dark. It doesn't matter whether it is the natural darkness of night or the artificial kind I make when I close my eyes, as long as it is dark.

I live by the sea and a long palm-lined avenue runs along the coastline. I step off the avenue onto the rocky coast itself and sit down where the moss and green grass grow. It is a cloudy night and the moon hides. Suddenly it appears, and by its dull light I see white lilies growing not far off. I see the sea and it is calm though millions of tiny waves wrinkle its age-old face.

Then I listen, for the coast is high and the sea is low and her bottom is full of craggy caves. Small waves (though even on a calm night there are occasional big ones) lick the irregular crevices of these caves, making strange, fascinating, ever-changing sounds entirely new to me.

And then a big wave comes and hits the top of my rocky coast with unwavering force only to break up with a shattering noise into tiny particles which envelop for a time all that is around them; I feel the salt settling in my pores, lick it off my freshly dried lips, and smell it in the air. And though my eyes are closed, I know I cannot see where the sea meets the sky, for it is a cloudy night. But I love it there.

FELICIA TAVARES '48

Indian Summer

Golden beauty, sweet and still,
Wrapped in warmth and summer splendor,
Steals upon my startled senses,
Brisked by fleeting snap of fall,
Smothering any hint of winter,
Leaving only haunt of June.

ROSEMARY JONES '48

Lofty Solitude

What mysteries, O Castle high,
You harbour there against the sky!
Within your looming tower walls,
Inside the dark, decaying halls,
Dwell memories of knighthood bold,
Of tragedies and loves untold.
In tranquil majesty you scan
Man's follies over ages' span.
If only you could open wide
That deep abyss where dramas hide,
And free for me those tales concealed
By rigid Time's eternal shield.

LOUISE HELLIER '48

Song

Hasten, goddess, born so free,
Come, my child of nature be!
(The earth is warmed
With the sun's first ray.)
Come, my own, be free and gay.

Haste, heaven-borne, your joy to know;
The sun halts not, its shadows grow.
(The earth is hot
With Apollo's anger.)
Haste, my child, play without danger.

Haste, my goddess, fair and free,
Too soon thou'rt one with eternity.
(The earth is cold;
Low doth the sun lie.)
Run, my own; too soon you die.

FAITH JOHNSON '49

Something to Remember

I

It was past twelve on a spring morning in 1902 when the small, vivacious Mrs. Taylor came into the sun room. She looked at the grandfather clock in the hall and thought, "Mrs. Thay should be down with the children any minute now. I do hope that Phyllis has behaved herself. How can Mrs. Thay be as fond of her as she is of Ellen and Jenny?" She smiled, half amused, when she thought of Phyl. "Of course I do, but I'm her mother, and Phyl *can* be so unruly. Mrs. Thay thinks the girls are very intelligent, and that Phyl's imagination is really brilliant." So thought Mrs. Taylor as she fussed around the room, for she was very fond of her daughters: they were fifteen, thirteen, and nine; Ellen being the oldest and Jenny the youngest.

She heard the children chattering excitedly to Mrs. Thay as they came down from the old nursery, which now served as a classroom, into the sun room.

"Good morning, Ann, did Phyl behave herself today?" asked Mrs. Taylor as she straightened the awry bow in Phyl's hair.

"Very well. She paid attention to the class almost all the time today," answered Mrs. Thay with a teasing look at Phyl. The girl reddened a little and ran to the back of the house to call for Mrs. Thay's horse and buggy in which she always drove to and from her lessons.

Phyl didn't come back to the sun room but followed the errand boy who led the horse to the front of the house, and together they gave sugar to the aging, but spirited horse. Her mother gave her a disapproving look for having come this way to the front as they waved good-bye to the teacher.

They went back into the house, and Jenny shut the door. Her mother looked to see that she had done so, and satisfied, she walked swiftly to the sun room where Ellen and Phyl had gone.

"Now you must be ready right after lunch to go into town with your father. He will be here any minute now."

"Mama, I'm not going, am I? You're just going to the dress-maker's to see about E's new dress for the dance. So I don't have to go, do I?" asked Phyl.

"You'll have to go dear. I don't like leaving you alone in the house. . . . It's your own fault," she added to stop the coming argument. "You know I can never be sure of what you're up to when left alone. . . . And don't call your sister *E*; it sounds awful, Phyl."

"Oh, but I don't want to go either," interrupted Jenny. "So Phyl and I could stay here, couldn't we?"

Phyl sprang to her mother's side. "That's all right, isn't it?" she exclaimed as she jumped up and down with new hope.

"I don't know what I'll ever do with you! Stop jumping like that Phyl! . . . Here's your father now." Mrs. Taylor brushed back a strand of hair with a light, quick movement. "Go wash your hands for lunch, now. Father is late already so we mustn't keep him waiting. And no more of this, Phyl and Jenny, do you hear me?"

* * * * *

But at lunch an unintentional remark of Ellen's opened the argument again. Instantly Phyl ran to her father's side, pleading that she and Jenny be allowed to stay home.

He smiled, and, shaking his head as if to say "You little rascal," heard in a grave, indulgent manner, his wife's arguments: that Phyl was irresponsible, and that Jenny was much too young to be any sort of check on her, and the resulting impropriety of their being left alone in the house.

Gently and good-humouredly he pacified her and defended Phyl and Jenny on the grounds that there was little to fear since the servants would be around to keep an eye on them. But he won his wife's reluctant consent only after he had extracted from Phyl a solemn promise that she would behave herself and look after Jenny if they were left at home.

When lunch was finished, Ellen and Mrs. Taylor went upstairs to get ready to go to town; Jenny scooted off somewhere as she always seemed to do, and Phyl and her father went into the sun room. Phyl lighted his pipe for him as they sat together on the chintz-covered love seat. She talked excitedly to him about various things, and he listened attentively to all she said. He answered her more than frequent questions, and now and then as they laughed together, he would touch her hair and look into her smiling black eyes. The tilt of her classic nose and the perfection of her features had always

fascinated him, but it was the imagination and the gayety that were so much a part of her that he had always loved.

As they sat thus she became quieter and more serious. In a bewildered tone, half talking to herself, she asked, "Why is it that E has changed so much? She has been very quiet lately, and before, she used to talk almost as much as I do. And she never used to be interested in clothes and dances before. Now she *is*. Before she used to ignore them as much as I. She's actually *excited* about getting that new dress, and every time anybody even mentions Johnny Lester's name (you know—the one that has been sticking around here all the time; the one she dances so much with at those silly dances) well, she practically blushes. She doesn't care about going to The Cope to see the boys either! Do you know what she told me! They're mentally too young. That's because she doesn't dare say that they are just plain young since her Johnny is just that age. She said it in the most spiteful manner too, as if my age had all of a sudden decreased by so many years!" Her tone was almost angry as she finished.

Her father controlled a laugh, but he could not help smiling as he replied, "Ellen is still all right, darling; she's just growing up. Don't take everything that she does and says too seriously, and don't forget that she has always been your greatest friend," he added gently. "E is very pretty; Johnny is a fine fellow, and they like each other, and that is all. Don't worry about it. You, too, will be growing up soon, Phyl, and then you will be thinking of some boy as your special friend." He rumbled her hair. "Then you'll leave me, and I won't be your best beau any more."

She was almost hurt that he should joke about a thing like that, but she stopped the flow of angry, reproachful words on her lips. Having come down again, her mother called to her to get her father's coat and hat from the closet. Phyl still looked rather strange when she came back with it, but no one seemed to notice. Only her father heard her whisper as she kissed him good-bye, "I never, never will!"

II

Phyl browsed around the house for awhile, rather unhappy. She started to read one of her favorite books, but she pushed it aside after awhile as she realized that she was getting no enjoyment out of it. Then she jumped up and went to look for her sister. She found her in the back of the house and ran to her calling excitedly, "Come on,

Jenny, let's go to The Copse!" Jenny left what she was doing immediately, for she was rarely allowed to join her sisters in their adventures to "The Copse."

"The Copse" was the meeting place and playground of a gang of neighboring boys. It had always been strictly a boys' club, but some years back Phyl had forced herself and Ellen upon the boys. At first the boys had been properly disgusted with this childish and female intrusion, for, after all, they were men and fully two or three years older than the youngest intruder. They shooed them off persistently, only to give in finally when all their attempts failed. Imperceptibly they had found themselves liking the "kids" as they called them. Soon they found themselves conquered by the little girls' charm, and Ellen and Phyl became members of "The Copse Gang" (honorary members only, of course, for after all, they *were* girls!).

Now Phyl and Jenny ran across the wide grassy field, back and to the left of their house, for it was there in a large natural enclosure that "The Copse" lay. Once Jenny tripped as they ran, and as both laughed, Phyl picked up the excited child and told her to be careful. When they reached "The Copse" the boys called to them excitedly for they hadn't seen their "mascot" (as they called Phyl) for a long time. They were sitting around a fire which they had built outside their clubhouse. (Although it was really too hot out for a fire, the mystery and western stories that they were telling simply couldn't be told except around a fire.) The day was too sunny and clear to provide an atmosphere of mystery, but, nevertheless, the girls seemed immediately to be caught in the boys' mood. All the boys contributed a tale, and Phyl told one, too. Her father had told it to his daughters once, and even Jenny, who had heard it before, was entranced as Phyl copied her father's manner and mannerisms as she told it. It was a somewhat exaggerated Indian story which credited the Indians with a more unfathomable and strange character than they could possibly have had. But when well told, as Phyl now did it, it had a brilliance that could not be denied.

Hours later, when they broke up, the sun had already begun to set. They put out the fire, and as they said good-night, the boys kidded Phyl about the scream she had unwittingly let out when Bob had told his "true" story about the escaped convict who had driven a college girl mad while she was practising the organ one night. They hadn't teased Phyl when she screamed because that would

have broken the spell, but now they did so mercilessly. She took it and laughed and said that it was Bob's fault because he told the story so well, for he was a born storyteller. He had a sense for the dramatic and perfect timing. Yet he never seemed aware of his power, and that was what made him such a good narrator. In fact, he never seemed aware of any of his assets, thought Phyl admiringly now, as she had so many times before. And he had many: he was handsome and bright and could make people laugh and was liked by all. She looked for Jenny, and seeing that the little girl had run ahead, Phyl started to run after her. Bob called to her, and she stopped. Seeing that Jenny was safely home, she relaxed and waited for Bob so that they could walk together. He teased her about her scream, and she laughed and teased him back about something else.

"By the way," he said, "are you going to the dance at the Chapmans' next Saturday?"

"Ellen's going; Mama and Papa are taking her, and Papa says that he won't go unless I go—of course, he's only kidding me because I said I wouldn't go for anything in the world because it's going to be such a formal thing. . . . Are you going?"

"Yes. You know Bert Chapman—Well, he's older, but he is one of my best friends. It will really be lots of fun. Come on, say you'll go! . . . You must save me some dances starting with the first."

She seemed to waver, but didn't say yes. He put on an affected expression of deep misery, and she laughed. "All right," she answered.

He laughed too. "Tell your father I liked that story of his very much, will you? He is really wonderful, isn't he?" he added admiringly.

"Yes he is," she answered, and the very inflection of her voice showed that she thought so. "I think he would like your story, too, Bob. You can tell it to him at the dance."

FELICIA TAVARES '48

A Letter

From tropic lands my mother wrote:
"I wish I could be there
To see myself October's brown;
To feel the autumn air;
To know afresh what my mind's eye
Can only half portray
Of the glory of New England fall
On a cool and cloudless day;
To reminisce with the harvest moon
High in a cloudless sky,
As graceful flocks of silent geese
In southward journey fly.
Please send to me a maple leaf;
Do this one favor, dear:
My heart is calling, yearning
For a bit of autumn here."

LEE BOOTH '48

Sunset

As the evening shadows lengthened, the last rays of the sun flooded the campus, bathing the buildings, trees, and grass alike in its golden light. It softened the white pillars of Samuel Phillips Hall, turned the red bricks rosier, and set the window panes afire. The grass in front seemed greener. The dignified tower pointed up into the pink and gold clouds, while the blue face of the clock surveyed the campus and the surrounding countryside. Then it began to speak in a clear voice, tolling the time for five o'clock classes. Then it was silent again, reminding me again of an impressive monarch, among the smaller dignitaries of the other buildings.

POLLY PARADISE '51

Wisps of Wallis

WHIMSEY

I've never seen a unicorn;
I only wish I could,
But people say, "There aren't such things,
And that is understood!"

"You find them only in the books
That children read," they scold,
"Of cruel ogres, maidens fair,
And princes young and bold!"

I merely chuckle to myself,
But in my heart I sigh—
Of course you can't see unicorns
Unless you really try!

CATERPILLAR

O caterpillar, lowly worm,
Secluded in the grass,
What are your thoughts concerning man,
As by my foot you pass?

Oh do you wish that you could be
A member of our race,
(And perpendic'lar move-about
Much faster than your pace)

And wear fine clothes,
And try to be the most desired one,
No matter what the cost may be
As long as you have fun;

Engage in wars, both large and small,
With nation and with friend,
And not have made a single gain
From either in the end?

Or would you rather stay yourself,
Slow-moving little man,
Without the things which we enjoy
And which you never can;

Without political campaigns,
Nor prejudices strong,
Without the need to know what's right
Because you ne'er do wrong?

I think your choice should be the last
Small insect of the earth,
For men may never have a chance,
But you have one by birth.

For men will probl'y not improve
Though some will try and try,
But you will soon spread wings and be
A lovely butterfly!

MR. POSTMAN

O Postman, you're a pleasant man;
You bring a letter when you can;
And if you bring some mail to me,
Your Valentine I'll gladly be;
But if you have no mail to bring,
You are a nasty, mean old thing!

A RABBIT'S ROMANCE

A rabbit went a-hopping
To find himself a wife;
Grown tired of being a play-boy,
He wished domestic life.

He passed by Susy Longears,
And Betsy Cottontail,
But Susy didn't suit him,
And Betsy had a male.

He hopped a goodly distance,
Looking here and there,
But couldn't find a woman
To love him anywhere.

So, tired and dejected,
He wandered wearily home.
But stay, don't look disgusted,
There's a glad end to this poem.

For standing at the threshold
Of this quadruped's domain,
Was a lovely little bunny,
A gorgeous sort of dame.

So without wasting language,
Or any mental strife,
He took her to the altar,
And now they're man and wife.

MOOFLOO

Oh, how mad Moofloo was! The most glorious day, and instead of taking him out to play, Tommy had left him on the front porch and had gone to the movies. The movies were one place that Moofloo was never taken. He was extremely bored and bothered, but being only a stuffed dog with long, unmanageably unjointed legs, Moofloo could do nothing but sit there and think about how annoyed he was.

Soon the thought that he could amuse himself by watching the people on the street entered his wooly head and began to permeate through his stuffed brain. "Oh!" thought he, "this can be fun. The next best thing to playing with people is watching them."

The first thing that caught the attention of his button eyes was a group of three small boys tossing a ball in the middle of the street. Making a perfect nuisance of himself, barking and grabbing at their legs, was a mangy black and white pup. The sight of this minute mut made Moofloo long to be out playing with them, but then he remembered painfully his last encounter with a flesh-and-blood dog. He had been dragged off to a corner to have his ears and legs chewed most unmercifully. The thought of this made him wish rather bitterly with all his cotton heart—as he had often wished before—that he was a real dog and could fight back.

So there Moofloo sat, passing the afternoon staring with his green glass unblinking eyes and thinking thoughts, waiting patiently for Tommy to return. But all that could be seen by passers-by was a clumsy, cuddly, stuffed dog, Moofloo!

THE PLUMP LITTLE ANGEL

Way up in the golden city of Heaven, there once lived among all the other little angels a little angel who was very plump. Now you'd think that this plump little angel would have been very happy as are all other angels, but such was not the case. She was very unhappy because of her chubbiness. She would sit around in a most unangel-like way (with her wings drooping and her halo sagging)

and brood and brood about the way that the other little angels ran so fast that she could not keep up on her small chubby legs.

One day while she was brooding thusly, the thought struck her! "I know who can help me! Mr. God! He can tell me how to get thin like all the other angels." So up she jumped and ran as fast as her fat little self could go to the big golden palace of Mr. God.

However, when she got there, she was completely lost, because even though she was very chubby, she was still a very small angel and the palace of Mr. God was tremendous. But she soon noticed a crowd, and going to where it was, found herself in the receiving room for all angels who had problems to bring before God. Her turn finally came, and she was ushered into God's office. She was terrified because she knew that Mr. God was such an important man, but as soon as she saw his gentle face and twinkling eyes, her courage came back, and she told him her great problem.

Mr. God listened attentively, and when she was through, he smiled kindly down at her, trying to control a chuckle of amusement at her seriousness over the matter. However, he answered her solemnly by saying that he thought he could solve her trouble, but that first she would have to accompany him on a little journey to Earth. She agreed eagerly. He took her by the hand, and they descended the shining stairway. They went to a little town called Bethlehem, and the plump little angel was startled to see that it was night, for the world seemed as bright as day. Then she noticed a star, which seemed to be giving off all this radiance, resting over a dilapidated old barn, and it was to this barn that Mr. God was leading her. The barn was also giving off a glow, and as they entered, she saw that the light came from a manger which held a baby, and mind you, the baby was plump! When the plump little angel went up to the lovely bed, the baby clapped his hands and laughed and laughed, and the little angel was so happy that she laughed too.

Then she felt a hand on her shoulder, and looking up into the loving eyes of Mr. God, she exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so glad I'm a plump little angel!"

ELEANOR WALLIS '48

Music Fantasie

On feathered wings they floated
Into the crystal blue,
To bathe in golden sunlight
And webs of silver dew.

They lighted on the lea of joy
And mingled with delight,
Dipping round the rippling sound
Of laughter, in their flight.

Then drifting gently earthward,
They settled on my ear,
Quiet tones of happiness
Bell-like, soft, and clear.

ROSEMARY JONES '48

Reflection

A calm sight is before me. It is a lake as still as midnight. Huddled around the reedy edges are trees in their autumn colors, slowly scanning the reflections of their scarlet, red, and orange leaves in the quiet water. Swaying gently with the rising wind, they look like graceful dancers weaving intricate patterns. The sun shines brightly down upon all.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

“With Lace Around the Neck”

Did I ever tell you about the dress Mother made me when I was twelve? No? Well, you must hear the story, because it will make you think back upon a time when you wanted one thing more than anything else in the world. Maybe it was a doll, or pink coral earrings, but when I was twelve, it was a dress with lace around the neck, and if I couldn't have that dress—I vowed I would never again take my coat off in public. Silly, of course, but at twelve years old, that person called “reason” has not yet entered your life and if you want something, you move heaven and earth to get it.

We lived in a small town in Kentucky and were very poor. Most everybody we knew was poor also, so I didn't mind it at all. It's when you realize you're different from everybody else that the humiliating aspect enters in. I went along in life until I was twelve, not minding that we had to be careful how much wood we burned in winters, or that each Christmas the presents were fewer and fewer, but all of a sudden, I began to notice things about our family that had never bothered me before. Things like the front porch sagging in the middle so that the table wouldn't balance right on it, and that Mother and Aunt Lil came to meals with their kitchen aprons on and their sleeves rolled up. Now this was wrong, and I thought it over a long time before I confessed to Mother that I was tired of the way we were living, and I wanted to “do over” the family. She understood though, as I might have known she would, and said she'd fix things so that the family would get a little glamour in it.

Well, the “glamour” came on my birthday a week later in the form of three yards of yellow calico with green flowers on it, and what was the acme of perfection about my present was that the dress was going to have lace around the edge of the neck! Now that was like being told that you were to be given a new book with a dollar bill lining each page, and my rapture knew no bounds. How beautiful the calico was, and oh! that lace neckline! Had anyone ever had a finer present? I thanked Mother a thousand times, and that very afternoon we started making the dress.

Now in a fairy-tale, my story would end here, and I would end here, and I would wear the beautiful dress and live happily ever after,

but this is not fairyland but the cruel world of realities, and so my story continues. The dress itself was finished the following week, but the lace did not arrive. Mother got a letter saying that the shipment had been lost on the way to the store and that it would be impossible to get lace for a few months. With that letter, all my dreams of becoming the lovely lacy princess vanished like a soap bubble, and I felt that my heart was broken. Mother was wonderful about my disappointment and tried to console me by saying that green braid would look *twice* as pretty on the dress, but you know as well as I do that after the prospect of lace around the neck, green braid would be sacrilege!

My disappointment was like a lead weight inside of me, but not for anything would I let on to Mother or the rest of the family how badly I felt about the loss of my lace collar, and so I put the dress away for some special occasion and to all outward appearances was as gay and carefree as always.

The autumn months flew by and before I knew it, we were getting ready for Christmas. I had helped Sally crochet some pot-holders for Mother and a worsted tie for Father, and by myself I had spent weeks working on a cross-stitch sampler for Mother. Being the oldest, I felt I should control my raptures over the Christmas season and act more dignified, while the younger children gave vent to their shouts and screams of excitement. But when Christmas Eve came, my spirits rose as high as those of my littlest brother, and I never thought twice of appearing dignified.

It was the custom on Christmas Eve for Father to drive the whole family to church and then to the town-house where we all sang carols. This was the great event and we all dressed with special care that night. After a hasty supper I took Louise and Sarah upstairs to help them dress, while Mother retreated mysteriously into the back-room. "Probably wrapping last-minute presents," I thought, and I quickly got to work braiding hair and tying on hair ribbons. The ribbons *always* presented a problem, for Louise had to wear pink ones because her hair was dark brown, and Sarah always wore blue ribbons because she was blonde. Every year they wanted to switch ribbons and had never been allowed to, but they begged so earnestly that I couldn't refuse and I was in the middle of tying the blue ribbons onto Louise's dark brown braids when Mother came into the room, carrying in her hand a box all done up in white paper

and red ribbon. "For you," she said and held it out to me. I took it hesitatingly but when I saw the laughter in Mother's eyes I think I must have known what was in that wonderful box. I gently untied the ribbon and opened the folds of tissue paper. There lay my yellow calico dress in all its splendor and, most wonderful of all, it had lace around the neck!

ANN SAROLEA '48

Awake

The night was cool and softly lay
Upon this muddled world of life;
And where I sat, so near the bay,
The clear and salty air was rife
With silent breezes brushing o'er
The silken grass between my toes
And near-by downs along the shore.
I sat there by myself, content
To feel a part of nature's own,
And know its essence so intense
Which still to many is unknown;
When lo, the wind whipped westward—
Some blasting notes stung in my ear,
And like a thousand Tritons' blow
They shrieked aloft, as if quite near;
I heard some shouts profane,
Some stamping loudly on a floor,
And knew the dance had come again
Where men sought happiness once more—
Oh, why are people lured away
By lustful shams of what is real:
Unnatural music makes them gay,
Pretended beauty, loved a deal.
Perhaps loud noise sounds out their sins,
And faking beauty helps forget.
But here, with nature, joy begins;
Here's purest beauty, firmly set;

There is no matching music, no,
For that of lowly humming winds,
Nor beauty with a warmer glow
Than the surroundings here one finds.
Why don't those dolts of men awake,
Enjoy the profound loveliness
Which God gives free for our own sake,
And love trite falsehood less and less?

SALLEY MACARTNEY '48

To Putt or Not to Putt or the Squash-Bugs Are Ahead

We were traveling at a terrific speed, my brother using an astounding amount of energy at rapid repetition. Were we going to make it? Could we hold out? I was beginning to wonder. The bend was just ahead. I leaned over the rail and looked into the depths beneath me. I felt several species of butterflies whirling in my stomach as I seemed to see some members of the earthworm order Annelida squirming in the perilous waters below. Could we take the punishment and torture? We rounded the bend and I looked up just in time to feel the finish line slap me in the face. We had just won the Seventy-Seventh Annual International Putt-Putt Boat Race for Juniors!!!!

MARY FARRAR '48

Johnny and the Gin

The spontaneous reaction to a stinging bottom streamed down Johnny's puffy cheeks. Never before in the history of his three and one half years could he remember having suffered such humiliation. It gnawed at his dignity, choking his wail into ineffective sputterings....

Unnoticed, he had stealthily entered the room buzzing with strange people, who were laughing and singing and seemed very gay. For his eye had caught a fascinating icy pitcher which they shook and stirred and seemed to like. What it held he did not know, and in eager excitement he had edged over to inspect this curious object. Fighting a pang of guiltiness he had seized an opportune moment to satisfy his inquisitiveness. The contents had swished in clicking iciness as he clutched the frosty shaker. What a strange color with its green bits bobbing about! He had poked the long glass stick into its bubbling depths and squealed as its piquant fumes tickled his nose.

The shaker being too heavy to lift, he had tipped it bodily towards him, gulping a drowning draught....

But oh! who was that looming upon him? And ow! what hand could smack so hard? Cruel, cruel world! But what a luscious liquid, what a fascinating flavor!

ROSEMARY JONES '48

A dainty little dewdrop
On the petal of a rose,
Product of a hasty hop
Of twinkling fairy toes.

LOUISE HELLIER '48

Tones and Overtones

"His fathomless, black eyes looked into hers as he ground his cigarette into the ground, oh, so deliberately."

Sixteen is slouched in a chair reading an over-elaborate, trite, Temple Bailey version of the way of true romance. One sees, protruding from the pushed-up sleeves of a sloppy sweater, firm, young arms. A string of pearls around the neck is being twisted and turned with hands whose nails are bitten to the poor tortured flesh. A pert green bow nestles in the dark, glossy hair. Under the polished library table a pair of legs extend their full length, making an almost straight line from the small of the back to feet clad in the scuffed and worn loafers found on every boy and girl in this casual, careless age of ours. Intense interest is in the brown eyes perusing the printed words of the silly, sentimental story.

"'Do you love me?' he asked, his dark head bent over her golden one."

Oh murder! Jack doesn't love me! He doesn't care! I know he doesn't!

The pert green bow has anguished thoughts beneath it, whirling up from a stricken heart to faltering expression in a benumbed brain.

And just last night too, the anniversary of our first kiss. If Jane hadn't told me I would never have known that he was out with Connie from seven to twelve. . . . (A lover's betrayal is cruel, cruel and unthinking.) . . . Darn Jane! If the nasty thing hadn't said anything I could have gone to next week's prom with him and worn my new dress, but now I can't, not possibly. . . . (A woman's pride rises above all other emotions, even impassioned love.) . . . Jane told me just to crow over me! She's a spiteful girl, and I hate her! . . . (Such is the psychology of the human mind. Blame the one who imparts the fatal news of betrayal, not the betrayer. Far better than ruthlessly tearing down one's dream of a paragon among men.)

The reader's unhappy thoughts are stayed. A phrase has caught her eye: "Ah, sweet romance was there in the moonlight, wafted to them by the heady perfume of the star-studded night."

Oh Jack, how can you have forgotten that dance at the country club so quickly?

(Of course, that special moment when love's declaration lifts life to an exalted plain.)

And now it's all ended. Everything's destroyed. He didn't really love me. They all say so just to see if they can mark down another trophy on a shelf labeled conquests. . . (Oh, bitter, cynical, disappointed love.)

"He swore his love to Gladys in impassioned phrases."

Oh phooey! He doesn't care any more about silly, old Gladys than Jack does for me. It's just mush!

The book lies shut and deserted on the table. Miserable, disillusioned sixteen glumly scuffs out of the library.

MARY BLAIR ZUCKERMAN '48

Maturity

Fourteen. An age of restless innocence,
A time when if that special man passed by,
My heart would mount its elevator high
To choke my words and make me tense.
Fifteen. Collected now, more common sense,
And yet when "six foot two" strolls nigh
My elevator old still hits the sky.
Nor can I feel composed till it relents.

But now my elevator is corroded.
My heart is calm, yet full of love undaunted;
Such serene emotions have I molded
That sixteen finds my learned brain o'er loaded
With worldly facts that leave me ever haunted,
And yet my thoughts of him are n'er unfolded.

BARBARA HAMBY '49

Susie

Susie is a rag doll;
Susie is a pet;
And though she isn't my doll,
On Susie I will bet.

Susie is the reprint
Of someone's cotton dress;
Once she had a gay tint,
But now she is a mess.

Susie has a pale face
With features crayoned there;
Looks more like a blank space
But Susie doesn't care.

Tattered is the old rag
Upon my roommate's bed,
But call this thing an old rag,
And, sister, you are dead!

LOUISE HELLIER '48

Autumn

A little pixie softly dances,
And autumn leaves begin their prances.
She is the harbinger of winter,
This most officious tiny tinter;
And from her hidden leafy bower
She comes to flit o'er field and flower,
Turning foliage all to crimson,
And the moonlight all to gold.

LOUISE HELLIER '48

Fall Calendar—1947

- Tuesday, September 16*—New girls arrive
Wednesday, September 17—Old girls arrive
Saturday, September 20—School Picnic at Ipswich Beach; Old Girl-New Girl Party
Sunday, September 21—Vespers—Miss Hearsey
Saturday, September 27—Senior Picnic; Corridor Stunts—Abbey, Sherman, Homestead
Sunday, September 28—Vespers, The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, School Minister, Phillips Academy
Saturday, October 4—Sight-seeing trip to Salem and Marblehead. Corridor Stunts—Senior-Mids
Sunday, October 5—Vespers—The Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D., Minister Emeritus, First Church, Cambridge
Saturday, October 11—Russell Curry, Dancer
Sunday, October 12—Vespers—The Reverend Whitney Hale, Church of the Advent, Boston
Saturday, October 18—Lecture by Mrs. Dorothy Waldo Phillips
Sunday, October 19—Vespers—Mrs. Dorothy Waldo Phillips
Saturday, October 25—Free Evening
Sunday, October 26—Boston Symphony Concert; Vespers—The Rev. James Gordon Gilkey, D.D., South Congregational Church, Springfield
Saturday, November 1—Illustrated lecture on Astronomy by Professor Bart J. Bok, Harvard University
Sunday, November 2—Vespers—Dr. Claude M. Fuess, Headmaster, Phillips Academy
Friday, November 7—Talk on the United World Federalist Movement by Mrs. Virginia Riorden
Saturday, November 8—Andover-Exeter Football Game at Exeter; Faculty Stunt
Sunday, November 9—Vespers—The Reverend Harold Bend Sedgwick, All Saints' Church, Brookline

Saturday, November 15—Fall Field Day; Field Day Awards and Day Scholar Stunt

Sunday, November 16—Vespers—The Reverend John T. Golding, Church of the Redeemer, Chestnut Hill

Friday, November 21—Boston Symphony Concert

Saturday, November 22—Square Dancing Party with Phillips Academy at Abbot

Sunday, November 23—Boston Symphony Concert; Vespers—The Reverend George Cadigan, Grace Church, Salem

Wednesday, November 26—Thanksgiving Service

Thursday, November 27—Thanksgiving Day Holiday

Saturday, November 29—Recital by Miss Kate Friskin

Sunday, November 30—Vespers—The Reverend Roy L. Minich, D.D., The First Church, Malden; Debate with Phillips Academy on the subject of the United Nations

Saturday, December 6—Senior Play—"I Have Five Daughters" by Margaret Macnamara

Sunday, December 7—Myra Hess Concert—Boston; Vespers—A.C.A.

Saturday, December 13—A.C.A. Christmas Party for Andover children; Reading by Mrs. Gray—Dickens' "Christmas Carol"

Sunday, December 14—Christmas Service

Monday, December 15—Christmas Dinner and Carol Singing

Tuesday, December 16—Christmas Vacation begins

Wednesday, January 7—Christmas Vacation ends

Winter Calendar—1948

Friday, January 9—"Les Disparus de St. Agil"—movie at Phillips Academy

Saturday, January 10—Concert of Chamber Music by Kate Friskin, Piano; Iwan D'Archambeau, Violoncello; and Wolfe Wolfensohn, Violin

Sunday, January 11—Vespers—The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, School Minister, Phillips Academy

Saturday, January 17—Rufus Rose Marionettes

Sunday, January 18—Buffet Supper for Congregational Girls;
Vespers—The Reverend J. Edgar Park, D.D., President Emeritus
of Wheaton College

Saturday, January 24—Free Evening

Sunday, January 25—Boston Symphony Concert; Vespers—The
Reverend Robert G. Metters, Emmanuel Church, Boston

Sunday, February 1—Vespers—Hymn Singing—A.C.A.

Friday, January 30—Tuesday, February 3—MID-YEAR EXAMI-
NATION PERIOD

Tuesday, February 3—Seniors go to Intervale

Thursday, February 5—Seniors return from Intervale

Marcel Gossel



The Abbot Courant

May, 1948

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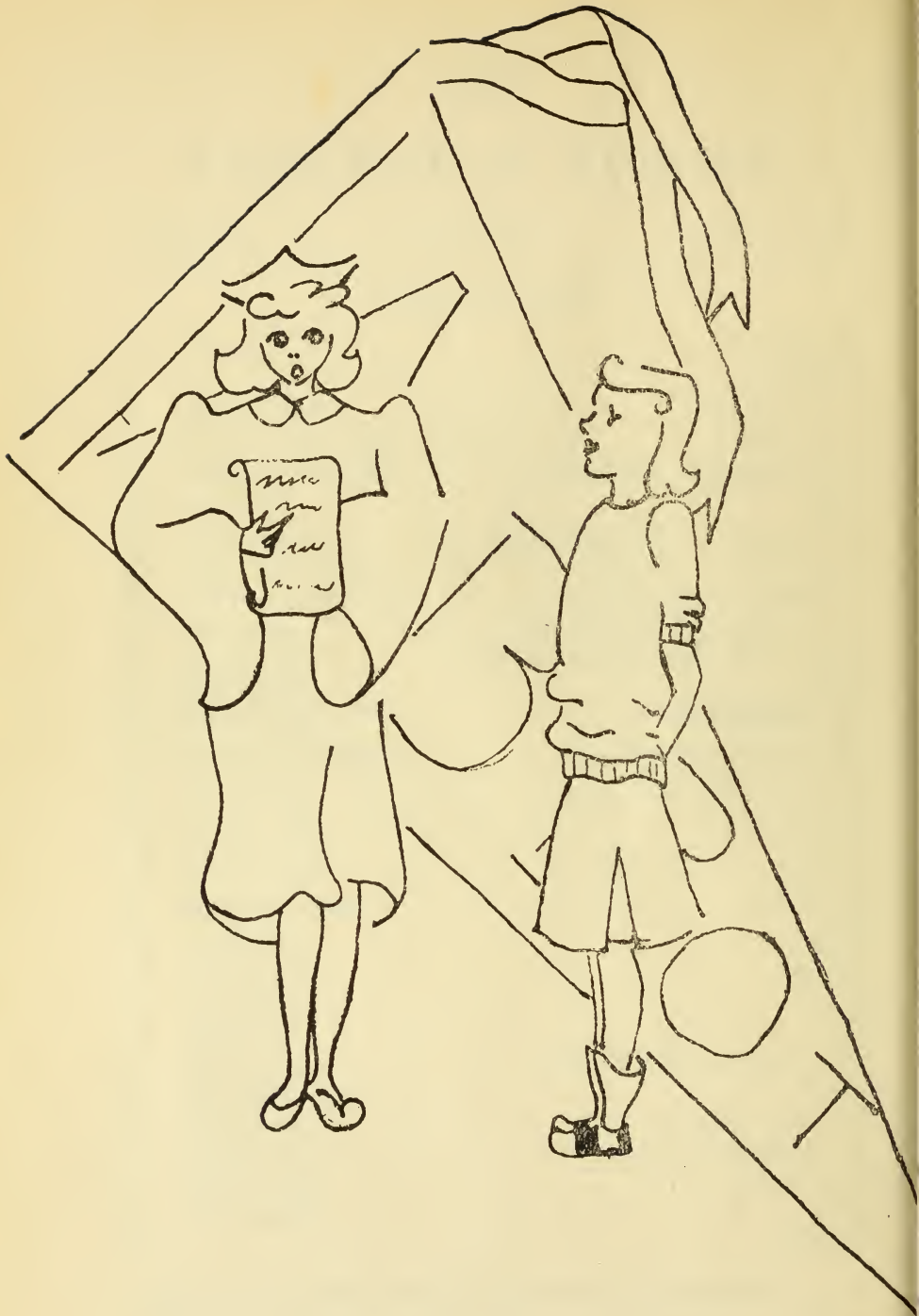
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NUMBER 2

EDITORIALS

The charge that the Student Federalists is a naive organization of prep-school politicians is one that every member has to face sooner or later. It is a disconcerting accusation and difficult to take. The familiar "how will you bold little crusaders solve this question?" or similar cynical reaction has baulked many an aspiring Federalist. And apparently this cynicism is strong enough to stop us. For though we can not understand *their* not understanding what so obviously is right, we have nothing to say. This inability to argue intelligently the case of Federalism seems to be our greatest weak point.

To face down this skepticism, a Federalist must first be equipped with basic information about its principles. Yet how many Federalists know exactly what they are working for? How many have read Mr. Wofford's book *It's Up To Us*, or Mr. Meyer's *Peace or Anarchy*? How many can intelligently present the aims of Federalism and argue its case?

Yet familiarity with Federalism is useless without a knowledge of current events. The application of the organization to the world today is our ultimate end. However, how many Federalists are familiar with the specific weaknesses of our present conception of world government, or the attitudes of different nations and statesmen towards a Federal system? How many know the critical centers of international dispute and the problems with which a supranational organization will be faced?

But perhaps most important of all is the maintaining of active interest by every member in World Federalism. We can not afford to push into the background at any time the ends of this organization which must actually work against time. Nor can the childish antagonistic attitudes, comparable to rivalry between Gargoyles and Griffins, continue to exist between Federalists and non-members. To say "Naturally I'm a Federalist," or "I wouldn't be a member for

anything in the world" is inappropriate and childish. This is not an organization about which we can flippantly joke.

The idea of attaining lasting peace through Federation and law to prevent war must be intelligently discussed and presented to the public. And for this we Federalists must equip ourselves, refusing to be squelched by any cold cynic or stodgy conservative who can merely claim "man isn't built that way."

And as Mr. Meyer said, "If this hope of ours [for a Federal organization] is naive, then it is naive to hope."

R.J.



Boarding school is a good place for one to become acquainted with the remarks and attitudes of teen-age girls. The open minds of aspiring young students often produce extremely witty or philosophical points of view. But I have observed lately one particular tendency which has shown itself in enough different ways to make me feel strongly inclined to criticise it openly, for I do not deem it worthy of the supposedly open-minded people who exhibit it.

The particular tendency to which I refer has not been expressed in words so much as it has been demonstrated in the actions of the people around me. Too many things seem to be done these days with the idea that it is "the thing to do," and it is against this principle that I direct my crusade.

Consider, for example, the matter of going to college. It is my personal belief that at least forty per cent of the girls who are headed there plan to go simply because it is "the thing to do," and they just follow the crowd. It is true that some girls go to college with a genuine purpose; they hope to find some field of work which interests them, and then pursue it, but far too many of our generation go because they consider it a "nice" thing to do.

Then there is the matter of "catting" which in more general terms is simply discussing a friend or classmate behind her back. The fact that it "is done" by nearly everyone, in many phases of life, does not make the action any more attractive. Something is wrong when youth can find nothing better to do than congregate and tear

to pieces an unsuspecting classmate. It is not enough merely to stay out of these conversations; one must make a try at turning these "catting" sessions into something more constructive. Don't follow the crowd and do what they do, or be willing simply to think what they think, but have more ideas of your own and tell people about them. If we had more confidence in ourselves we would not hesitate to express our thoughts when we felt like it, instead of holding back with the rest of the crowd lest we appear conspicuous.

Yes, I think it is a dangerous tendency, in these days, to do something because it is the whim of the group. It is a bad habit to get into, for it destroys all originality and individuality. Therefore, whether it be the choice of a friend, a college, or a profession, do the thing because you want to do it, and not because it happens at the moment to be "the thing to do."

A.S.



Quite soon now I shall for the last time rise and sing "The Parting Hymn" at graduation, but when I do I will not sing all of it, for I made up my mind quite some time ago that I would omit a certain line, the line that runs: "Father, I know that all my life is portioned out for me."

I deny the belief expressed in this line; my denial may be the essence of last youth or the first breath of approaching maturity or a mixture of both, but whichever it is I hope that I shall never forget or cease to believe in the train of thought that brought me to make an open denunciation of this belief.

I deny that anyone's life is "portioned out," because such a belief takes excitement, integrity and beauty out of life by making human endeavor senseless. Rather, I believe that my life, like yours, does not have a definite set pattern, that it never shall; it is clay to be moulded by my will and passions, to be made firm by my integrity, to be softened by my weaknesses. The ultimate form of this now shapeless clay rests entirely in my hands, for only they can determine whether it will be a cracked platter or a lovely vase.

F. T.

The China Dish

The morning sun poured meltingly through the open window over the worn linoleum, blazed up the tablecloth, caressed the gleaming, heavy cups and plates, and finally came to rest upon the stiff, creamy envelope propped against the sugar bowl.

Jessie Murdock glanced from the envelope to her husband seated across the breakfast table, her usually beaming face clouded by a troubled frown. Even after thirty years of marriage, she never failed to be surprised by her husband's placidity in times of crisis. Today was, indeed, a crisis. The rich-looking envelope contained an invitation to the wedding of her beloved charge, Patty Bradshaw, an invitation which Jessie had eagerly awaited ever since the news of Patty's engagement.

Jessie remembered how she and Jim had worked as a couple for the town's leading family, the Bradshaws, for twenty-seven faithful years. Jim Murdock had been the gardener and general handy-man, and she, the nurse to Patricia, the wealthy Bradshaws' only child. And a sweeter child had never lived, mused Jessie. She and Jim had spent their years there, treated more like friends of the family than "hired help." But the years had sped by, and Patty had grown up, and Jim became gray and creaky, his nimble fingers twisted by arthritis. So the Murdocks had retired, man and wife, to live in the cottage which had belonged to Jessie's family, and raised chickens to eke out their meager income from their savings. Here they were living out the Indian Summer of their life, their peaceful life brightened by the occasional visits of their adored Patty.

And now Patty was to be married to Dick Elliot, her neighbor and childhood playmate.

Patty had always promised to send them an invitation to her wedding, though it was quite out of the question for them to go, yet this invitation would be a source of pride and joy, for though the whole town had heard of the wedding, the Murdocks were the only ones in their neighborhood to receive an invitation. Jessie could confidently expect a procession of her best friends and worst enemies to troop in all day long to finger in awe this message from what seemed to them another world.

Yet the invitation brought not only happiness, but a great problem as well. Though it was quite out of the question for the Murdocks to attend the fashionable wedding, Jessie knew it was necessary to send a present. They could not, by any stretch of imagination, scrape up the money for a nice present; their slender resources took care of that. It would have to come from their house or garden.

"What *could* we send them?" murmured Jessie.

"Eggs?" suggested Jim helpfully. This was greeted by the withering silence it deserved. Men were so impractical! Jessie's mind went back to Patty's last visit. Had she never admired anything that could be sent as a present? She racked her brain. Suddenly she remembered what Patty had said as she looked at the gleaming rows of jars of home-made preserves in the cupboard. She had said, "Oh, Jessie! I do envy your wonderful preserves! Could you teach me to make them sometime? I haven't a single jar to start housekeeping with." That was it!

"Preserves!" Jessie ejaculated. Jim jumped, then beamed with relief. Life would be easier without a fretting wife. "Yes," Jessie went on, "I'll send them three jars of strawberry and three of peach. It'll sound nice in the papers—'From Mr. and Mrs. Murdock, six jars of preserves'." She bustled happily to the closet, and discovered another problem. What would Jim carry them in? A basket would be unthinkable. Patty's wedding present in a basket! Jessie's pride would never permit her to do such a thing.

Jim, being consulted, remembered something. "There's a big dish that's being used for water out in the hen-house. That would look right pretty to carry the jars in." And despite his wife's disapproval, he went to fetch it.

The formerly mud-caked dish looked fairly nice after it was washed. "Better than a basket anyway," thought Jessie. It was really quite pretty, Jessie grudgingly admitted to herself, but the odd decorations and queer colors were not to her taste. It was probably a souvenir of her soldier grandfather's travels. She hoped the jars would cover the dish completely.

The jars fitted in nicely with one in the middle and five around, and Jessie, watching Jim's departure to deliver the gift, thought, "I wonder how they'll have it now—'Mr. and Mrs. Murdock, six jars of preserve and plate?'"

The next morning as she was trotting around the kitchen, a blue whirlwind hurled itself into the kitchen and almost hugged the breath out of her plump form. It was Patty. "Oh dear Jess," she cried, "that was the most beautiful plate you sent us! Dick is crazy about Chinese ceramics and he says the plate will be the jewel of his collection! It was sweet of you to give us such a wonderful present! It must be one of your treasures. We're going to put it in the center of our collection! But why did you put those jars on the dish? They might have cracked it!"

Patty went on, and Jessie came slowly out of her daze. So the plate was supposed to be valuable! You never knew these days.

A warm, hazy glow spread through her. She had given her Patty something nice, something to treasure. And as she hugged Patty happily, she couldn't resist thinking, "I guess it will be 'From Mr. and Mrs. Murdock, one valuable dish'!"

GENEVIEVE YOUNG '48

The Question

My heart cried out to her: she stood so still,
Eyes stricken, asking why, why should this be,
What knowledge guiding an Almighty will
Claims her loved one for all eternity?

Another sympathetically, confused,
Cried, "Why must death destroy our careless ease?
A little while ago we laughed, amused;
Life's smallest nothings had some pow'r to please."

I, too, had questions, but half-framed before,
And yet I did not like what she had said;
A selfish child's cry when so many more,
War-taught, had suffered tearless o'er their dead.

I saw not how to comfort or reprove;
Silent, I knew a thoughtful, wiser love.

MARY BLAIR ZUCKERMAN '48

Post Season Race Number Five

The wind was southwest and blusterous and the tide was just beginning to flow. We finished lunch at about quarter past one, so had to hurry to get started. The races began at two o'clock sharp and we needed a good half hour to sail to Wianno.

Bill had gone to get the spinnaker behind the house while I changed into a warmer sweater and got the small canvas repair kit, stopping thread and the stop watch. The other two members of the crew arrived as we finished tying the last stop in the spinnaker. We rowed out to the "West Wind's" mooring. In ten minutes the main sail and jib were up, the halyards were coiled and we cast off.

"West Wind" was named for our luckiest wind. Our "West Wind" is fast and points well and we had grown to know the waters well. Our crew had sailed and raced together often and therefore knew what each was expected to do.

Bill gave me the stop watch and told me to mind the jib while one of the boys tended the main sheet and the others watched our position.

We slid up beside "Rumbo," the committee boat, to get the course and check our tide charts. There were still several boats coming out of the Osterville cut so we had to wait a few minutes.

The first gun fired. I punched the button of the stop watch as I saw the smoke. (If you time by the smoke you are about one second ahead of the sound.) We had five minutes between guns and two guns to go. I called out the minutes and then the seconds. Boats milled about like animals in a pen, all trying to crowd near the starting line.

The five-minute gun went off. I checked it with my watch. It was three seconds early. We slacked off for a hundred yards and then tacked back. We hugged the Committee Boat with thirty seconds left.

"They'll jump the gun again," said Bill. "Cleat the main sheet and get up on the rail. Tootie, make fast the jib sheet and get up there too. We're going to heel."

The gun fired across our bow and we went over. We had the best start in the fleet. We did heel. It was a long wet heel, but we did it in

three long legs rather than waste time tacking, so that one third of the time we had the sun and the rest of the time we were wet and cold. We hit the buoy exactly right and cut it so short that the red paint on it reflected on the white sides of "West Wind."

The spinnaker was hoisted in a matter of seconds. Behind us, other spinnakers burst out like the sudden blooming of buds into many white flowers. Here and there in the fleet were blue, pink, and white nylon ones which seemed almost transparent. Ours was nylon too and the sun before us glared right through it.

We removed our heavy blue "sou'westers" in order to dry. We could relax somewhat although the spinnaker guys were hard to hold. Bill tinkered with the spinnaker boom and his own invention as a spinnaker sheet to make it draw properly.

This always seems to me the most enjoyable part of the race. We have worked so hard and gotten so wet but now we relax and soak up the late afternoon sun. Before, the only words spoken were those of the skipper's orders and reproofs and one of the boys giving position. Now we laugh, joke and tease each other. But most gratifying of all is to see a fleet of boats coming down before the wind under spinnaker behind you with the late afternoon sun tinting their puffy bellies a delicate pink, and above all to go over the finish line first.

MARY CARROLL SINCLAIRE '48

April

April is a lovely song,
Freeing my heart from the dirge of winter.
It is the resurrection of all visible beauty,
The fresh blooming of the flowers in my soul.
The May that follows is a hymn of praise,
An anthem of thanksgiving,
Grace to God for promise and fulfillment;
But April is the gift.

ALICIA COOPER '48

The Endorsement of a Definition; Pixie

One day a tiny pixie sat down beside me on a wooden fence and said, "Hello." Although I had to bend my ear to hear him, I found that he was speaking in a most distinct and lively manner, but I could see that something was the matter, that he wanted to tell me his troubles, and that he was almost as discouraged as I was. I had never heard a real live pixie talk and I listened to him until supper time. We just sat, with our heads between our hands, and he told me the saddest story...

Once upon a time, in another country where people have imaginations, there lived a large family of pixies, one of the oldest, largest, and most distinguished families of pixies for miles around. This particular family had many friends and relations, and once every year they held a large meeting to decide what should be done with the people who wouldn't believe they existed. (Imagine how you would feel if someone didn't believe you existed. That is exactly how pixies have always felt!) The meeting this particular year was taking place on an unusually large world atlas. (World atlases, my friend told me, lack that tiresome habit of flipping shut; their pages always seem to lie still. I asked my friend if it wasn't the pixies who flipped pages over; he looked up sheepishly, and told me to believe what I believed.)

The meeting, he went on, was in the charge of Tweedledum, leader and more progressive member of the family. Tweedledum advocated moving to another country. It was absolutely the thing to do, he said, with conditions as they were. They simply must move! Why simply everyone was doing it! Having advocated this, he hooked his chubby fingers through his lapel buttonholes and then let out a cry of pain. He had forgotten that on that very morning he had placed an unusually bright fresh rose in each buttonhole, and he was amazed to pierce his fingers on the thorns. After many hours of argument the pixies decided to move to another country, and upon looking at the page they were on, they decided that their destination should be America—"government of the little people, by the little people, for the little people!"

After many weeks of careful planning and preparation they set

out. Their departure meant a great deal of packing of such necessary articles as squeaks for comfy beds, slams for doors, slips for rugs—all this needed, you understand, merely to show that they existed!

America was all they had been promised: the people wore shoe-laces for them to untie; had knitting to unravel; toothpaste, extra large, to squeeze from the top; bank accounts to empty; doors to slam; soap to put sneeze in; pens to supply with blots—why, the land was wonderful! Furthermore they discovered that they were living among people who already believed (imagine!) in Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny! Yet there were also people in America who simply would not believe. There were children who were too progressive; why, they scoffed at Pixies! There were grown-ups who were too interested in Problems. Tweedledum said one day that he didn't know why there was any problem about labor and management; in his people, the others did the labor and he managed. There was simply no excuse he reflected, as he pulled down and let go the cord of the green window shade and sent it flying to the top. Such people simply didn't have any imagination; they did not seem to have any time for any. The pixies were simply at their tricks' end. . .

This was the sad story my pixie friend told me. I told him that I would believe in pixies from then on, and he promised to see me again and thanked me for my belief, but he was still looking glum when we separated.

JACQUELINE KAY '48

Daydream

Imagination clouds the mind,
And wisps of whimsey drift and wind
In buoyant sequence, slow and free,
Through lazy, hazy fantasy.

ROSEMARY JONES '48

“A Wink, a Laugh, Perhaps a Tear”

It has been said by an author of a witty article in the *Reader's Digest* that a minister takes the form of a third kind of human being in multitudinous laymen's minds, a being whose life is unmarred by the petty cares and troubles of this world and whose person is clothed in impenetrable purity. How I would like to climb on a convenient stump facing these misguided children of earth and shout at them that there is a no more understanding, lovable man in this world than a man of God and a no more human one; he is subject to every fault in the book of life, the only difference being that mistakes bother his conscience more than they do ours.

Rich in human interest and rewarding in the closeness of contact with many types of people, the life of a minister is full of experiences in which he has undergone the entire emotional gamut from laughter to tears. In devoting one's life to the ministry, one devotes oneself to mankind. One never reaches the end of exploring and discovering in working with people. No wonder *The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith* made delightful and heartwarming reading.

But one also finds that there are certain types of laymen whose filing number is branded on them unmistakably. Upon these stereotyped products, the minister bestows a little knowing, but by no means harshly-condemning, wink with a lift of humour in it. There are strait-laced, busy little housewives, faithful churchgoers, for whom the rectory curtains are carefully drawn so as to spare them the loss of a single particle of faith at seeing their "preacher" sipping a little sherry at a dinner party. There are vestrymen who work hard and faithfully in a cramped office during six long days and surely may be excused by an understanding God for donning an old checked shirt, faded khaki pants, and a battered hat on the seventh day to go in search of a stream teeming with frolicsome, wily trout who will test their mettle against a steel rod. And within the bounds of so-called Christianity may also be found "the sprinkler system" under which we find those well-meaning souls who enter God's house thrice in a lifetime: once to be sprinkled with a little water, once to be sprinkled with a little confetti, and once to be sprinkled with a little earth.

Not all the humour found in the minister's day is of the silent, winkable variety, however. There are times when laughter, often touched with tenderness, makes the rounds of the rectory dinner table. A summer tourist of the *gens suburban* gushes forth post-service, "Oh, Reverend, I know just what you mean about night flying. It does give one a thrill, doesn't it?" (Faith, during the sermon, had been compared to night flying when the pilot is guided by a voice from the field below and does not need to see where he is going.) A child of six whose home is a small farm found at the end of a hilly dirt road in the New Hampshire countryside has her first taste of church. On arriving home, in answer to the family's questions, she makes the terse remark, "It was nice, but the preacher wasn't a very good man. He kept saying 'God!' like Daddy does when he's mad." What a strange life this is when God's name signifies only wrath in the minds of little children.

Perhaps it is through sorrow shared with others that the minister becomes the most understanding among men. A short while ago a child, a curly-haired, lively little boy of six, was declared to be dying of an incurable tumor. Life was merciful to him, for during the brief span of time left him there was little pain and he was able to chatter along happily about his small sister's escapades to the visiting minister, father himself to a boy of eight. On the last day, with his mother holding his hand and his small face tranquil and happy, he died listening to the rise and fall of the young minister's voice, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. . ."

Thus a minister's life has the joy and sorrow, the warmth and loneliness of other lives bound up in it. Yes, he is a human being in spite of mistaken theories, but more than that, he is a friend.

MARY BLAIR ZUCKERMAN '48

A Quiet Room of One's Own

At 9:15 Saturday morning I sat down with a pad of paper, two pencils, and a quotation about trees from *A Room of One's Own* to match with gems of my own contriving. "This should not be too difficult," I thought. "What shall it be, a crispy maple, a stalwart pine, or a John Powers poplar?"

Boom; boom; boom; boom; boom. . . .

In one of the little cubicles above me someone had started pounding away on a piano a melody which I particularly disliked; and I felt sure, from the vehement manner in which she had attacked it, that she was going to stick to it until she had mastered every trill and run. One bar was particularly troublesome, and she worked over it diligently. She would start one measure before the hurdle and slowly creep up on it. As her confidence grew she would begin four or five bars further back, and gaining momentum, would sail grandly over the obstacle—to land, with a dismal thud and tangle of fingers on the other side.

Virginia Woolf forgot to specify a *quiet* room of one's own. How can clear, inspiring thoughts come bubbling from a churning brain? Trees (and tailless cats) were obscured by a storm of sounds.

I found myself humming the tune, perhaps through a subconscious desire to pull the performer along behind me. "How much worse can it get?" I asked.

And then the organ began. In deep, resonant voice it took up the alto part, and there followed the most horrendous duet that I have ever heard. I imagined that the floor above me was a great piece of the African jungle in which a herd of antelope were being pursued by a fierce lion who announced his presence by a series of roars in 2-4 time. Clearly the atmosphere was not conducive to an enlightened and edifying English theme.

Then, a thought!—"The theme should be an expression of ideas that you have carried around with you." What could be more suitable than an essay on the effect of ill-managed piano and organ-playing on creative writing? Voilà! I began writing eagerly; the morning was not yet gone.

I had written no more than two sentences when there was a knock at the door. "Miss Friskin wants you to bring your clarinet up to the music room right now—practice, this morning."

"So, 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast,'" I thought, foaming at the mouth.

JANE KENAH '48

“Not to Keep Them in Silken Dalliance”

“*[Maud Gonne was] an ardent patriot, one who turned men's heads, not to keep them in silken dalliance, but to make them help her in her work.*”

Mary Colum, “*Life and The Dream*”

On the streets of Dublin one bleak night in 1883, a few lonely figures walked rapidly, their shoulders slightly bent to shield their faces against a biting wind. The figures looked tired, worn out; the faces strained and set. For months now these people had been striving to hide their feelings behind inscrutable masks, but they had not succeeded in doing so completely, for nothing could hide their unrelenting determination to fight for their freedom. They would not abandon their purpose, their dream; they would not humor the English people in their belief that the Burke-Cavendish assassination had been the work of Parnell's organization—Parnell who represented the will of the Irish people! They must make the English people realize that the assassins belonged to the “Invincibles.” Meanwhile they must endure the Coercion Act; they must endure the unjust punishment of the English for at least a while if they were to recover lost ground and continue their advance towards the independence which that business had set back.

But tonight the tension in the city had lessened somewhat; and a tinge of excitement hung in the air. Tonight was the night of the Great Ball at the Viceregal Court of the Castle of Dublin, and Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, and his Princess Alexandra were to preside over the Court. The Prince was liked in Ireland, for he was a good man with sound sense, and he had the Queen's smile. . . . As the lonely figures passed by one brightly lighted house, the home of Colonel Gonne, some unconsciously straightened their shoulders and heedless of the noisy wind, paused for a moment to think of the girl who was to be presented at Court that evening, Maud Gonne, Ireland's beauty, and an ardent patriot.

* * * * *

The shades were drawn in Maud Gonne's room, but she could hear outside her window the steps of the passers-by, as she could hear the irregular stamping of horses' hooves and the low, reproving voice of the coachman who was waiting to take her and her father to

Dublin Castle. Inside the room, Maud's companion, Mrs. Sheen, was smoothing the folds of the girl's heavy-silk dress with long, light strokes. Mrs. Sheen stood up, and her breath caught as she saw how utterly lovely the girl looked, with her tall, delicate figure draped in folds of subdued green that fired her thick, soft, bronzed hair and darkened her bronze-brown eyes. She looked at the exquisite tawny color of the girl's face and bare shoulders, and thought "a picture in golds and greens." She bent down to smooth the hem of the girl's dress, and said as she did so, "Oh, how I wish your mother could see ye now!" She crossed herself as she spoke.

Heedless of her dress, the girl went quickly down on her knees, put her arms around the old woman and gave her a light kiss. "Don't, Mary," she said in a low, fond voice that sounded extremely lovely after the old woman's rough tones, "You'll make me sad. You know mother *is* seeing me now—she is seeing me through your eyes." She smiled, and raised the old woman to her feet.

"Come, Minna," said the girl in a cheerful voice, "get my cape for me or I'll be late." The girl watched Mrs. Sheen go out, then turned around, and her eyes were caught by the rich, gleaming jewels spread on her dressing table. She thought of the hands, the Irish peasant hands which had made those ancient jewels, "Your mother's jewels," her father always called them. But he was wrong! Her thoughts raced. Those jewels didn't belong to that lovely hazy figure she remembered as her mother; they belonged to—She shook her head. In a few years they would be hers. Then she would place them in the right hands.

When Mrs. Sheen came back, the girl was putting away all the jewels her nurse had taken out for her to wear, putting them back into the green velvet cushioned box, and humming lightly, but quite loudly, *The Wearin' o' the Green*. Seeing her thus, Mrs. Sheen started. She even forgot that the girl was refusing to wear her jewels, in her fright over the song.

"Shhhh! Miss Maud! Ye must be going out of your mind! Mark me, one of these days ye'll start humming that in a public place, and then if ye get arrested as a rebel it won't be me fault. I've warned ye!"

The girl turned to reply, and then, seeing that her father was standing at the door, started to laugh instead. "Poor Minna," she

thought, "you're always trying to tame me at the wrong time. Now the argument will start between you and father again." She smiled—she had to, whenever these two argued.

Her father spoke from the doorway. "You shouldn't stop her from singing, Mrs. Sheen. If that's the song the girl feels like singing, let her. It's a good Irish song!" Colonel Gonne straightened his tall, soldierly figure. I might serve her Majesty but I'm an Irish Unionist before that! He was not afraid. Everyone knew how he felt. He did not mince words.

Mrs. Sheen gave him a reproving look. "It's not for ye to encourage her, sir. It's very wrong for ye to do such a thing." But her voice died down toward the end. She was really so proud of him, the way he managed to remain loyal to both his country and his queen, his fearlessness, his patriotism. She looked at his tall, stately figure, then turned to look at his daughter's proud, commanding carriage. "And she's like him. No, she's better," she mused, feeling slightly unfaithful to the Colonel. "Yes, better," she affirmed, seeing the idealistic forward-looking expression in the girl's eyes and her soft but firm chin. "She has infinite strength." Mrs. Sheen shook her head as if dazzled by a dream of the girl's future, and accompanied them to the door.

* * * * *

That night Dublin Castle seemed part of an enchanted world. Its hundreds of fragile chandeliers were lighted, its spacious rooms filled with the resplendent personages of the great. The royal platform in its sober elegance stood out against the glittering background of the ballroom,—and the beauty of Maud Gonne conquered all. The formal ceremony of presentation had begun soon after she had entered, and throughout it most eyes had remained turned toward her, the famed beauty of Ireland. In the midst of the attention, and the nervous discomfiture of other ladies, Maud Gonne had kept her delicate head high in a quiet dignity that enhanced her beauty all the more. She was unaware of the stir that her beauty was causing. At first she had seen nothing but the wasteful elegance of everything around her, the richness of the women's attire. Unconsciously she had arched a fine angry brow as her anger mounted within her at the thought of the thousands of oppressed peasants, living not far from this brilliant room, cold, hungry, and homeless. Then her anger

stopped. Anger would not help the cause. But what would? She would find out sometime; now she could see the answer only dimly.

All watched her changing expressions, admiring but unaware of the thoughts that provoked them. The men had only to see the arched brows to be filled with vain hopes of undreamed romances. Of the women, most gazed admiringly, while a few pursed their lips in scornful envy.

Now the ball had begun: a buoyant gayety had settled over the regal dignity that had previously enveloped the room; long, faintly rhythmic notes of music were filling the dancers with heady excitement; and many of the men were waiting impatiently for a chance to dance with Maud Gonne. Taking advantage of their rank, men of high position had claimed her first, duke succeeded earl; but now all alike stood around waiting, for they could not interrupt so lightly the Prince's son who was now dancing with her. They smiled as they saw the usually stiff, rather gauche young man talking lightly to her and guiding her effortlessly through the crowded dance floor. They saw the high color in his face as she talked to him, and color rose to their faces in expectation of their turn soon to come.

Then a stir ran through the room, as with sinking hearts the men saw the Prince of Wales tap his son on the shoulder and claim his partner. Maud Gonne made an almost imperceptible courtesy to the Prince; her lips moved slightly, and her eyes flashed a smile—almost of amusement for a second. The Prince put his arm around her waist and they started to dance. He saw the girl's lovely, unadorned shoulders. "Most uncommon," he thought, "quite rich, but no jewels." Then he forgot the importance he attached to the right attire as he looked into her eyes. He had never seen such lovely eyes—he smiled.

The strains of the waltz died down, but the Prince still stayed by her side; and when they had danced a second time he put out his hand and she gave him hers that he might lead her to the royal platform. Indifferent to the disappointed glances of the men standing near them, the Prince detained her there with light pleasantries, until Maud Gonne saw her father's set face moving toward them, and knew he was coming to take her away. "Good," she thought. The Prince was talking to her about music now, and asking her about Irish folk songs and ditties. She heard him as from afar—a tune started to dance through her mind. . .

"My favorite?" Her mind cleared. "Oh, it's just a little tune, and a rather new one, but I think you've probably heard of it."

She started to sing, very low, her mouth very near the Prince's ear, but broke off almost at the beginning, smiling, almost laughing. "It's called *The Wearin' o' the Green*, you know."

"Oh yes!" His eyes sparkled in admiration at the girl's audacity—if anyone else—"But do go on, you didn't finish the little song." He smiled, half laughing into her eyes.

"I will, but it will have to be some other day," she said as, still smiling, she took the arm of her father who had come upon them.

The Prince was talking to Colonel Gonne now in an intimate manner. He must see them again—at the ball next week? But she did hear them. Thoughts raced through her mind: "Yes! I am right, I must keep my anger within myself. It cannot help—at least, not now..."

She was turning, weighing, planning things in her mind, and saw only faintly the men crowding toward her to bid her good-night. Almost unconsciously she brushed her cheek with her hand, "It's something else that I must use, now!"

FELICIA TAVARES '48



Easter

There sat the small white church, so clean and pure, waiting for Sunday morn when its day of triumph would come. Its leafy green shutters twinkled at the group of small boys that ran past. Even the pigeon on the brass weather vane on top knew that the next day was Sunday and hopped around.

The white spire of the church slashed a slit in the azure sky and trembled just slightly with anticipation. You see, tomorrow was no ordinary Sunday; it was Easter, the time when everyone came and the little church would be full and overflowing with people in gay new clothes and happy hats.

The mellow, stained-glass windows broke up the sun's rays into small squares and dropped them on the wide, oak floor boards.

As the sun grew gradually less bright and the dusk fell, the pigeons went to roost and the bell tolled the hour; the last rays of the sun crept into the church and played a silent benediction over the empty pews.

Early the next morning the church was all a-bustle with prim little ladies running around and busily giving water to thirsty lilies and spring flowers. There was a hum of talk in low undertones. The blessing seemed to linger over the busy ladies as they hurried about their duties with smiles in their hearts.

The time came for the first service. The people poured in and trod with reverence where many generations had stood. The strong voice of the organ was lifted in song as the choir boys filed in and took their places. The dewy fresh lilies nodded their heads as the minister established in the hearts of the people a gladness and love that can come only on Easter Sunday. As the people sang the last hymn, the church darkened, and the rosy light of the night before played over the faces lifted in song and gave to everyone a kind of glow.

When all the people had gone and taken the flowers with them, the church heaved a sigh and looked over at the sinking sun with faith in its windows. As it did, the bell tolled six lonely strokes and Easter was over for another year.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

On Baking a Cake

I was bound and determined to make a cake. It was an unpleasant rainy day and no one was home. Besides, it would be my brother's birthday soon, so I decided that it would be a fine, sisterly gesture to send him a cake at school.

My mind thus made up, I wasn't fazed in the least when I discovered that there were no eggs in the house. "Eggs only make a cake yellow," I confidently told myself. "And white ones are really much prettier, anyway."

When all the other ingredients were found: flour, sugar, baking powder, milk, shortening, I set to work sifting and stirring. A little difficulty occurred here when, instead of two teaspoons of baking powder, I put in two tablespoons, but fortunately I saw the mistake in time and took out as much as possible of the excess. (But it is hard to tell the difference between baking powder and flour, and when a few days later my aunt made biscuits, no one could understand why they were so heavy and terrible.)

At last the batter was in the oven, turning a rich, luscious golden brown, I hoped. The cook book said "bake for twenty minutes," but after ten I *had* to take a peek. To my horror the mixture in both pans (it was a layer cake) was puffed up a full inch above the pans and seemed to have every intention of rising still further. The only thing to do was to turn down the oven, which I did after cautiously closing the door.

Now that oven has a horrible habit of banging open at odd times of the day and night, and it chose that moment to clang noisily down. I rushed to look at my cakes and was just in time to see the mixture in both pans sagging slowly and dejectedly down.

The baking process was over, and the collapsed cake, looking as if someone had dropped it, but smelling delicious, was sitting on the table to cool. The next step was icing. I chose a very simple white one which called for only sugar and water, and I had it whipped up in very short order. But the job of actually icing the cake was still ahead!

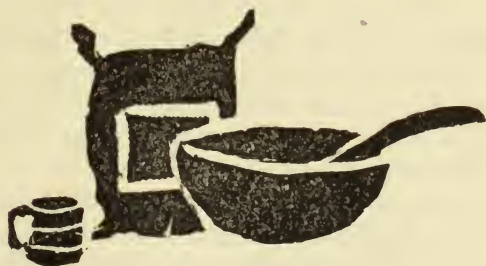
I started by spreading one corner very gently, but it immediately crumbled and broke off! By the time I had squashed it back together,

the icing had hardened. According to the cook book all you had to do in a crisis of this sort was to add a few drops of lemon. Sure enough, that did the trick, and I resumed spreading. However, before I had finished that layer the icing was hard again. Again I added some lemon drops. That went on until finally, my good humour strained to the utmost, the job was done and the cake sat, or rather slouched, in all its ruined glory, a horrible mess with a decidedly lemon icing (which no one in the family liked), but still smelling delicious.

At that most inopportune moment my oldest brother came in through the back door. His only remark at the sight of the emaciated mess on the table was "What on earth is *that*?"

That was the end, the end of an awful afternoon, the end of my temper, and the end of my career as a cook!

ELEANOR WALLIS '48



Mission Accomplished

"May I see Doctor Michael Lynde?" I asked of the officious, bespectacled little man behind the desk in the immense front hall of New York's Natural History Museum.

"Ummm...let me see." The Adam's apple in his gaunt throat moved spasmodically as he talked.

"I believe he is here," I volunteered, "because the museum wanted him to do some work immediately upon his return from Africa, and I know he arrived in New York a week ago."

"Oh, of course. I shall phone 'The Prehistoric Era' [Michael calls it the Old Bones Room] and ascertain for you if he is there now." Smiling to myself, I watched him "ascertain" my brother's presence over the desk telephone, and when he started to call over a guide to escort me to the skeletons, I thanked him for his information, said I knew the route well, no need for a guide, and walked off in the right direction. He went back to his pamphlets and General Information without further speculation on my request.

I found Mike perched at the top of a ladder under a giant reptile, gazing up at its curved bones with a concentrated frown upon his face.

"Mike, O Mike!" I carolled gaily, not at all overcome with awe at the immense hall filled with huge reptilian figures looming up around me like the horrors in a child's nightmare.

"Liz, when did you arrive?" He fairly slid down the ladder which teetered precariously, leapt between the huge creature's ribs, and gave me a bear hug of brotherly affection.

Fifteen minutes later, having jumped from a Fifth Avenue bus as it came to a grinding halt, we sauntered down 68th Street on our way to dinner at Gar's (a beloved grandmother). I looked up at my twenty-eight-year-old brother and wondered at the distinguished record he already held as an archeologist. His square, good-looking face with its dreamy dark eyes, straight nose, and sensitive mouth was still boyish in expression, and his squarely-built figure and broad shoulders reminded me more of the football guard that he had been in his school days than anything else. He felt my look and gave my arm a little squeeze as he said with a smile, "Have I changed any since Christmas?"

"No... There don't seem to be any ill effects from Africa either. What were you doing down there anyway? Something about the missing link, wasn't it?"

"O Liz, you are so casual about my diggings. You sound like one of those comic books we used to read." He gave a sigh of lugubrious discouragement. "I was penetrating jungle depths, dear girl, to see if the unknown inhabitants had any ancestral relics which could tell us whether there was not an African from which sprang a breed of man peculiar to that continent, entirely apart from the Asiatic, our earliest ancestor." Mike was completely absorbed in his subject now, talking more to himself than his plebeian sister.

"And?" I prodded him gently. He had a sparkle in the depths of his brown eyes that meant he had found some important truth apropos of this apparently aimless musing.

"Tell you later," he said, for we had reached our relative's apartment house. I knew how he felt. This discovery of his could not be recounted in an offhand manner during the short ride up to the fifth floor in a public elevator.

I burned with curiosity all through the conversational dinner following. I say "conversational" because Mike and my grandfather were deep in speculation concerning the Indians whose arrowheads they had searched for together along the shore of a small island in the Sound, and at the other end of the table I must needs tell Gar how the family was, including the twelve-year-old brother who had high ambitions of big-league pitching, interspersed with medical inclinations in more serious moods.

When the traditional game of gin rummy, played between the two men with intense concentration, and wreathed round with pipe smoke had finished, and Gar said that Randy, her adored old water spaniel, must be taken for his nightly ambulation, I suggested that Mike and I perform this duty. I was still longing to have that sparkle in Mike's eye explained.

My brother was being difficult as we wandered toward Central Park with Randy tugging at the leash in Michael's hand. He knew he had excited my curiosity and he was deliberately spurring it to fever pitch by his silence. Finally I could keep quiet no longer.

"Mike, what *did* you find in Africa?"

He looked down at me, phrasing his next words to create an effect.

"Oh, not much." I felt the greatest desire to stamp my foot. "Enough to make me pretty sure there was established in Africa thousands of years ago a new civilization."

"O Mike! Really?" I fairly left the ground in my incredulous excitement.

"Un-huhh! We hacked our way into the middle of Africa from the Gold Coast until we'd gone beyond the villages whose people had had some previous acquaintance with white men. About three weeks later, after cutting through dense and virgin forest without the slightest vestige of a trail, we stumbled upon a tiny village. There were a few women bending over a fire in the open space around which they had their huts who, on seeing us, snatched up the child nearest them and scurried into their respective homes, absolutely silently... like quail when they hear any unfamiliar sound.

"We just stood there at the top of the clearing, each of us tense and expecting almost anything. Nothing happened, that was the worst of it. There was complete silence." (Mike shivered slightly as if he had suddenly sensed that oppressive silence again in spite of the busy New York street.) "We remained in our little group for a long ten minutes and still nothing happened. Finally our nerves could stand the stillness no longer and somebody said in a stage whisper, 'This is peculiar. Wonder where the men are'."

"'God knows,' I said, 'but lets take advantage of this peace.' I had seen a peculiar rock pile at the opposite end of the clearing that I wanted to investigate. As we approached this mound, I saw it was built of stones in the formation that the natives use for burial mounds with a huge boulder at the bottom. And on that boulder was depicted the most invaluable information I have ever discovered. The figure of a human being was carved in the rock with a crooked line that seemed to signify a bolt of lightning in one hand. He was naked and there was a childish scribble on his chest and arms that could only mean masses of hair. He had no neck, his head being pushed forward from huge shoulders. His legs were very short, and the artist had neglected to add feet, probably due to the difficulty in drawing their shape. His arms were so long that the tips of his fingers, spread out in great blobs of flesh as a child draws them, hung about where his ankles would be. There was a man kneeling on his right side in profile, and though very crudely drawn, I could see

a very short forehead jutting out above sunken eyes, an extremely flat, wide-nostriled nose, thick lips, and a heavy jaw. Do you know what I believe is under that rockpile, Liz. . . the bones of that man."

"Oh. . ." It was more of a sigh than a word.

"We couldn't do any digging because we didn't have enough supplies to keep us alive for the time it would take to do the job with the care it needed. Besides, the men of the village being away, I didn't feel we could just go ahead and remove their god from his tomb."

"I can imagine their happiness upon coming back and finding you at the bottom of a large pit dug on holy ground," I murmured.

"We had reached the village near dusk and were now in almost complete blackness. There's no warning of night, you know, in the jungle; it just pounces. Of course we were exhausted, as we had been at the end of each day during the last three weeks, so we ate the usual canned food, this time warmed over the women's fire, and bivouacked at the edge of the clearing. We wanted to be as far away as possible from the tomb so that we would hear the men before they stumbled on us. They didn't come back that night or the next morning when we took camera shots of the boulder. We left early in the afternoon."

"Does anyone know about this?" I asked.

"I suppose so," Mike answered vaguely. "Probably the men connected with this sort of thing."

"It is pretty important, isn't it?" I asked rather meekly. He looked down at me and his eyes softened into dreaminess.

"I guess it's the biggest thing in my life, Liz."

That night in my letter home, I recounted my brother's success story for the other three-fifths of our family and called to their minds the recollection of the classical documents we have in our keeping; the grimy pages of a nine-year-old scientist's notebook wherein is elaborated his first stumbling steps into the experimental realm completed in his cellar laboratory and whose prize remark is, "We put up a whole mess of chicken guts, today."

MARY BLAIR ZUCKERMAN '48



Once Upon the Water

Her tanned, lean body sprang into the boat and her hands cast off the mooring, but her mind was elsewhere. No one noticed this tall, fair sailor with deep-thinking eyes and flaxen braids, as she deftly maneuvered her small craft in and around, behind and about the larger boats clustered in the harbor of the fashionable resort where she was spending the summer with her family.

She thought of many things as the boat heeled sharply and the wind snapped the braids away from her face. A lash of spray came over the gunwale and slapped her face. She immediately turned her attention to the tiller and gloried in the wind and water as she felt the boat surge forward, eager to overtake each coming wave.

As the sun drew overhead, she took out the lunch she had packed and had a hearty meal while she relaxed and let the boat sail itself

with perfect ease. Then she pulled the sail into trim and sat back to watch the clouds floating aimlessly about in the blue like a flock of sheep grazing on a field of cornflowers. Some of them, she noticed, looked like things. That big white fluffy one was a wash on a line, and the one over to the left looked like her mother's best marble cake.

She lazed along all afternoon under the blazing, yet silently setting sun. The small boat tripped over the waves like an aristocratic kitten and responded readily to every move the girl made. The trees along the shore moved like graceful dancers and wove intricate patterns in the rising wind. The clouds were white, tinged with shades of pink and lavender that can be found only under the sea. The stark and barren trees along the shore stood out like black skeletons. The small boats scudded to their moorings when their skippers became aware that dusk had fallen and night was upon them.

Then came the fog, blowing its moist breath on every living thing and shrouding them in its ashen cloak.

Again the girl skillfully guided her boat between the huge bulks of cabin cruisers that loomed above her in the night like monsters. When she found her place, she moored her boat for the night and wished upon the first star.

JOANNE SMITH '51

The Lonely Sea

The sea spread on and on. At the edge of the world the bright red ball of fire quivered for a moment, then tumbled over into space. The sea was rosy with the soft afterglow. The vastness of the huge ocean was emphasized by the hush; no waves pounded or even rippled. It was almost as if at the split-second between day and night, in the in-between duskiness, the whole earth were still. It seemed as though a miracle could happen at this peaceful but desolate moment. A calm swept over all and the clear blue water could be pierced for fathoms into the lonely deep by the human eye. Then everything took up its usual action and the waves swept forward again.

ABBIE EMMONS '51

Nautilus

He had been combing the beach down by the lighthouse on Jupiter Island that night. The evening had been dark—very rare for the semi-tropics of Florida. The stars had been hidden skillfully by a heavy robe of fog that cased even the moon in a blurry cover. The moon was full enough, however, for the white sands to reflect what light could seep through the casement of fog.

There was a local legend that three days after the full moon, a fragile shell, Nautilus, could be found on the beaches. The man had wandered in search of this shell far beyond the coral crags and sweeping sands of his own beach because he had reasoned that the inlet by the lighthouse bridge would offer fine protection to the Nautilus if it had been whipped up on the beach.

He ambled along as close to the sea as possible in search of his prize. The incoming waves would aimlessly pull every foothold of sand from his steps leaving the remaining grains to seep timidly between his toes. Step by step this continued while the man scanned the beach ahead for the shell. Gradually the blurred silhouette of the lighthouse took shape and color as he approached. The single beam of light from its tower ranged continuously far out into the ocean—so far out that its rays spread no direct illumination on the sand directly below. The man consequently strained his eyes in a systematic search for his treasure, but his eyes fell on nothing except a white sheet. Thoroughly disheartened by his lack of success, he made his way toward a log underneath the bridge for rest. As the sand trickled through his toes, however, his right foot hit against something. He lowered his gaze to behold a tiny shell resting obscurely, yet clear in view, in its world of sand. His hands reached down to grasp it.

"Oh, you can't!" cried a voice in bewailing tones.

Startled out of his intended action, the beachcomber wheeled about to behold faintly through the dark, a solitary woman sitting, as he had been about to do, on one of the scattered logs. The figure was now running toward him. She bent in protection of the shell. Tenderly, almost fearfully, she lifted it from its hollow into her appreciative hands. Giving first a worshipful glance at the shell, the young woman desperately lifted her gaze toward the man.

"Isn't it the most perfect picture of silent ecstasy you have ever beheld?" Her voice was soft, reverent, yet convincing. She took her amazed companion by the hand and led him back to her seat.

"I have seen the world and life itself stripped of all supposed glory, you see. I have watched the bulging sides of our Indian river devour its surrounding beauty. I have seen God rob himself of his most adoring possessions. I have, indeed, seen Him strike down his own children." As she spoke, she looked into the sand.

"What has given you such insight into nature?" He was alarmed at the declarations of such an outwardly pacific being. From her modest appearance, the man felt her youth. She had clasped her hands, which tenderly clutched the shell, in her lap. She reminded the man of his small sister, young, pretty, unalarming. But her words! They were spoken with decided adult vehemence. She had paused now, feeling undoubtedly the man's gaze and, at his inquiry, had turned toward him. Then he saw it, the expression in her eyes: mature, defiant, knowing. The man gave a start. She diverted her gaze once more toward the sand.

"My mother was a Seminole. My father was from Delaware. He came down here to make his living by collecting shells. It was on a night like this on the beach that he had met his 'mihita'." She smiled reminiscently and added, "That's an Indian carry-over of their ancient Spanish conquerors."

"But what was their terrible adventure?" The man was becoming impatient with alarm and intrigued.

"He met her; they fell in love—it's the old story—but the Seminoles objected to the intrusion of a white stranger, and thus, after their union, Mother was an outcast. There they began their life together with a thatched shack and a few shells to be sold. That was nineteen years ago. There was a night of a tremendous hurricane. All I've ever known is that in their makeshift shelter, amidst rain, wind, and storm, I was born, and that God sought to grant no further life to Mother. On the stormy night of my birth she evidently caught pneumonia, and within a week, I was without a mother."

There was a look of sympathetic pity on the man's face. "You never had the care of a woman?"

"A sister of mother's cared for me for four years until her death. Papa strove to earn all he could. The older I became the more

companionship and help I could offer him. Day after day he and I would scan the beaches. Oh, that is a wonderful life—wonderful to sense the vast powers of the sweeping sands desolate but for a lone conch and his shell-house, or a yucca striving to plant its feet in nourishment beneath the hard sands—wonderful to feel the cleansing spray of the grinding breakers spirited on by the purifying winds."

She fell silent, lost in recollection. The man studied the eagerness in the girl's face with an amazing wave of adoration. The breezes had begun to play about her, lifting her hair in an almost ethereal fashion. The moon sprinkled her front locks, now golden from the bleach of the sun, with dancing dots of illumination that caught and mirrored all its gloss; he saw the deep bronze of her face and neck glisten with the spray blown from the breakers before them.

"Shells were to my father an amazing feat of nature." Her re-entrance into conversation broke his trance. "Can you picture a tiny, vaguely formed animal creating for himself an exquisite covering such as this," (the glance of both fell to the shell), "to serve as protection for this animal and as an expression of beauty from God to us? Papa handled these treasures with an almost reverence; you must strive to do the same, to respect these beauties not as a collector's item, but as a wonderful product."

"Where is your father now?" inquired the man.

"He was caught one day in a thunderstorm out on the beaches, and was struck down by God's own hand with lightning. I found him lying on the beach the next morning deprived of all life, his small sack of shells spilled and scattered around him. Shells are all of nature I admire now. God sought to take from me all companionship and beauty of life except these. They are silent, delicate, heaven-made."

The man saw tears fill her eyes and fall on the hands which clutched her beloved treasure; he watched, too, her hands tighten their grasp about the shell.

"It was a Nautilus such as this," she was saying, but his attention remained fixed on her tightening grasp. Stupefied, he saw the delicate hands, taut with emotion, unthinkingly crush the fragile shell into nothingness. Tragically, the girl gazed down upon the destruction. Thoughts showed on her face like signals of despair.

"Nautilus...the beach...the moonlit night," she repeated

hysterically. Somehow she managed to pull herself upright and let her bare feet carry her down the beach in flight. The man did not stop her. He rose and watched her slight frame flee from realization. She ran fifty feet and then stopped. He watched her wheel in his direction and gaze toward him. Then her clasped fist, opened and dropped the last fragments of Nautilus that she still held. She desperately wiped her hand against her side as if she had held something dreadfully hateful. She turned away once more into her flight, and in her sylph-like vanishing form the man realized Nautilus was not the only expression of God's beauty and love for the world.

BARBARA HAMBY '49

Storm

Above, great Zeus grew angry
Baffled again by the Fates.
He admitted that only on Earth
Could he his fury release.

Roaring, he summoned his steed;
Pegasus came with the Fire.
The mountains shuddered as Zeus struck forth;
The valleys flowed with his tears.

Slowly his anger abated;
The world once more was at rest.
"The spirit of God is shown," thought I,
"Here where the world is quiet."

FAITH JOHNSON '49

Let Us Not

Say you this is the land of the free,
This selfish land,
Where men are white or else they stand
In the cold and see
Themselves deprived of joy and human right?

Say you this is the land of the brave?
Why, then, is peace denied
To those who crave
To live among their brothers
And fight for right against the wrong?

Dear God, help them and me to see!
That this dark world may know some peace,
And men from bonds soon find release,
Let us not, having looked, turn and flee!
Face us with our responsibility,
Which beckons with the call
Of stark necessity.

PREMI ASIRVATHAM '49

Escape

The hot sun was beating down upon the little houses in the village of a small island off the coast of Greece. It was an oppressive, sultry day, and there were traces of faint, wispy clouds on the horizon, ominously suggesting a storm. There was a hush over the village, for in all the houses, with the exception of one, people were taking their afternoon nap.

In this small house on the outskirts of the town a man, a woman and two young children were busily packing. The man was about forty years old, but he looked much older, for his hair was almost white and he was stooped over so that he did not look his six feet. The woman looked uncommonly young except for her hardened, cold grey eyes. The two children were scampering around and getting in the way as most children do. The boy, who was about seven, re-

sembled his mother in all ways but one, with his high cheek bones, his dark brown hair and his straight, Roman nose. His soft, sympathetic brown eyes were like those of his father. The girl looked exactly like the father. Her blond curls sharply contrasted with her dark eyes and eyebrows, and her nose turned up a little bit at the end.

This family was one of the few that had heard of the oncoming German occupation of Greece so they had decided that they would try to escape from their beloved home. Out at the dock was their small fishing boat with one cabin which they had formerly used to store their fish in. Now there were in it cots, a bureau, and a rack to hang their clothes on. The family put their few belongings in the cabin along with much canned food and preserved meats and fish, and started on their way. The children became very excited as their boat left the island, for their father had scarcely ever taken them out in his boat. Little did the poor things know!

Several hours later as they glided through the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the man noticed that the faint, wispy clouds had been replaced by dark, stormy clouds. The sea started to become choppy, and the waves became larger and larger. A look of worry came to the man's face. Then, all of a sudden, the storm struck! The poor little boat tossed and turned while the waves crashed upon the deck. The children were no longer excited.

The sea finally calmed down after what seemed an eternity, and the boat and all that was in it were safe. But where were they headed for? The boat had been tossed and turned so much that they did not know where they were going. A small compass, the only instrument they had, had broken during the storm, and the only thing they could do was to sit and patiently wait for either the stars or the sun to appear. They anchored for the night, and the man and woman took turns watching for the stars, but the sky remained cloudy. Finally, after many hours of waiting, the sun appeared. Their joy was immense as they started on their way again.

The days passed uneventfully. Then, suddenly, what they had been dreading came! They were picked up by an Italian ship and taken to a concentration camp. The man was separated from his wife and children and put into a camp not too far away from them. When they had been there a while, they discovered signals they

could use for meetings. Every night at a certain hour, the man and wife would meet and plan their escape. Because they had friends that lived outside the camp, they "contacted" them and acquired a boat with a few provisions. All was finally ready. The family climbed through the barbed wire fences and crawled through the long grass until finally they reached a road. When they reached it, they turned back to look at the horrible place where they had lived like beasts for six months. As they walked along the road, they felt they would never reach the shore, for malnutrition had weakened them.

The boat was much worse than the one they had had before. The cabin had two tiny cots and only a very small rack to hang clothes on. In one corner there was a small oil stove with a fairly large shelf for provisions. The family climbed aboard this poor specimen of a boat and they were on their way again. After many more days of sailing, they finally reached their destination, Alexandria, Egypt.

The story should end here with everybody living happily ever after, but I am sorry to say that this is not the case. A little while ago, my father got a letter from his cousin telling the sad story of the trip and telling him of the death of her husband and son from tuberculosis.

TINA KOINES '48

Jealousy

As through the human ranks she slyly creeps,
Black malice from her garment seeps.
And since no heart in her was born,
She wears instead an iron thorn.
Good will and love does she defy;
The Devil breathes, and Jealousy walks by.

LOUISE HELLIER '48

Eddle



In a dusty, broken-down old art shop in Artists' Row, there lives a dusty, broken-down old woman named Mrs. Marjorie. How she lives nobody seems to have the remotest idea, but she is the most celebrated personage in the town, and the amount of tales concocted about her "past history" would constitute a best seller. However, although the general view is that Mrs. Marjorie lives alone, I do know that there is still another one in this queer household. The undisputed opinion of the inhabitants of Artists' Row is that Mrs. Marjorie has dealings with the spirit world and although no one has ever really seen anything to prove it, the old woman is so queer, so remote, and so isolated, that people must remark on her.

I am an artist—a point which can be and often has been disputed, and for more than five years I have been buying my art supplies from Mrs. Marjorie, although these contacts with her have not made known to me any more bits of information about her private life. There is one thing which has always intrigued me, however, and that is the fact that no one ever sees Mrs. Marjorie after five-thirty in the afternoon. The door of her shop slams shut, the key turns, and that is the last we see of Mrs. Marjorie until eight o'clock the next morning. The other one who lives in the store is never seen by daylight and at night by only a very chosen few. He is rather different from other people—indeed you might even say very different, and at the risk of being called "queer-in-the-head" I shall tell you about him and of our brief, but most entertaining acquaintance.

Eddle, which he claims is his Christian name, bears little or no resemblance to Mrs. Marjorie; and he told me that he is only a "very good friend." I have met Eddle only once, but my memory of him is

vivid to the point of being alarming. He is a little longer than my longest paint brush and looks not unlike said object, being extremely thin, with a rather flat head and black hair which grows straight upward. His eyes are a cobalt blue and are shaded by long shaggy eyebrows which take the opposite course from his hair and grow straight downward into these limpid blue pools. It never occurred to me to notice whether he has a nose or not, but his legs are long and spindling, and he wears a pair of milky-white spectacles. The general aspect of his appearance is about as startling as I have ever seen, like something you would see draped over a clothes-peg on a canvas of Dali's.

The question will undoubtedly come up about now, how do I chance to know so much about this little personage, and that is precisely what I am about to tell you. Well, as I said before, I am an artist (of sorts), and having a true artist's temperament, I am always oblivious to people and surroundings when I am at my work. So it was not an unusual occurrence when one afternoon I found that I had worked long after sunset and that it was too dark to see the canvas any longer. I cleaned my brushes, scraped my palette, and threw myself down on the couch in front of my painting in order to view it through the eyes of my severest art critic. Try as I would to concentrate on my masterpiece, I felt my brain wander off into the dim realm of the subconscious and I was almost asleep when I heard a gusty sigh behind me. I roused myself, and sitting upright, saw the most extraordinary object standing on my prize Van Gogh. It turned and looked at me in a bold manner, then jumping lightly onto the couch, sat down beside me. I was astounded, to put it mildly, and could only lie there staring at him, it, or whatever one calls such a phenomenon. At last it said to me in a high, clear voice:

"I don't believe you've ever had the pleasure of making my acquaintance. My name is 'Eddle' because I 'meddle,' but the 'M' has long since been dropped because Mrs. Marjorie thinks it's too commonplace. I am her assistant and we get along creditably well considering the difference in our temperaments."

I could agree with him on this point, but somehow my voice wouldn't function properly. Eddle didn't seem to mind, however, for he continued his monologue.

"Mrs. Marjorie has told me many things about you, all of them

reasonably creditable, and she mentioned the fact that you were a first-class artist, so I came to find out. I've watched many of the artists here in the Row, but all of them have been most stuffy and nasty about letting me into their cottages. I decided to try you to-night—so far, I've found you very entertaining!"

"How can that be?" I thought. "It must take very little effort on anyone's part to please Eddle, or maybe he just wants someone to listen to him talk." At any rate I was most fascinated by this little man, and leaned forward on the couch to hear him better.

This, apparently, was the wrong thing to do, for Eddle wavered on the arm of the couch, made three grasps at the uncooperative air, and fell back sprawling onto the floor. I held my breath, expecting to hear curses coming from behind the couch, but the next minute Eddle appeared beside me again, this time overcome with laughter. He howled with glee over his recent mishap and then, taking off his spectacles and wiping them, continued:

"Yes, Mrs. Marjorie was right. This visit has been a howling success, but before I go, which might be any minute now, I must ask your permission to do one thing. Are you agreed? Well then, I feel a strong urge to finish that painting that you have been struggling with for the past three months."

And before I could move so much as a muscle, Eddle bounded up off the couch and appeared on my easel. He grabbed a small paintbrush and before I could blink an eyelash, the painting was finished; even more surprising, it was finished to perfection.

He hopped back to the couch, shoved the paintbrush into my hand, and was away and out of the nearest window like a streak of greased lightening. I blinked my eyes hard to see if Eddle had really gone and sure enough he was nowhere in sight. "Well," I thought, "that was the most entertaining evening I have spent in a long time."

"Could it have been a dream?" you ask me. Well that's what I thought at first, but when I looked up at my easel, the painting was finished!

ANN SAROLEA '48

Diet

Well goodness me, I lost an ounce;
 It must have been that extra bounce.
 Just goes to show what Will can do:
 I took one chop instead of two;
 Or could it be that piece of cake,
 The one with nuts, I didn't take?
 No matter what has caused this trend,
 I'll struggle onward till the end.
 No more will fond aunts smile and crow,
 "My dear, how large can this child grow!"
 But wait! Suppose I get so small
 That they can't see my face at all!
 I'll fade away into a dream—
 "May I please have some more ice cream?"

LEE FLATHER '50

Does Anyone Have Any Food?

"Does anyone have any food?" This "call of the wild" rings all too often through the corridors of Abbot, and why? Why this unceasing passion for food? Goodness knows, we get more than our share of delicious food at meals, but there is always that certain craving for something to eat. You can't escape it.

Food, I salute you. I live for you, and I would die for you. You make life bearable. Without you, there would be nothing to look forward to—except vacation.

So we join in the chorus, "Does anyone have any food?" and if we don't find some, we become panic-stricken. At this very moment I would love to have some crackers and jelly or fruitcake, or, well, anything, though breakfast is hardly two hours past. When you think about it, it's actually stupid. No human being could be hungry that soon, and yet I'm not really hungry—I just want something to eat. "Does anyone have any food?"

JOAN OVEN '49

Clouds

I'd like to be a cloud, and float serenely in the blue:
Just drifting lazily about, with nothing else to do,
Above the weary, worried world, a curtain of the sky,
Below the hallowed firmament, that paradise on high.
I'd like to be a wispy one that flits and flicks along
Among a hundred other wisps of cloudlets in a throng;
Or maybe I would rather be the puffy kind with frills,
Reposing motionless above the sunny, summer hills,
Such jolly ones, with gowns of white that seem to sleep all day
With never energy enough to rouse themselves and play!

* * * * *

But best of all, I'd like to be a lovely evening cloud
And help to wrap the tired sun up in his nightly shroud:
All dressed in yellow, pink or gray or lavender or red,
To give the sun a good-night kiss and tuck him into bed.

ELEANOR WALLIS '48

Life with Auntie

I must reluctantly declare here and now that I have never met the notorious Aunt Flora. However, for the sake of convenience, and because I feel that I know her intimately, I am obliged to put myself in the place of her niece and recount some of the tales that have been told to me. Now I have at least attempted to clear myself from the guilt of deceit and will proceed, not with the relation of my life with Auntie, but of my roommate's life with Auntie.

* * * * *

Auntie, at the age of seventy-three, is still an amazingly dynamic little piece of black crinoline; and although her house is in the city and ours is just outside, she is a major issue in our household. Her visits with us are not infrequent; and from the time her neat grey head and sharp inquisitive nose appear in the doorway until the ordeal is over, it is our bounden duty to remain on our best behavior. Auntie lives very close to God and also, I might add, to the trolley-

car tracks. These latter are a great source of annoyance to her, but as yet our obstinate, inconsiderate city officials have not seen fit to remedy the situation, so life with Auntie goes on and so do the trolley cars.

No one is more of a creature of nature than our Aunt Flora who is up with the sun and in bed with the birds, the birds, that is, that retire by six P.M. sharp!

I believe there must be a trace of Scottish blood in Auntie somewhere. Our lavish living constantly exasperates her. It is my occasional blunder of an early morning to put cream on my Auntie's cereal. This causes complete havoc and a mad rush for the teapot. Although I fully realize that it is thrifty as well as healthful to put hot tea on one's cereal, nothing can ever take the place of cream with me, and *that is that!* . . . but Auntie feels just as strongly, so. . . .

We often take Aunt Flora to the club for dinner, having done so for years. She always enters, with a snap(!) at the head waiter and demands to know if she will get soup with her dinner, which she invariably does. Ordering takes no time at all with Auntie; she just runs her finger quickly down the right-hand side of the menu (not the left, mind you) until she comes to the lowest price, shifts her finger across the page and orders. My little brother when dining with Auntie orders in more or less the same manner, but instead of the cheapest course, he orders the most expensive. It is sometimes trying. . . .

One cannot say, however, that Auntie is stingy; she recently donated two thousand dollars for a complete new set of hymn books to the church. Religion is Auntie's life—she eats, sleeps and lives in righteousness. Her social engagements consist solely of religious conferences, and the parishioners would be astounded not to see Auntie's rigid little figure prancing indignantly down the aisle at least five times a week. I doubt if she has ever been late in her life, in fact, I wonder that there's no path worn in the pavement before the church where Auntie paces and waits for it to open.

Quite recently there arose an exciting climax in Auntie's quiet spinster life. Where the inspiration came from I am sure I don't know, but she suddenly decided to attend her fifty-fifth high-school reunion which was to be held in a near-by town. Having graduated in 1893, she anticipated quite an occasion; but when Auntie returned,

we were all surprised to find her very lacking in enthusiasm. However, I heard her explaining why to Mother: "You know, it's funny, but I seem to have lost all interest in those girls."

If Auntie should ever read this, I would be as good as gone. I can imagine that she would peer over her glasses and pierce my very soul with her sharp, beady eyes. Then she would dive for her weak-heart pills, and neither of us would ever be the same again. Well, Auntie is certainly exasperating, but after all, how dull it would be without her!

LOUISE HELLIER '48

The Radiator Serenade

I'm going mad, I'm in a rut,
I used to sleep and love it, but—

Just when I've reached my precious prize
Our radiator starts to rise:
With boisterous bounces, bashing bangs,
In clashes come the clings and clangs;
And round and round the hammers pound;
Then hisses, vicious steam, resound;
Bubbling breaths of air burst out
Midst blows fast falling clout by clout;
It scratches like a thousand cats,
It pits and pats and rat-tat-tats
As shutters when the wind doth blow;
The noises from its vocals flow.
A lullaby's my heart's delight
But who deserves this fearful fright?
I toss and turn and block my ears
Until I'm nearly wrought to tears;
Is this the fate for which I'm made,
The radiator serenade?

LOUISE HELLIER '48

The Meeting .

"Save possibly the relevant fact that not one of them had a child, four more incongruous characters [than George Eliot, Emily Brontë, Charlotte Brontë, and Jane Austen] could not have met together in a room—so much so that it is tempting to invent a meeting between them"—so writes Virginia Woolf, and thus has she caught me on her line of thought, only this time her idea is the bait rather than a conquest. I have become the fish firmly attached to this tempting idea, and perhaps you have become a starfish (or some other inhabitant of this mental stream) and are curiously witnessing my struggle. Now, as I plunge headlong into the depths of the stream, it is up to you, as my observer, to follow me if you can.

While wandering listlessly amongst my vast chambers of thought, I came to stand hopefully before a misty window overlooking the past; suddenly the door of my reverie was opened and there entered the tall, slender figure of a woman. I had not the eyes at first with which to distinguish her features, but as she emerged from the shadows I was not amazed to find her quite lovely. Midst a crown of dark, curly hair, her pretty, colorful features emitted a glow of gentle animation, and although her stature was tall, it did not deprive her of a certain lightness and delicacy. I went forth and greeted her as Miss Jane Austen, and upon further conversation found her to be no less pleasant than her looks. As I proceeded to scrutinize her character, I noticed no signs of disturbance in her genuinely happy personality, but neither could I believe that this was the talented author of *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and so many other novels. I came to the conclusion that she was more the likeness of Elinor Dashwood than creator of the same. "Not at all," I thought, "what I should expect such a writer to be." And I was still contemplating this enigma when there entered another figure upon the scene; in fact, as I looked more closely there were two. The first, on hasty observation, appeared contemptibly small and sickly; her sharp, pale features were far from attractive and her expression was of shyness and fear rather than friendliness. Yet I could not help noticing the power of her eyes, and once attracted by them, I found myself completely taken in. I am afraid I shall have to admit that I

left Miss Emily Brontë, quite unobserved, to the entertainment of Miss Austen, whilst I rapturously returned my attentions to her captivating sister. Do not mistake me, she was not joyously lovely (if such may be a suitable description for a beautiful woman); the fact is she was neither joyous nor lovely; she was, rather, overflowing with gravity. However, there was a charm about those expressive eyes that one could not forget; nor was it only her eyes that attracted one (perhaps just one) for when drawn out by the strings of conversation, I found that she possessed a fineness of mind rarely equaled, that she was remarkably well read, and that she observed all with a keen and sensitive eye. However, she had not that strength of forbearance, the power for happiness that I had noticed in my former companion. She had another kind of strength, though, and I felt a tinge of pain as I wondered if perhaps her power would ever lead her to disaster. I asked myself which was stronger, Charlotte Brontë or Fate; then remembering the completion of her destiny, I realized that no nature can overpower the will of Fate. Yet it seemed a crime that her genius should be thwarted by confinement on a rough and lonely moorland. Here was the true author of *Jane Eyre*.

At last I came back to the realization that I was being a very poor hostess, and rising reluctantly, I turned with my friend, Charlotte Brontë, to relieve the tense atmosphere which was now growing all too evident as it enveloped my other two guests. "Now, how," I thought as I witnessed this difficult situation, "can this be? Jane I know to be kind and friendly, and Charlotte I know only to need a little coaxing, certainly her sister cannot be so far distant from her?" But such was not the case as I soon learned. Emily Brontë was tall and slim, and the features of her pale, thin face, though hardly pretty, were more attractive than Charlotte's. She was not delicate or graceful, but displayed, rather, an indescribable freedom of motion, and above all, she was silent and aloof. No amount of maneuvering could bring forth any signs of warmth or animation from her cold exterior, and yet I knew that there must be a powerful flow of feeling somewhere in those rigid limbs, for *Wuthering Heights* was not the product of such a passionless being. I was finally obliged to conform to the many written beliefs that Emily Brontë was a product of the moors, and like the heath she loved so well her soul was wild and free; away from it she was lost, a body without a soul.

Once more entrapped by the terrifying edifices of a group, Charlotte again became quiet and grave. Recalling her rather bluntly expressed contempt for Jane Austen's "weak, feminine" writing, I dared not press their acquaintance too far. I realized likewise, with despair, that they would have very little in common. So we sat down to a tea that was cooled by our incompatibility, and I continued to struggle with the lost threads of conversation. When my fourth visitor arrived, needless to say, it was with open arms that I received her. Miss Mary Ann Evans or George Eliot, as she is more universally known, brought forth a new animation to our melancholy group. Charming and eloquent, educated extensively not only in books and travel, but through a genuine sympathy and understanding of human nature, she was able, if not to obtain the love and admiration of all, at least to array our literary circle with enlightening conversation; so when the time came for departure I was almost reluctant to see them go.

As I stood again before the window of the past, I was surprised to find that the mist had cleared considerably (whether more through the warmth of knowledge or of imagination I have no right to say) and that the literary path before me had widened. I watched these four great personalities, Jane Austen, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, and George Eliot, recede down this path until they were gone from sight, then I turned, opened the door into reality, and emerged with the confirmed conviction that Virginia Woolf was not very far from wrong in stating that four more incongruous characters could not have met in a room.

LOUISE HELLIER '48

Sleep

Sleep, the swirling mist that hides the light
Of blazing suns or glowing lamps;
Sleep, sometimes a century of choking fright,
Sometimes a depthless well of peace;
Sleep, an everchanging land of veils,
And fog, and hazy recollections;
Sleep, a thing which each one fails
To fathom—until he sleeps again.

BARBARA DOW '49

Calendar

- Saturday, February 7*—Monologues by Mlle. Germaine Arosa
- Sunday, February 8*—Vespers—The Reverend Herbert M. Gale, Ph.D.
Lecturer in Biblical History, Wellesley
- Saturday, February 14*—Student Recital
- Sunday, February 15*—Vespers—The Reverend Eddy Asirvatham, D.D.,
Visiting Professor of Boston University School
of Theology
- Saturday, February 21*—A.D.S. Reading of "Outward Bound"
- Sunday, February 22*—Vespers—Dr. Allan Heely, Headmaster, Lawrenceville School
- Saturday, February 28*—Concert by the Abbot Fidelio-Governor Dummer
Square Dancing in Davis Hall
- Sunday, February 29*—Boston Symphony Concert
Vespers—The Reverend John E. Wallace, Trinitarian Congregational Church, Concord
- Saturday, March 6*—Meeting of the Boston Branch of the Abbot Alumnae Association, College Club, Boston
Lecture by The Reverend Herbert Gezork,
Wellesley College and Andover-Newton
Theological School
- Sunday, March 7*—Student Recital
- Saturday, March 13*—Abbot Student Federalists Meeting; Speaker:
Miss Louisa Clark
Weekend visit of the Alumnae Council
- Sunday, March 14*—Vespers—A.C.A.; Northfield
- Monday, March 15*—Gymnasium—Dance Exhibition
- Tuesday, March 16*—Spring Vacation begins
- Tuesday, March 30*—Spring Vacation ends at 6:00 p.m.
- Saturday, April 3*—College Entrance Examinations for Seniors
"You Never Can Tell" in Boston
Abbey House Musical Show: "I See Stars"
- Sunday, April 4*—Vespers—The Reverend Gardiner M. Day, D.D.
Christ Church, Cambridge

- Tuesday, April 6*—1:45 p.m. Talk by Miss Katharine Lyford of the
Boston Pan American Society
- Saturday, April 10*—"Ice Chips of 1948" at the Boston Arena
Lecture by Mr. Hector Bolitho: "The Excite-
ment of Biography"
- Sunday, April 11*—Vespers by Mrs. Willet Eccles and Miss Hearsey
- Friday, April 16*—Trustees' Annual Meeting and dinner at Abbot
- Saturday, April 17*—New England Horse Show; Boston Garden,
Preps and Juniors
Senior Tea; 4:00 to 6:00 p.m.
Senior Prom, 8:00 to 12:00
- Sunday, April 18*—Community Concert, 3:30, George Washington
Hall
Vespers—The Reverend Allan K. Chalmers, D.D.,
Boston Tabernacle Church, New York
- Saturday, April 24*—"Antony and Cleopatra" in Boston
Tea Dance for Preps and Juniors
Free evening
- Sunday, April 25*—Boston Symphony Concert
Vespers—The Reverend Howard Rubendall,
Headmaster, Mount Hermon School
- Monday, April 26*—Chapel Nomination of new members of the Abbot
Cum Laude Society; Talk by Gretchen Roemer
Gayton '42
- Wednesday, April 28*—Meeting at Abbot of District I Branch of the
Cum Laude Society; Speaker: Mr. E. C. Ma-
lins, A.M., A.R.C.M.
Concert for W.S.S.F. by Wednesday Night
Music Group
- Saturday, May 1*—Fidelio—Exeter Glee Club Concert at Abbot
- Sunday, May 2*—Art Tea, John Esther Gallery
Vespers—Miss Friskin—Choir
- Saturday, May 8*—Abbot Bazaar
- Sunday, May 9*—Organ Recital by Mr. Howe
- Saturday, May 15*—Free evening
- Sunday, May 16*—Vespers—The Reverend Sydney Lovett, D.D.,
Chaplain Yale University

Saturday, May 22—Field Day

Speech Recital

Sunday, May 23—Vespers—The Reverend Morgan Boyes, D.D.,
Central Presbyterian Church, Montclair

Monday, May 24 to Thursday, May 27—Final Examinations

Thursday, May 27—Senior Picnic

Friday, May 28—Rally Night

Saturday, May 29—Last Chapel
Garden Party
Draper Dramatics

Sunday, May 30—Baccalaureate—The Reverend Robert Russell
Wicks, D.D., Dean of the University Chapel,
Emeritus, Princeton

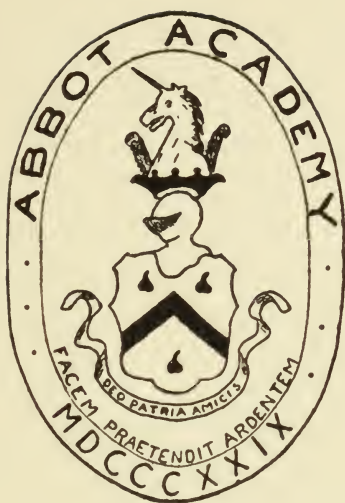
Draper Dramatics

Tree Planting, Supper

Student Concert

Monday, May 31—Commencement





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FEBRUARY, 1949

NUMBER 1

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BB

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LXXVI

FEBRUARY, 1949

NUMBER 1

EDITORIALS

ON NORTHFIELD: TWO IMPRESSIONS

During our week at Northfield, crisp green grass, like new ideas, grew quickly and easily, crowding out weeds. Stately maples and oaks, their branches raised, ascended, growing, gaining renewed vigor day by day, always in eager movement swaying. Dark blue nights, like our pensive moods, were always studded with stars; in the distance were verdant mountains which, like our strengthening ideals, gained beauty with maturity. The Connecticut River stretched toward the sea, uniting the hamlets crowding its shores, as we, of many races and religions, were being united at Northfield.

FAITH JOHNSON '49

* * * * *

A feeling of joy and satisfaction came over me as I left Northfield last summer, and as I thought about that inspiring week I decided that there were two major purposes and advantages that had made those days such a marvelous experience for everyone that had attended the conference.

There is a general air of friendliness prevailing over all the campus. The many friendships which you are able to make while at Northfield are one of the major opportunities which the conference offers. Everyone arrives with purposes which are similar if not exactly the same, and with an open mind. Before one day has gone by, you are apt to find yourself walking across the campus with a group of girls whom you have never seen before, talking over the discussion group which you have just left. In one of the first speeches, the motto for the Northfield Conference of 1948 was read: "Behold, I set before you an open door." This quotation was very suitable, for we were all there to walk through that open door, to find answers to our many questions and to straighten out our confused minds.

I profited in another way as well. The second and obvious purpose of such a conference: the study of the Bible and of Christ, and His place in our lives was brought out by various Bible classes. One was on "Prayer," another on "Little Known Books of the Old Testament," and on "The Life of Christ." These classes presented us with many new thoughts and helped to clear up any doubts that we may have had. I think that everyone who has been to Northfield leaves with a feeling of having gained a great deal from the men who are there to instruct and help them. They seem to be so full of faith, understanding, sympathy, and knowledge, that one is left with a feeling of great satisfaction. The Reverend Mr. Robinson, a colored pastor in a Harlem church, spoke to us on "Brotherhood," and Dr. Koo, a Chinese minister, spoke on "One World and Peace." The experiences and great knowledge of these men made a lasting impression upon all of us.

The mood established by morning chapel and evening vesper services is greatly emphasized by the memorable custom of Round Top. At twilight everyone walks across the campus to a small hill overlooking the swift-flowing Connecticut River and the rolling hills beyond, to sing hymns and watch the sun as it makes a glorious scene dropping down behind the blue mountains in the distance. The presence of God in the wonders of nature is clearly seen by everyone as we sit there in silence until the chimes ring out, calling us to Vespers.

FREDERIKA BROWN '49



ON READING

Today there exist many forms of literature for our pleasure and enjoyment as well as for our education. Surely with such a vast assortment of material at hand, the taste of every individual may be satisfied. I am sure we all agree on this, but how many of us judge "required reading" as unprofitable? Many do; Dr. Johnson once said, "A man ought to read just as inclination leads him, for what he reads as a task will do him little good."

"Required reading" must surely apply primarily to the young student. I believe that the student, like you or me, can gain many

things from assigned reading, and that the amount of knowledge which he does acquire from a good piece of literature will depend upon his attitude. The individual who approaches his assignment with a strong feeling of threatening tedium, or perhaps self-pity, will acquire little, for his mind is preoccupied with these manufactured emotions. Let his view be optimistic and he will learn something, if not a great deal.

Aside from the knowledge which this reader will stow away, he will find that assigned reading will become a stimulus toward further reading of the same author or of various others. Also, it will serve as an exercise in controlling the mind, toward concentration and perhaps even toward enjoyment, if that is possible.

Thus, reading as a task has several outstanding attributes, perhaps the most important of which is its role as helper toward further and varied enjoyment in reading or the development of entirely new hobbies or interests. Who knows, maybe even YOU are running in a "literary rut" or missing the greatest joy of your life because you did not read that outside assignment last term!

E. P. '49



VALENTINE'S DAY

Another Valentine's Day is rolling around, and once again the stores will be infested with crowds of sentimental enthusiasts, all eagerly buying those sickly sweet, ridiculous cards, supposedly sending messages of tender love. Just what is the purpose of all this hullabaloo that merely puts people into a state of insane curiosity when an anonymous card is received? It certainly never arouses the intended emotions! In fact, I am quite convinced that if people bothered to read the amorous lyrics inside (and most people would never think of such a trifle), surely the emotions would be aroused in exactly the opposite direction, for no normally intelligent person, whether educated or not, would appreciate, or even tolerate, the cooing lines and different interpretations of hearts and flowers that always appear. To top everything off, the sender is not rightfully allowed to state his name; all is to no avail unless a secretive trick is involved which supposedly leaves traces in numbers, or the like,

that eventually, if one is sufficiently clever, lead to the initials or the middle name spelled backward of the unknown admirer. Nothing can ever be accomplished in this way, for I have yet to find the advanced thinker who can really unravel the code and produce the right name.

If a sickly sweet card is not received, the inevitable follows. A sarcastic one, trying hard to be amusing and witty, takes its place, and this kind leaves people in a worse state than the before mentioned. After looking at an idiot, representing yourself, or a floundering man drowning in a baby's play pool, when you happen to be an expert swimmer, you feel first pure unbelief, then slight rage, and last...determined revenge! Of course this is impossible, for the sender is usually smarter than you and has not left the slightest trace of his identity. So your revengeful spirit goes unrequited and ever afterward you are a little less intimate and friendly with your acquaintances, fearing each one to be the guilty sender of the Valentine card.

Children, of course, take a different attitude toward this annual custom, and how well I remember the joy and complete bliss I felt after receiving an elaborate card from my first grade school admirer. I was the envy of all my less fortunate classmates and I really believe this one event gave me prestige and power over my friends that raised my morale one hundred percent. In that case something definite and desirable was attained, even though the next day my unworthy admirer threw spit balls and tripped me down the stairs.

The thought behind this still flourishing custom of St. Valentine's Day is sentimental and somehow touchingly sweet. It is right that people should remember the little things in life such as sending a card of love, for where would our world be without the sentimental side of our natures that brings us through the worst? Tradition is the thing that binds us together and that revives the ancient heritage of the world. These colorful cards are just another tradition that, as well as bringing joy to the receiver, profit the manufacturer and the dealer.

Nothing pleased my mother more than one card which I painfully labored over in my youth of about six years, to present to her on Valentine's Day. It was a lopsided heart with the words "I love you" inscribed in the lopsided middle, but the idea and my labors

brought definite results (we had chocolate cake that night for dinner). There certainly was nothing original in my masterpiece, but that is half the glory of the ceremony of having a Valentine's Day. It is surely St. Valentine's birthday and celebrated for that reason, but the unglorified simplicity of the theme "I love you" is the core of it all. Nothing gaudy or bombastic is displayed for the occasion, but it is a holiday that, because of its simplicity, has managed to maintain, to a certain degree, its sincerity and original purpose. The presents for Christmas, the gay celebration of the New Year, the style that has overtaken Easter, all tend to drown out the meaning behind these festivals, but one tender card received on Valentine's Day is sufficient to express an eternity of thought and feeling.

As I have woven my words along, I have clearly woven my mind into a complete turmoil of confused thoughts. Perhaps you can figure it out but I am too hopelessly entwined with conflicting ideas to present one clear moral or aim from my writings except this. . . . I am still undecided whether to go downtown and buy cards to send on Valentine's Day or whether to forget the whole thing and let my conscience answer the question after further contemplation.

D. B. '50



THE STUDENT FEDERALISTS

The organizations which you find here such as A.C.A. and A.A.A. are very important to our school, but there is another organization which we feel is equally important, not only for Abbot, but for the whole world. This organization is the United World Federalists.

The aim of the World Federalists is to have a world government of all the nations built on a pattern similar to that of the United States government but having international heads. To achieve this goal, it is the intention of the World Federalists first to strengthen the United Nations. This can be done only with the support and backing of people in every country. We feel that as Americans and as the coming generation, we should take the lead in supporting the petition for this move and make our leaders realize the importance of One World. "But," you will say, "what has this to do with me? What possibly could I do, as a mere adolescent, to help the World

Federalists?" The answer is, first of all, to talk to your friends and families about world government, then join the student division of the World Federalists, known as the Student Federalists and third, to write letters to the congressmen of your state. One of the big projects which is at this moment being urged on every chapter in the country is the sending of Care packages abroad. So everyone can help, in fact, must help.

Another important aim, indirect though it may seem, of the Student Federalists is to awaken in every young person, the importance of knowledge, and interest in world affairs and to make us realize the seriousness of the present-day situation. We, in the Abbot Chapter, hope to accomplish this.

A.C.



Gay Autumn

Frost touches the red leaves with icy lace,
Touches the air with cutting edge.
The sparrows have left
Their nest in the hedge,
For Autumn's here.
The edge of the pond is etched with ice;
The corn-crib is full, and six wood mice
Are nesting there.
At night the wood freezes with thorns of frost;
In the marsh the tracks freeze where deer have crossed.
The little grey fox trots home to her lair,
And cold wind sings her frosty hair,
While a hawk wheels
On cold wings
In the empty air.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL '49

Pierre

It wasn't that Pierre was afraid of the abandoned German garrison, it seemed to him that what he felt was not clearly defined by the word fear, as ghosts and such things obviously were, but what could a boy of nine know about the complexities of the emotions expressed by the word? He kept telling himself that he was not afraid, but when Marianne or Claudine, or the little boy from across the street who always played with them, wanted him to join in their fun at the camp, he always found some excuse. His mother, however, was helped tremendously by the extra hours put in cleaning the front yard, or washing the floors, for they were Bretons, and Bretons are very tidy people.

Yes, when the others scrambled over the rocks and the small beaches or walked along the high bluffs past the deep, fascinating crater made by an exploding mine, up to the huge outpost, he somehow managed to stay behind. They would tell him how much he was missing. How one day, full of daring, they opened one of the doors which were placed on the embankments of the small, man-made hills, and discovered a whole system of underground tunnels. These they raced through for hours, but careful, as they told him later, not to touch the tables, and musty papers they sometimes found; and the exhilaration when they brought home a button with a swastika boldly imprinted on it. He even felt a little jealous when they told him of the concrete, circular lookout post on the very tip of the point, from where they could look out far into the sea, and then back again to land. It sometimes pained him to hear those descriptions, for though he could easily forego a run through a musty tunnel, the free feeling of the sea, and the wind through his hair meant a lot to him. Of course, there were always the beaches near the house, but it was not quite the same thing.

One day, a large force of French soldiers, a unit from Brittany itself, came and quartered at the garrison. Everyone remarked on how wonderful it was to see the right kind of soldiers there, and they all began to recall their memories of the war, and in particular, how the Americans had landed in their fantastic little water-jeps on some of the very beaches they now bathed at everyday. "Some

people, those Americans!" they would say. "*Formidable*" was the only word for them. "*Vraiment formidable.*" The country folk were impressed not so much by the Americans themselves, as by the thorough way in which they did things, such as the complete destruction of the beautiful old walled city of St. Molo, and the invasion of the whole area. "What have we to worry about now?" they asked. "Here are the French, and maybe even Jaques or Antoine, or one of Madame Deval's sons from across the street."

Even Pierre was almost reassured, as the soldiers put barbed wire around the garrison and sentries paced up and down the road leading to it, so that it seemed as if they had come to stay. But one day the report came that they had left, and Pierre felt the old chill of terror return again. He was not cowardly, and chiefly to prove that to himself, he agreed to take the children up to the garrison for a picnic lunch, and, before he had had much time to think about it, he found himself walking up the bluff with the knapsack of lunch on his back. The others raced up and down the bluff, first on the rocks, and then up to him, excitedly describing the feeling of the strong green and white waves breaking on their feet. Pierre knew all about this, but smiled slowly and with a preoccupied air, as a parent might, hearing a child describe a feeling with which he was well acquainted.

As he walked up the winding dirt road, and past the fields, he began to remember vividly every aspect and turn of it, for though he had never been any closer to the fort than he now was, he had dreamed about it many times, and knew with an uncanny insight, exactly what was coming next. What he was not sure of, however, was what would happen when he arrived at the bend, which led to the concrete embattlement on the point. Always before, in his dreams that is, just as he was about to turn that bend, a dreadful feeling of premonition had overtaken him, and he had managed to divert the attention of the Germans who, in his dream, stood and watched him with closely scrutinizing eyes, and to run away. Now, as in actuality he approached the spot, the fears ran through and through him. Over and over they chorused until their death-like drumming seemed to stop his brain and ears from working. Nothing but pure, mechanical movements drove him onwards, relentlessly onwards, to that dreaded spot. As he came nearer and nearer, the Germans of his dreams rose before him, and he broke into a mad run. His feet

pounded on the hard packed earth, and turning the bend, he rushed to a plot of tall grass, threw his small, firm body headlong on it, and kicked violently. At length he lay still, his peace only to be broken by long tremors which continually shook him.

The little children had long since given up trying to keep up with him, and were playing gaily in another field, oblivious of him. Soon, they began to look for Pierre, and their lunch, but he was so well hidden by the waving grass that they could not find him. They ran home to their mother who said that he was probably hiding from them, and would soon be home. She fed them, and once more they forgot all about him. As night drew on and still Pierre did not come home, his father, grumbling, set out to look for him. He followed the path up to the bluff, and walked slowly and carefully up to the lookout post, calling loudly as he went. There were no other sounds, and now, distinctly worried, he ran back to the village, and secured the help of the neighbors, who brought with them big lanterns. They searched all night and the next morning for the little boy, but all they ever found was a clump of tall grass, almost completely flattened out into the shape of a small, human form and, if one looked very carefully, two dim footprints which might have been made by hob-nailed boots, such as the Germans once wore. One was close beside the clump of grass, and the other on the very edge of the cliff, which hung over the roaring sea.

NOËLLE BLACKMER '50

Snowfall

All alike, yet each one different,
Glistening white, the flakes descend.
Gliding, dancing, gently swirling,
Stars from heaven hide the land.

FAITH JOHNSON '49

Traditional Dancing



It had rained that morning. Renewed courage stirred in her heart, for superstitious as she was (and which of us is not?), she considered it a good omen. The air was tense with nervous movements as she waited for the "make-up" girls to help her into her rustling, silk garments. She talked with the other dancers but carefully avoided the subject uppermost in her mind, the performance in a dance drama of the epic "Sakuntala." Giving a dance drama was one of the school's traditions and a high-light of the year. She thought of the many, sultry, tropical afternoons spent practising the various steps of the dances or in wandering on a house to house campaign of selling tickets

for the show. Now that the day had arrived, a sudden curtain of doubt mingled with the agony of waiting seemed silently, heavily to have enveloped her.

Suddenly the cloud of loneliness that had dropped over her seemed to drift away, as the assistants started to apply make-up, diverting her mind to realistic problems such as pins, hair-dos and the like. She first had some creamy mixture rubbed over the face and arms as a base for the lipstick, rouge and eye-shadow that followed. When her feet had been outlined in red, to draw attention to them, she had completed her make-up and was ready for the more delicate task of slipping on her shimmering clothes. Eager hands helped to draw the heavy, full, red silk skirt over her head. Over this skirt was tied a half-skirt of cream, transparent material which would whirl as she spun around in her dances. Over her close-fitting blouse was draped

a scarf of fine silk. When her long hair was skillfully arranged in a fan-shaped hair-do at the nape of her neck and the beautiful, gold ornaments clasped, she was almost ready.

Now, an hour later, there was the usual behind-the-scene confusion before the drawing of the curtains. Bells were being tied to her ankles to beat out the rhythm of the steps of the dances, and strung flowers swiftly became ornaments for her hair and took the place of bracelets on her wrists. The dancing master gave a smile of encouragement that stirred the dancers with determination not to fail him. He beat out the "all-set" signal on his Indian drum and the curtains rose, to disclose a dark stage lit only by two brass lamps standing on the floor.

A solitary dancer entered, gliding slowly, in stately manner to the center of the stage, balancing a tray of flowers and fire in her hands. Kneeling down before the two brass lamps, she commenced the dignified Pooja dance, the dance of worship. She scattered the flowers on the altar and smeared her forehead with the sacred ashes. After garlanding the image (in symbolic gestures) and prostrating herself before it, she rose to continue with the more active part of the dance of worship. This involved a praise of Nature's gifts to man. With graceful movements of her hands she showed them: the opening buds by cupped hands; the clinging vine by entwining her fingers and raising her arms to the sky, and birds on the wing by linking her thumbs and fluttering her other fingers. Having praised God, she knelt down to ask Him a boon. The dance ended as it had begun, on a sacred, quiet strain as she picked up her empty tray and slowly, majestically danced off the stage.

Such are my recollections of an opening dance of a dance drama; and I have mentioned them as a preliminary to a discussion of the rather tragic history of the form of Indian dancing with which I am best acquainted.

* * * * *

In an ancient country like India, art is usually highly developed and its practice is a respected form of living. Sometimes however, due to adverse circumstances, a certain form of art loses its value in the minds of the people and remains buried till revived slowly, painfully.

This loss of respect for art of a certain form is exactly what occurred in India about eighty years ago. A radical change of ideas usually has a logical reason behind it. Dancing prior to this period or "depression," was a cultivated art almost sanctified, for it was used by "vestal virgins" in the Hindu temples as a form of worship. Gradually however, it was practised by "dancing-girls" who cheapened it and used it on the streets to make a living. Seeing this vulgar use of a once beautiful art, people ceased admiring; traditional dance came to be frowned upon by higher society. It became a "dead art" rarely discussed, and if so, in connection with back alley life.

It remained thus till Rabindranath Tagore, a great author and poet, violated conservative ideas in the second decade of this century by bringing back to the country its art of dancing in its original, exquisite form. He started a school of art in Bengal called Santineketan. When I said that Tagore revived the forgotten art of dancing, I should have specified what type of dancing I meant. There are two main divisions under which Indian dancing is classified, namely, the interpretive dances, and the folk dances. The latter are especially popular in the villages where they never really "died out." They are a simple form of entertainment indulged in by the peasants around their wells or courtyards. This is not the type of dancing I should write on, for I have a very scant knowledge of it. I will, however, try to describe to you the more complex, subtle, interpretive dancing in which I am fairly well versed.

Yet even in limiting myself to interpretive dancing, I am at a loss, for there are four divisions in it, each very different from the other, and with only one of which I am at ease. The first is Bharata Natya, used in South India; it might be called a dignified Congo if one allows for exaggerations. The second type is Kathakali which is a vigorous, warlike dance from the West coast, and might be compared to a Russian folk dance. Kathak, also the dance of a warrior, is more abrupt and was used in the royal courts of North India. Lastly, there is Manipuri, which has its home in Assam and Bengal. This is a quiet, extremely graceful form of interpretive dancing which is like a sedate Hulu. One outstanding quality is possessed by all four. This is the intricate use of hands and facial expression to express emotions and convey an entire story. Feet are not emphasized in Manipuri. There is a good deal of rivalry between these strikingly

different forms of dancing. Knowing most about Manipuri, I am inclined to think it, with its peaceful, flowing movements, the most beautiful.

"Dance dramas," (epics told completely by dances) are a widespread use of the art. The general public, while not understanding every detail of movement, is sufficiently well acquainted with the stories and motions to get a real pleasure out of them.

Interpretive dancing is being studied with great eagerness by Indian youth. For an example, let me use the school I attended. "Vidyodaya," meaning the dawn of knowledge, started a dance department headed by a young man trained at Santineketan. Almost fifty per cent of the girls took dancing lessons and gave "dance dramas" every year.

This study of the art is what Mrs. Pandit, former delegate to the U.N. and present ambassador to Russia, wanted when she said to the Soviet Society for Cultural Relations, "Art, to be genuine, must derive its inspiration from the people and later in its perfected form return to them." Schools like Santineketan and Uday Shankar's "Indian Culture Center" at Almora are accomplishing just this, in spite of the hard blow they took during the long, war years when they were ignored.

Still Uday Shankar and other masters of art feel that art in life is not emphasized enough in India, that it is merely a form of entertainment. They feel that through a "search for the harmonies of form and meaning" we can develop an "imaginative experience and understanding." While some think that this is stretching a point, it is a very substantial idea to dancers who live in a world of movement.

I think we will all agree that dance will continue as long as the rhythmic stream of energy flows; and that it must be considered as an extension of "emotional and intellectual rhythmic form projected into and through movement."

PREMI ASHIRVATHAM '49

Stone Men

They stand among us
As still as death,
Or stone,
Surrounded by a sphere
Of not belonging;
As still as air
In musty rooms
They stand there,
And music swirls
And pours about them,
Runs between their fingers,
And brushes softly
By their sides, touching,
Lightly bouncing off,
And touching somewhere else.
They have ears that hear it not,
And eyes that cannot see;
In their bodies they have grace,
But from their feet to the tops of their heads,
And from their eyes to the backs of their heads
Is marble, pale marble.
The stillness that they wear
Defies the laughing music
And the dancing air.
Their solid eyes stare,
And stare,
At nothing;
And their rock brains
Try
To turn, and produce thoughts.
Tired by vain efforts
They resign themselves again,
Producing nothing.
From where they stand they sense not
The generations of mankind

That come, and go, and leave them.
They stand, while lives of men
Around their feet crumble,
And from the ruins come new men—
Stone men, strong and senseless,
Indifferent to their fate,
Forever damned to standing without thought,
Exist forever,
Silent.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL '49

Emptiness

To a man and woman strolling so silently down the grassy avenue of palms, the brilliant sunset lacked none of its usual eloquence as the sun slowly fell behind the hills that bordered the opposite bank of the lethargic waters. The majestically sinister silhouettes of the trees whose arms embraced their own trunks with such apparent strength were no less imposing. An occasional fish still marred the serenity of twilight with its usual frantic leap and then fell back condescendingly into the heavy water with a mere "bloop." And the grass was still green and soft; the breeze had its usual cooling and appeasing power; the gay hibiscus still laughed at the world; even the coconuts still fell with their usual thud of finality.

Later a lone man on the beach could see the moon rise just as hopefully as before, casting its silver dust upon the sea whose waves still beat upon the beach in mournful, clock-like precision. These waters still vainly pushed themselves upon the sand, only to be sucked back by their masterful sources.

Inside the large brown-shingled house, the lamps burned with their usual brightness. The gold-fish in the bowl on the porch did not cease perpetually to dart to the surface of their kingdom for food. The frogs and crickets gave out their discordant yet lulling symphony, and were, as always heard by the silent people who, seated on the darkened piazza, drank their demi-tasses with the usual mechanical gestures. Only the tears that dropped into the cups made the ritual more bitter. Yet their thoughtful silence told each other that they missed something—someone. They knew they missed the imperious

sound of the typewriter clacking away in his study; they missed the usual pun that had not been uttered at dinner that night. Yes, already the world was just a little emptier, just a little less full of the Victorian rituals that he had loved. And upstairs, in his vast bedroom, he slept, eternally.

* * * * *

Then, as now, when in the somber yet regal parlour of the Long Island house the also dark and majestic chair—his chair—remains tenantless, I felt that the pith of my purpose in life had left me—just for a moment. Or at Christmas when my Grandmother carves the turkey—I miss the tall, silver-haired colonel, whose equally white mustache accentuated his arresting aspect. It is at such times that I miss the dignified gentlemanly manner with which he would say grace at table, and then rise to “cut the bird” with a grumbling air that supposedly hid his secret joy in attacking the great fowl. Then I was teased for wanting the entire drumstick of such an expansive bird. I was always half-afraid, half-awed, yet genuinely adoring of this most magnificent man who teased so agreeably. Yes, Christmas and Thanksgiving can never have the all-important air they had then.

Or when, instead of a tall, well-poised man with a tiny, lively wife by his side, I see a solitary woman, all in black, come through the orchard... then does my heart yearn for the man who gave his family the spirit and joys everyone should have.

But he would be happy to see us once again in our house just below the orchard, to watch my grandmother rock so contentedly the latest grandchild, to find us once more enjoying the crisp autumn days at the farm; and somehow, I feel he does know, and happily he sleeps—eternally.

BARBARA HAMBY '49

The World Below

High up on the roof the wind was blowing stronger and clearer than below. It caught the veil of the girl's hat and brushed it back against her curls. The dots on her veil snagged in the loose hair and fitfully tugged in sharp, vibrating tweaks. The girl frowned abstractedly and her right hand jerked slightly, but she did not lift it

to free her hair. Instead she stared at the low stone parapet which was about five paces away from her. Only a few feet of red tile, but there was more than that, although it was not apparent to anyone watching her. She was well dressed in quiet simplicity which did not shout the expense of her clothes. She was not a tourist in town to see the sights of the big city, greedily rushing from one noteworthy spot to another trying to see everything at once. No, she was just a young girl on the roof top to get a moment's respite from the crowded streets and buildings. Or was she?

* * * * *

Sally's eyes were half closed, a little against the wind, a lot against her thoughts. "I'm up here on the roof, but I can't go any farther toward the edge... but I can't go away until I do. I'll never know until I look over, and if I don't, I'll be afraid the rest of my life... darn that veil!" She reached up with her hand and half-heartedly tried to disengage the veil from her hair to end the sharp pulling whose steady annoyance had broken into her thoughts. "Only a few steps... I can't! I can't! Look, there's a little boy looking down over the parapet. He's at least ten years younger than I. If he can do it, so can I. He's even enjoying it." But the horrible shaking feeling started in Sally's stomach and her fingers and toes ached with a creeping tingling so that she curled them in vain to dispel the cramps. "Oh, I wish he would move away from the edge. He might fall—he will fall. He looks like Frank, and Frank fell." She closed her eyes so as not to see the little boy at the roof's edge, but the memory remained, and the aching in her fingers and toes remained also.

* * * * *

"Where's Sally?" Mrs. Bethel put down her book and looked owl-ishly through her reading glasses for her oldest daughter.

The question, directed to Sally's younger sister, curled up on the couch writing letters, remained unanswered until repeated queries produced a vague, "I don't know. She went out a couple of hours ago."

Mrs. Bethel looked around the apartment, seemingly scrutinizing the familiar furnishings, but her mind was too uneasy to take in what her eyes saw. "Oh dear, I wish she hadn't gone out without my knowing where. I don't feel easy about having her wandering

alone around the city. It's so soon after Frank. . . and Sally has never forgiven herself. And now with this terrible fear about heights, I hate to have her go up in stores or office buildings. I just don't feel right. Maybe she might do something in spite of herself. Oh, I wonder where she is." And Mrs. Bethel got up and started walking restlessly around the room, still wearing her reading glasses.

* * * * *

Sally opened her eyes again. The little boy had moved away from the parapet and the eerie shivers were lessening bit by bit. "Thank heavens he's gone. He looked so much like Frank." Sally shook her head, violently trying to get rid of the persistent pictures of her brother which came flooding back against her will. She remembered vividly the lazy afternoons in the country where they had spent their summers. Frank's tanned, laughing face seemed right in front of her at that moment, for it was so clear in her mind. She remembered the day Frank and she had set off to climb the mountain which up until then had been just a part of the scenery surrounding them, but soon it materialized into a rocky trail with the trees getting smaller and smaller until they reached the top. Even there, however, the view was almost spoiled by a few remaining trees, so they had decided to go up into the fire lookout tower there.

"Go on, Sis, I'll be noble and let you go first."

"O.K., Frank." Sally started climbing up the narrow metal steps that wound intricately upward to the box-like tower. Half way up she turned and looked down. "Oh!" her breath went out in a gasp. The ground was so far below and the grass and shrubs so indistinct and blurred. She slowed down her ascent and her fingers gripped the metal rail on either side of the steps more tightly. She felt her fingers and toes begin to crawl with uneasiness. Dimly she heard Frank's voice.

"Hey, Sis, we haven't got all day, you know."

Sally said nothing, but her head was whirling with panicky thoughts. "I can't go any farther—I can't." She stopped short and desperately clung where she was.

"Hey, Sally!" Frank climbed up to her and touched her, shaking her gently. "What's wrong?"

Overcome with fear of falling, Sally lost all reason when Frank shook her. Detaching one hand from the railing, she shoved at him,

pushing him away, saying, "Don't touch me, Frank! You'll make me fall." Taken by surprise, Frank loosened his grip on the railing and lost his balance. He fell, his head striking against the steps and railing as he went, getting smaller and smaller as he neared the ground.

The last thing Sally knew for a time was a hand reaching out and grabbing her just as her grip on the railing loosened. When she came back to consciousness there was no need for the tree warden to tell her about Frank.

* * * * *

Something red flashed by the corner of her eye. Sally at first ignored it, lost in thoughts of the awful months that had followed Frank's death, and the efforts of her mother and father and sister to help her lose her deep feeling of guilt. Her fear of heights had increased following Frank's death and she had never attempted to look down from a great height again. Even the sight of sign painters or window washers going about their trade was enough to start the familiar symptoms rushing through her. The red flashed again, this time Sally looked up for a moment, she almost stopped breathing. The little boy had come back and was sitting on top of the stone parapet, staring down over its edge at the city below. His red knitted cap which had attracted her attention was sticking out perilously over the edge. Sally looked around. No one else was on the roof top. She looked back at the boy. He was crouched on all fours, his red mittened hands grasping the outer edge of the wall. A grey pigeon circled past and the little boy followed its flight carefully with his eyes, his mouth slightly open, totally unaware of his position.

Without thinking, Sally hurried over the few feet between herself and the child . . . and the parapet. She grabbed the boy securely in her arms and lifted him off the parapet into safety.

"Hey, whatcha think you're doing? Lemme go. You ain't my nursemaid." And the little boy howled his wrath and offended dignity into Sally's unheeding ears. For Sally was not listening. She was staring beyond the boy, beyond the parapet, down into the smoke hung city. And she was not afraid.

BARBARA DOW '49

Autumn Movements

A leaf
Sailing in whirl of motion,
Tumbling, tumbling,
Showing shades of golden brown,
Twisting, twirling,
Then it stops, and falls, and dies,
And can no longer seek the skies.

A flock of geese
Winging their way
Steadily, steadily,
In even V across the sky,
Swiftly, swiftly
In their long path far on high,
Searching, searching;
Then they circle, and remember, and descend,
And the long, mysterious journey's at an end.

JANE NOSS '49



Where Colors Go

Just as the hour when the earth seems suspended from the silence of dusk, when the birds rustle rather than sing, when the last of the sun's rays ignite the small pink clouds hovering above the horizon, but just before the guardian moon has risen to watch over her starry children... at this hour, if you look closely, you will see an animated band of jovial little men, marching single file along the rim of the world. Each carries a tiny, once-silver pail; each has bushy, silver-grey hair. They are all dressed in trim, grey overalls of greying linen, and remarkably enough, each has skin of this same pale grey color. Their incapable-looking shoulders seem unjustly bowed under a universe of responsibility.

As the dusk deepens, they hurry to their jobs. Separating, each takes a district, each has an assigned route. Rushing now, they work against speedy Time and threatening Dark. As easily as squirrels, they shinny up the trees, they rush through the flowers and flit over the rooftops. Crossly they invade the privacy of any unwary homeowner who has carelessly neglected to warm his house with welcoming light. Indiscriminately they enter offices, warehouses, and stores. They creep silently over the seashore, climbing easily over docks and into boats. Though strangers by daylight, these little men enter every remote nook of the earth at the sun's setting.

In their pails they carry a dusky, liquid wax of the consistency of mercury, and with brushes as large as themselves, they hide the world's glowing, daylight colors with their magic dulling art. The rich reds and browns of the sunlight hours become lush enamel; black, pale yellows and greens turn to shimmering silver gilt.

Thus, in the cool of twilight, these industrious elves change vivid hues into daylight's smoky darkness. But, as the east begins to lighten, and the earth regains its warmth, their waxy paint melts, and forms long shadows, just dimming the radiance of day.

FAITH JOHNSON '49

New Year's Day

It is rather a tedious experience to observe or celebrate three to four New Year's Days in a single year. Nevertheless, it is what any citizen of a country of many religions is compelled to do.

New Year's Day takes on a rather pathetic, ridiculous look when many exist. The day loses significance with repetition, for all the days are celebrated in approximately the same spirit. Even worse is the task of trying to remember when the various religious groups observe New Year's Day, so that one may not be guilty of ill-breeding or social misbehavior by forgetting to send out greetings and good wishes.

Following the rather boisterous celebrations of the Christian New Year is the Tamil New Year, about the middle of January, which brings a quiet atmosphere of worship and joyful thankfulness. The Tamil celebrations last for about four days, during which domestic animals and the "tools" of one's profession are decorated, praised, and gratitude is expressed. A special preparation of rice is characteristic of these celebrations as are also the cold baths taken on rising at sunrise.

At the close of January the Telagues celebrate their New Year's with customs similar to the Tamils.

In March, the Gujeraties hasten to close all their accounts and pay all their bills before welcoming in their New Year. They not only clean their financial consciences, but also give their homes a thorough cleaning, going so far as to white-wash the outer walls. All these celebrations include a joyous giving of beautiful clothes and jewelry.

Thus not only do numerous New Years' Days each of many days' duration exist, but, to add to the general confusion, they come on different dates every year, as their occurrence depends on the position of the moon rather than on any man-wrought calendar.

This recognition of many New Year's Days creates a constant problem in public institutions such as schools and colleges. The academic year is naturally a long one, but holidays for the festivals of various religious groups tend to cause rude and constant interruptions. While sympathizing with many of the festivals which

occur during any year, I do think some of them are unnecessary, those related to New Year's Day in particular.

The only people who profit from, and therefore welcome, the different New Year's Days are the advertizers and clothes-store owners. The advertisers hail the festivals with the knowledge of sure employment while the clothes merchants revel in displaying tempting articles at fabulous prices.

The attitudes of people towards New Year's Day is not the only reason for my aversion to the occasion; the existence of many places them in a totally different light—to their disadvantage.

Making and keeping good resolutions throughout the year will benefit us much more than setting aside one day to clear our consciences and to making promises to ourselves that are soon forgotten in the whirl of gaiety that accompanies such a day.

PREMI ASHIRVATHAM '49

The Voice

I hear the voice of the ocean. It runs through me and possesses every link of my body; then I am left shuddering and alone as the pounding surf swishes away. This unknown sea is magnificent strength, unlimited power, uncontrollable eternity, and all the unending things which mortal beings can never possess.

That is why I am drawn to its vastness and it is a greater part of me than any other earthly or heavenly creation. The salty spray slashes my face, the piercing grains of sand harass my bare feet and the slithering water coils around me, yet still I search for the voice, the words whispered by the white caps, the commands roared by the raging waves and my turbulent heart understands. The sea will have my body to dash up against the rocky ledges and leave pitiful and uncared for, save for the carrion vultures; or perhaps it will lay me gently to rest on a seaman's reef—I know not which. But I understand, and soon, soon I shall walk to meet my conqueror.

DOROTHY BOWMAN '50

Vacation

Vacation:

Besides the luncheon, the meal, the dinner
To behold, contemplate, the custom,
The way of life.

The care:

The destination to be bound for;

Carefully to exclaim

"Interesting the book";

The menu, the bill of fare

"Merveilleux, superbe";

The waiter, steward, servant...

Busy with the work,

Person, people...

Never, not ever,

Never;

Two weeks

Without...

(Little, but little—)

Prudent fifteen...

So much,

So to finish, end,

Every night diversified, varied,

Already now.

PENNY PENDLETON '49

The Kingdom Above the World

The halo of the moon shone down,

A pale and shimmering light;

Its rays were delicate shining gold

As they brightened the misty night.

The clouds were slowly passing by

As sighs of the wind unfurled,

An ethereal loveliness, a radiant sight

Of the Kingdom above the world.

JANE GAFILL '50

Jacques

The golden flecks of dust danced in the bright sunshine as Mademoiselle joyfully trotted toward Montreal, pulling the overflowing wagon. Jacques sat straight and alert atop the high board, despite his years, eager for the day. His clean but faded and stained denims fitted his lean, wrinkled body snugly, and the old, ragged hat, slouched comfortably on his white hair, tousled in slumber and ruffed up by the cool, fresh breeze blowing off the shore. Though Mademoiselle too was old, her equine spirit matched that of her master in youthful excitement and eagerness, in a strong feeling of being vibrantly alive. Perhaps she also recognized the clear beauty of the mountain in the dawn, with the spires and windows glittering in the radiant sunrise, and the magnificence of the rushing rapids and the swirling blue river as they came gradually into view.

Horse, wagon, and driver had been on the way to Montreal since five o'clock, on their way to the great Bonsecour Market in the heart of the big city where they would see again their old friends. They had come to spend the day enjoying the friendly hubbub and the chatter of hundreds of people, and the customers as they paused at Jacques' stall to buy and to discuss with their long-time country friend the state of world affairs, rising prices, *ou la santé de Mme. Bonhommie*. The old farmer had been keeping this stall, first with his father and then on his own, since his sixth birthday. Oh, how well he could remember that day... the first sight of the big buildings, the crowds milling about, the unhappiness on their faces, but most of all he could remember that intense feeling of being grown up, for he was finally allowed to accompany his father *à la grande ville*.

Shortly after that marvelous day, he had found a tiny puppy which had apparently lost its way in the mass of people under the huge, long roof that sheltered the many stalls from rain or snow. He had hidden the waif under his long, threadbare coat and thus his father had reached home oblivious to the new addition to his household; Jacques had been proud of himself for withholding something from his father, and he had been proud of the dog too, and had called him Joseph after Mary's husband. Joseph had stayed with them until Jacques was twelve. Those intervening years were only a blur of

happiness, adventure, beaucoup de fêtes, and little responsibility. Responsibility had come after Christmas on that frosty morning when mamma and he had found M. Bonhomme, son père, lying in the snow by the old barn, le vieux Louis by his side, licking pappa's face in an attempt to restore the happy grin and to hear kindly words again from the still lips.

"Time has moved swiftly since then," mused Jacques as he carefully arranged the beautiful fruits and vegetables in neat rows. His strong, brown hands touched the produce gently, almost with love and reverence. Perhaps this was not strange, for he had grown and tended, day after day, those bunches of leafy carrots, clods of earth still clinging to their tiny, moist rootlets, those rosy apples, the purple eggplant crowned with fuzzy green leaves. As the oldest of the boys in the family, he fell heir to the farm when he became eighteen. His mother was too sick to run the farm and so he had taken over. He had done the best he could and the whole seemed to have prospered. It was good land, and the house and other buildings had been in good condition, for his parents had lived and worked as most "habitants" do, in a neat, orderly home, kept in good repair. He and his many brothers and sisters had grown up under the same roof, and under the rigid but kindly discipline under which his grandchild, just born that morning, would be reared.

"Oh, Jacques, vous êtes grand'père; mais c'est merveilleux!" He had not been able to restrain himself from telling the glorious news to some of his comrades in the early morning, and as the day wore on, more and more of his friends and customers congratulated him on becoming a grandparent.

The crowds were thinning out, and all Jacques' vegetables and fruit had disappeared long ago; the doves were beginning to coo and the rays of the setting sun were filtering through the amber windows of the sailor's chapel above them. The guardian angel atop the shining spire had begun to glow, opening her arms to the incoming sailors, welcoming them home from their long voyages to Bonsecour and at the same time wishing others "Bon Voyage" as they hoisted anchor for unknown ports, leaving her radiance behind them but setting sail into the far more beautiful sunset itself. . . . It was time for Jacques, Mademoiselle, and the old, blue wagon to be on their way.

To the old farmer, as they hit the dirt road leading homeward, it seemed that the years stood still. Thousands of times he and Mademoiselle had wound their way through the flat countryside, past the villages with their shining spires, past the little stream which flowed à la grande fleuve, past fence after fence, wending their way toward the weather-bleached, square house, the grey barn, the oats for Mademoiselle in the steaming stable, the big evening meal waiting for Jacques on the broad table around which all the family would be gathered. It was always a joy to him to see the evening star twinkling in her loneliness, and to see the gulls wheeling afar off in the deepening blue; but today it was all even more gorgeous, it was different, today he was a grandfather. All the beauty of the young evening and of the simple farm which was his, rushed upon him until he felt the warm, salty tears brush his cheeks and fall onto his work-worn hands. He did not care if he were crying, for his tears were tears of happiness and overflowing love, and soon he would greet his happy family and tell them, as he had done so often before, the story of his day at Bonsecour, which was the joyful story of his life.

ESTHER PEIRCE '49

One and One Makes Three

In spite of my father being a banker or perhaps because of it, math has always been one of those things, like curling my tongue or turning a somersault, I just can't do. People who rattle off theorems easily and feel very disappointed when they get "very good's" instead of "excellent's," assume in my mind, a place somewhere between Houdini and Eleanor Roosevelt, a little lower than Abraham Lincoln.

Ever since the beginning of my education I have followed about a year behind my class. When my colleagues were strolling through multiplication I was struggling with the intricacies of addition. When they were on fractions, divisions suddenly clicked in my mind; but decimals terrified me and factoring left me cold.

However, the worst was yet to come; in eighth grade, as I finally grasped the subject, and was feeling, oh, so proud of myself, a terri-

ble thing began to happen. Letters of the alphabet began to creep into the problems and brought a host of other horrors with them: figures that you added to subtract and signs that changed completely.

Now, however, a still new and different kind of number has been introduced that will change my life completely. It will be clear sailing from here on in. This minor miracle is called an imaginary number.

Just picture a paper handed in with imaginary numbers all over it. Who can say whether it is right or wrong, because the problem will be just a figment of the imagination? And perhaps my imagination will be better than Eleanor Roosevelt's.

LEE FLATHER '50

For I'll Go Back

I am lonely, I am sick, and my longing will not cease.
It seems so far a distance—from here across the sea.
And I remember well that day, every minute of the hell,
And my thoughts come rushing forth, and like the war,—they rebel.
That day the havoc came: war rained down from the sky,
Blazing all around us, screaming die, die, die.
But we didn't want to die, and we defied those foreign brutes,
Scattering our family, severed from its roots.
And it hurts now to remember all that came with war's din.
And I sometimes think of things as they might have been.
But that's a useless kind of thought and I am learning to forget,
For I force my voice to laugh although it still betrays regret.
Then the fateful hour came when I was thrown with the rest,
The unspoken good-byes still shoking in my chest.
And my whole life changed, for the better they said,
On that ocean voyage, where my heart only bled.

Oh, we that are born of the havoc of war
And have known the pain that our loved ones bore;
Are we destined to remain on a foreign shore
And never see the land that we cannot but adore?

For my mother's voice is calling, whispered by the sea,
And a trusting pair of eyes seem to beckon to me.
There's a handclasp and a kiss that within me still burn,
Demanding a love that I never can return.
And the look of my father when he heard the first plane
Haunts me night and day till I think I'm half insane.
All these voices seem to drift on the winds from the East
And they grip me with a power that I cannot release.
For my blood is in the homeland, and my feet are running free
To all the ends of Poland, where I some day shall be.
There I'll take that well known road, but what a change will be re-
vealed,
For there now are four white crosses on a barren waste of field.
All the voices are but ghosts, though they urge me all the more,
And I'll go back to Poland, whatever is in store.
Yes, I'll go back to Poland, though years must pass before.

DOROTHY BOWMAN '50

The Great Event

The scene was the usual school weekday breakfast, with one exception: the boiled egg was a new and adventurous installment in the morning repast. Somebody poked the Senior.

"Oh! would you like an egg, Miss Thomas?"

"Yes, I believe I will try one this morning; soft, please!"

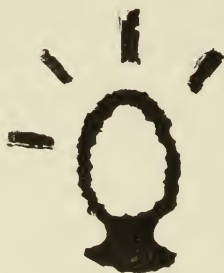
My mind turned over and over with early morning sluggishness and evolved one irrational thought: I should really have an egg, since this is something new and might prove an enjoyable habit. Before I really had a chance to weigh the pros and cons of the matter, the fateful question was fired at me and I found myself echoing Miss Thomas, with a rather hesitant, "Yes, please; soft."

There was a lull in conversation and I remarked to Miss Thomas with forced joviality that this was my first egg at school. She, to be polite, returned equally cheerfully that this was also her first. We made quite an adventure out of it, as though we both were about to have our first glimpse of Paris. Neither of us was particularly interested, but we rattled on thus for lack of something else to do or say.

Miss Thomas went on to talk of an omelette she'd had in the Swiss Alps, and I mulled over the thought of my unmade bed upstairs, and wondered if I really had time for the lengthy procedure of an egg.

The next course arrived and with it the conversation, for everyone became busy sorting eggs and passing buns. With our soft eggs safely before us, Miss Thomas and I rallied our spirits to the adventure. Looking at my egg, still in its shell before me, I was inspired to say, "How wonderful," and she said more explicitly, "It certainly is exciting." We both laughed a little. After all, what a ridiculous conversation!

I cracked my egg, pried it open and to my horror and dismay it slithered into the cup quite raw. In my surprise I said in a loud voice, "Mine is raw!" "No, mine hasn't been cooked quite enough either," said Miss Thomas. Both of our eggs looked ready to go into cake batter.



"If we break up some toast in them, I think they will be all right." Miss Thomas was being a good sport about it. I passed her the toast, saying that it was a good idea and gallantly took a piece myself, broke it up, and covered the whole concoction with too much salt and pepper, hoping vainly that it would turn into something it wasn't.

Miss Thomas was slowly and deliberately dropping pieces of toast into her egg and carefully stirring it. Her face showed no sign of emotion, not even the slightest trace of distaste. I stirred mine too, awaiting her next move, really waiting for her to say she wouldn't bother eating her egg this morning. How ridiculous the situation was. She felt obliged to eat this unpleasant cup-full, be-

cause one eats what is put before one, in order not to be wasteful. If she didn't, she would be setting a bad example, and seven pairs of easily critical eyes around the table were watching her. Seven brains might say disdainfully to themselves, "Miss Thomas won't eat her egg unless it's perfectly cooked," and she might be registered with sarcasm as a perfectionist.

Miss Thomas began to eat her egg and I followed, talking of other things and trying to pretend I wasn't there at all. If she said nothing, it was out of the question for me to say anything. I would sound like a whining child to ask, "Do I have to?" or to say "I don't want to." Miss Thomas would think what an immature, spoiled person. I somehow couldn't just leave it there after so much attention had been given to the whole episode.

I left the table, hurriedly, relief flooding me, as it undoubtedly did Miss Thomas.

The breakfast had been somehow socially a failure, and I'm sure Miss Thomas doesn't, and I know I don't, think the raw egg a palatable dish.

HONOR BANKS '49

Evening Beauty

The Fates are most unkind to me.
My hair won't stay in place.
It's either scattered messily,
Or blown across my face.

But every hair upon my head
Has just the proper swirl,
When just before I go to bed
I put it up to curl.

LEE FLATHER '50

Mr. Henderson and the Swimming Pool

When the Henderson Family joined the newly re-created Whip-poorwill Club in the Spring of '47, Jenny Henderson looked upon it with trepidations and reservations. For at that time the club consisted of a beautiful and famous golf course (she didn't play golf), and two tennis courts (she hated tennis). It didn't have a swimming pool.

But quickly the very important Board of Governors (of which "Daddy" was a member) began their plans for a pool—and when September came, and Jenny reluctantly left for school, she derived some small vestige of satisfaction and security from the fact that ground had been broken for the pool; and that plans were being drafted for the "field house"—a combination bath house and snack bar.

At Christmas time, when Jenny returned home, weary but eager, Mrs. Henderson proudly told her that Mr. Henderson had been made head of the Swimming Pool Committee. From that time until summer, much of Jennifer's information was second hand, her Mother kept her informed via sometimes-frantic letters.

During Christmas she learned a few scant details of the six or eight meetings (soon to become a regular Sunday afternoon affair) which had taken place between Mr. Henderson, his committee, and sundry architects, engineers, and draftsmen. Knowing her Father, she easily visualized that determined banker arguing stubbornly over a point about which he knew nothing.

You can easily see how in sympathy with her mother Jennifer felt on that dark February morning when she opened a letter from the distraught pen of the long suffering Amanda Henderson and read of her most recent experience concerning Mr. Henderson and the swimming pool. Evidently she had been rudely awakened at two-thirty that morning by her husband, talking in his sleep in loud, angry, and aggrieved tones about the brainlessness of the contractor.

Finally last March the pool was finished, the pump installed, the chlorine ordered from the proper supply company, and all was in order, even unto the unusual and lovely pale green paint on the pool bottom. All they had to do now was to wait for a thaw so that the excavations could be started for the proposed field house. During

this wait (which proved to be of a month) the Sunday afternoon meetings recommenced.

As those meetings were closed and strictly masculine (usually lasting from one-thirty or two until six), Jenny and her mother knew little of them, except that they concerned "rules," and the choosing of a lifeguard. They did have some idea of what was accomplished, however, for on one memorable Sunday Tom Henderson, Jr. was allowed to sit in on a meeting of the inner sanctum. He reported that it had been a "rules" meeting, called primarily to decide whether or not to put a sign on the tennis courts regarding shoes to be worn when playing tennis. As he told it, the committee reached immediate agreement that only sneakers were to be worn, and that a sign so stating should be posted; but he went on to say that they, a group of nine or ten grown, intelligent adults, found themselves unable to reach a decision as to the wording of this sign! The only logical explanation for this is that they wanted to avoid the usual trite message, and so spent a futile four hours trying to do the impossible.

In April the field house was started. It was to be set on a slight rise overlooking the pool, with a small, shaded, brick terrace containing several of the standard type of country club chairs and tables, and two large, well furnished dressing rooms, the left one for men, the right one for women. Showers were to be installed and the cement floors scientifically engineered for good drainage. The building of the field house proceeded without a hitch.

At the end of May, the harried Mr. Henderson began to receive letters and phone calls from over-eager club members, demanding to know why the pool hadn't been opened, when it would be opened and what was causing the delay anyhow, poor management? This fervent outburst of enthusiasm pleased the by-now discouraged committee head, even though it had not appeared in its most pleasant form, and he decided to make public his plans for a grand, formal opening. (He had made arrangements with the swimming instructor of a neighboring club to put on an amateur show.) Work waxed furious on the grounds around the field house and pool, for within two weeks a stone wall was to be built, the slope had to be terraced, the flagstones laid, and the grass planted.

The day of the meet dawned bright and clear. All went off like

clockwork with only a few minor accidents: the racing lanes had not been painted in the pool bottom, so that the racing swimmers unavoidably collided with each other, as well as with the misplaced steps at the pool's end; several people tripped and took bad falls over the tarpaulin covering the rough, unfinished terrace; a few slipped off the flagstone pool-edging into the surrounding soft mud (the grass had not yet been planted); and the trick diver had difficulty using the too-short and springless diving board. Happily the club was not sued for damages! Secure in the knowledge that the program marking the pool's official opening had been successfully completed, Mr. Henderson drew a sigh of relief.

But his troubles were not yet over. Scarcely a week after this official opening of the pool, a New York City health inspector came to the club to test the percentage of chlorine in the pool. He found that it was too low. The pool was closed for three days during an exasperating and unyielding search for more chlorine throughout lower New York State. It seems that a sudden shortage had developed.

It was discovered that with use, the cement floor in the ladies' room became very wet and very slippery. Upon inquiry, it was reported that the men had had no such trouble on their side of the building, and upon further research and reference to the blueprints, it was discovered that the two floors had been constructed identically. A mystery had developed. By careful inspection, comparison, and contemplation of the two sides, the missing quantity was found. In building the women's floor, the contractor had carelessly neglected to install an opening into the drain-pipe. Luckily this was quickly accomplished and the pool life proceeded much as before.

On the Tuesday before the fourth of July weekend there was a rainstorm. Ordinarily this would have had absolutely no significance but it just so happened that on this particular occasion, the grass seed had been newly planted in the recently graded earth surrounding the pool. When the lifeguard arrived next morning a sad picture greeted his astonished eyes. With the force of the afore-mentioned rain, the precious seed, along with many square feet of equally precious top soil, had washed into the pool. Needless to say, the pool had to be drained so that the two inch deposit of mud could be removed from its bottom. Consequently, the pool was closed until

the following Monday, July sixth, thus quite successfully stranding several house parties high and dry over the hottest fourth in years.

As the summer progressed, and the nights as well as the days grew warmer, Mr. Henderson received numerous pleas and irate demands that the pool be kept open at night. Well did he understand the emotions in the breasts of the hot and weary commuters who voiced these requests on return from a day in the city, but he was powerless to do anything, for a lifeguard was a basic necessity and no one would work at night. Eventually this problem was solved, but only after travelling a rough path through a succession of imaginative guards who thought up their own base amusements. (One left if no one had arrived to swim by seven o'clock; another spent more of his time in the comparative comfort of the field house than perched on the lifeguard stand.)

In the last analysis, the pool and the summer were a great success, for when it came September and time to close, the most inevitable and enjoyable crisis arose. Club members spent a large part of their time explaining to Mr. Henderson that it was much more practical (and incidentally the newest thing) to leave the water in the pool over the winter rather than to remove it. His last problem with the pool was easily solved, though. He drained it.

FAITH JOHNSON '49

Roller Coaster

Grinding, squeaking, steadily the car moves. Faster, things fly by, quicker, quicker, . . . now like a shooting star we dive to earth, sparks flying, spangling the blackness with sharp flashes of fire; then faster, faster, up and up. Larger and larger loom the black ghosts swaying in the hot gale rushing, hissing past in seeming flight, seeking billowy refuge in skirt and hair, shirt and flare. Flying breathless on wings of night, through smoky mists, round hair-pin twists, flying, up and down, round and round, then slower, slower . . . rattling, creaking, trembling, the car stops, stands shivering. Hot and worn, excited, burning with life, we welcome the people and the light.

ESTHER PEIRCE '49

Autumn

Wild locks aflame with asters,
Face tanned by summer's dye,
And through the crystal air rings out
Her laughter in the sky.

Grey eyes that seem to mirror
The velvet smoke of leaves,
That hide enchanted embers
Which wait the wakening breeze.

Her trailing robes of saffron
Flash fitfully, here and there
Among the tossing branches
Which catch her flaming hair.

She dances through the valley,
She sings through all the plain,
Her young, unfrequent tears descend
In slanting, silver rain.

She's gone; the land is silent,
With but one trace behind:
Purple asters dried to dust
With dying leaves entwined.

BARBARA DOW '49

All Aboard!

The gangway is let down and the first passengers to board the ship are a young mother and two children, a boy and a girl. The mother looks slightly worried as she glances at the restless waters, weighing the possibility of a storm. She looks down at the children, and holding their hands firmly, she mounts the gangplank. As they reach the "portal," she releases their hands, and they dart away to

commence an eager exploration that will make them familiar with the huge ship they had dreamt of so often.

Next come two greying women who look at the bulk looming above them with a worshipful air. They look pathetically eager as they climb the steep gangway. Halfway up, they turn around to gaze at the land they are leaving, knowing that their furlough ended, they will return to continue their work, the spreading of the gospel of peace.

Hard on their heels comes a harassed looking businessman who mounts to her decks briskly. I can almost hear him saying, "I should have tried to obtain those plane tickets earlier. Sea voyages make me sick, and waste precious time. . . time. . . time."

Down the sun-baked docks stroll two sailors, reluctantly returning to report for duty on their ship. They linger as long as is possible on the land which personifies "Wine, Women and Song," before resignedly turning to their vessel to climb to her decks with practised steps.

Now a group of very excited young people chaperoned by two experienced, rather weary looking men hurry to board the ship. Carrying binoculars, cameras and sight-seeing books, they reveal their identity clearly, as tourists accompanied by guides. Peals of laughter ring out, as, after a hasty checking of their passports, they climb aboard with faces lifted up expectantly. Life and adventure lie before them, and they mean to grasp both firmly.

In five minutes the gangway will be drawn up. The docks are a confusion of people bidding each other farewell. Peddlers who were aggressively displaying their goods a little while ago drop back respectfully, for they seem to sense a seriousness which underlies any departure despite the brave smiles exhibited on the peoples' faces.

The last few stragglers rush up the gangway as an officer from above shouts out "All aboard!" A girl, a foreigner in the country (as her clothes tell us), climbs aboard with swift steps and a smile on her face, for she is on the long path that leads home.

The last of the passengers is a young man with books under his arm. Listed, he is an exchange student, looking to the future with a determined air.

Last, but by no means least, the Captain leaves the pier to board his ship. There is pride and a little anxiety in his clear eyes as he

mounts the gangway with accustomed, steady steps. He gives an order in a brisk tone, and the gangway is carefully drawn up.

The steamer slowly moves away from the crowded docks and heads out to sea. She moves calmly, as though unaware of the turbulence of emotions that crowd her decks; that she brings tragedy or hope and joy to various people.

The waves and foam whipping her sides are well-known companions; the creatures of the blue depths know her. She feels at ease in this grey-blue, vast universe and confidently turns her face homeward.

PREMI ASHIRVATHAM '49

Musings from a Train Window

There is a mystery land on the outskirts of cities at night. From a train window you can see that this land consists of neither city buildings nor suburban houses. Here exists a network of intricate light patterns, some high in the air, some low, whose origin cannot be distinguished in the darkness. It seems however as if there is a great steel construction like the skeleton of a building which has risen above and covers the ground like giant undergrowth in a jungle. At each intersection of the steel bars is a light. Sometimes a Titan's twinkling necklace lies strewn along one of the beams. Truly, this is another planet of steel and electric vegetation.

Now you are rattling through the black desert of country land. Each station is like a small winking oasis of people and lights and the sounds of civilization. But between these is a vast, dark nothingness where everything is dead or non-existent. You are convinced of the deadness as you get a momentary glimpse of a floodlight beating harshly down on a stark, gray, wooden wall of what must be a warehouse. You are left only with the impression that this is a lonely, decaying thing, long untouched by humanity. What other worse desolations lie unlighted out in the gloom, or is the edge of the track the edge of the world, beyond which a void darkness exists with absolutely nothing in it? Can anyone realize that in the complete blankness, grass grows on the side of a hill, and a small dog trots busily down a country road, sniffing the night air?

HONOR BANKS '49

On Death

Each season of the year reminds me of some particular thing. In winter I think of bitter cold, rosy cheeks, and stockings hung by the crackling fire on Christmas eve. In spring I think of sweet smelling buds and warm, drizzling rain. Summer turns my mind to tanned skin, the glare of the sun on the sand and the delicious feeling of cool water on a hot, tired body. But when the leaves begin to flutter to the ground, I think of death, because in the autumn of last year, my brother died.

At first, death was something sad, bitter and mournful, but now, even though it is still sad, I feel that there is something spiritually lovely about it. Something which makes you realize that it is not an end, but a beginning.

When Phil died last year, my uncle came up to bring me home. I'll never forget that drive. It became darker and darker, and lights began to come on in some of the peaceful little towns through which we passed. We were silent most of the way, and I can remember looking out of the window and seeing the people go about with their usual tasks. I wondered how life could continue to be the same when someone who had been a part of my life since my birth had suddenly been taken away. I realized that I would never see him again and began to think of him, trying to remember all the silly things we did together.

It was funny, but I could remember very little. It bothered me, because the only way I could picture him was the way he had looked one day when we were out west, driving back to the ranch from Santa Fe. We had gone out west to see if the climate would help Phil's illness, and we had just been to Santa Fe for one of his routine check-ups. It had been necessary to give him a transfusion, but there had been some delay about it, so it was almost dark when we started on Canyon Road, winding through the mountains. I was sitting in the front seat next to Phil. I turned my head to look at him and it was this picture of him which I remembered, driving back home after he was dead.

He was looking straight ahead and I could see his profile silhouetted against the sunset in the mountains. His eyes were shining

with tears, which he was trying to fight back, and in his tired, thin face was reflected the suffering he had endured for many months. It was in that moment that I realized that maybe he knew what the doctors had told my parents many months previously, that there was no hope.

I hope you don't feel that I am just trying to be dramatic. I realize that it may sound that way, but it is the truth. I had heard many stories of people fighting against overwhelming odds for their lives, but I never knew that there would be such a person in my own family. Even though the doctors had said there was no hope, we went on believing until the end that he would live.

When I arrived at home I was taken up to Phil's room where he was lying with all but his face covered with a white sheet. I had never seen a dead person before, and it was here that I first had a sense of the horrors of death. The first thought I had was that the body was nothing but a shell, and his pale yellowish face was only a waxen mask. I knew it wasn't my brother lying there. There was great comfort in this thought, because I knew I could always think of him as he had been, alive and happy, not sick as he was for over a year before his death.

Again I looked at him, and this time it seemed to me as though his face had an expression of peace, even though his mouth was thin and pinched with the agony he had suffered during his last hours. The white sheet seemed to have hardly a wrinkle where it lay over his thin body. I could remember when he had been tall and husky, and was captain of his football team.

I know when Phil was buried that I lost something which meant more to me than anything I have ever lost before, and I will never be quite the same again. Although death is not something which you forget or which time heals, I realize now that it is not an end but rather the pathway to true happiness for which we long while on earth.

GEORGETTE DAVIS '50

The Fish

The green veils wave mysteriously,
Beckoning, mocking me,
Their softness hiding craftily
The blinding leaves of fantasy;
And in their midst a glimpse, a view,
A watery world of liquid blue,
With untold treasure somewhere stored.
I must behold the secret hoard.
So leaving all I know behind,
I enter foreign lands inside.
I pierce the veil and I am caught.
A world of dim and eerie light
With bars of fibrous greenery wrought,
Becomes a maze, enchanting me.
But sparkling through the drifting chains
Which float in tangles green and wild,
The silver blue of liberty
Taunts and tantalizes me.



The green veils wave mysteriously,
They hide the fish concealed within.
But all the outside world can see
Are weeds and pebbles in a tin.

BARBARA DOW '49

Versailles:

(After Reading "Marie Antoinette" by Stefan Zweig)

Versailles, a chance product, the petrified
 Caprice of a great ruler, flaunts upon
 The barren swamps and sands its unmeaning
 Splendor—the tangible demonstration
 That people were nothing; (*le roi soleil* —
All things: l'état c'est moi; for I am the
Navel of all this world). But gone are le
 Grand Monarque, Turenne, Colbert, Molière.
 Around this astronomical point, now
 Narrow of outlook, infirm of purpose,
 With much aptitude for enjoyment but
 No vivacity—this once mighty flux
 Of power now a mill that grinds without
 Grist, closing in on this celestial realm
 Of negligent indifference is its
 Withered husk, a pillaged, plundered buttress
 Which in maddened, deadly strength of despair
 Will crush its so delicate nucleus.
 The old world in this retribution will
 Perish; but from the bloody sphere will rise
 A more beautiful state, not restricting
 Its light but shining beyond the meanest
 Layers.

ANN McELROY '52

Fall Calendar, 1948

Tuesday, September 21—New girls arrive

Wednesday, September 22—Old girls arrive

Saturday, September 25—School picnic at Ipswich Beach; Old Girl-
 New Girl Party

Sunday, September 26—Vespers speaker—Miss Hearsey

Friday, October 1—Seniors go into Boston to see Sir Laurence Olivier's
 "Hamlet"

Saturday, October 2—Concord and Lexington Trip; Senior picnic at
 Ipswich Beach; Miss Marjorie Shepherd (monologist) gave a per-
 formance

Sunday, October 3—Vespers speaker—The Reverend J. Edgar Park, D.D., President Emeritus, Wheaton College

Wednesday, October 6—Speech on "World Government" by Mr. Paul Malbeauf

Saturday, October 9—Sight-seeing trip to Salem; Stunts by Abbey House, Homestead and Sherman

Sunday, October 10—Vespers—The Reverend John Wallace showed us colored pictures of stained glass windows—"The Romance of Stained Glass"

Tuesday, October 12—Gargoyle-Griffin Initiation Day

Wednesday, October 13—The Honorable Philip K. Allen, State Senator, spoke on "Town, State and National Government"

Friday, October 15—We (Abbot) attended the Inauguration of Mr. John Mason Kemper as Headmaster of Phillips Academy, Andover

Saturday, October 16—A.A. hockey team at Beaver Country Day School—Boston Field Hockey Association, School Girl Play Day; Mr. Andre Michalopoulos—lecture on "The Great Nations and the Smaller Democracies"

Sunday, October 17—Supper and hymn singing on Suicide Slope; Vespers speaker—The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, minister of Phillips Academy

Saturday, October 23—Senior-mid and Junior-mid stunt night

Sunday, October 4—Boston Symphony Concert; Vespers conducted by A.C.A.

Saturday, October 30—Hallowe'en fancy dress party; Day Scholars' stunt; Faculty stunt

Sunday, October 31—Vespers speaker—The Reverend James Gordon Gilkey, D.D., of the South Congregational Church, Springfield

Tuesday, November 2—Election Day at Abbot Academy; result—Dewey for President!

Saturday, November 6—Talk on poetry by Mr. David Morton, resident poet of Deerfield Academy

Sunday, November 7—Vespers speaker—Dr. Alfred E. Stearns, Headmaster Emeritus of Phillips Academy, Andover

Tuesday, November 9—Field Day; Field Day Awards in the evening

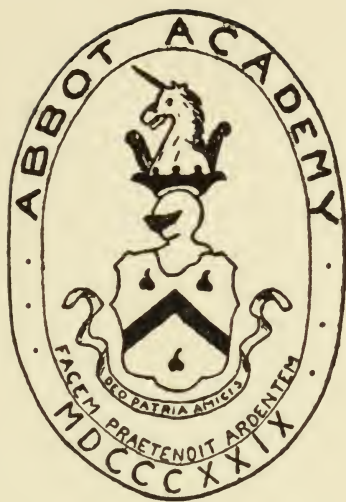
Saturday, November 13—Andover-Exeter Football Game at Andover

Sunday, November 14—Vespers speaker—Mr. Earl E. Crum, Professor of Greek, Lehigh University

- Saturday, November 20*—Mr. Philip Noble—lecture with pictures on England and Scotland
Sunday, November 21—Boston Symphony Concert; Student recital
Wednesday, November 24—Thanksgiving service
Thursday, November 25—Thanksgiving Day Holiday
Saturday, November 27—"Of Thee I Sing" at Phillips Academy
Sunday, November 28—Miss Friskin's recital
Wednesday, December 1—Mr. T. S. Eliot reads to the Seniors
Saturday, December 4—Senior class play, "Dulcy"
Sunday, December 5—Vespers conducted by A.C.A.
Saturday, December 11—A.C.A. party for Andover children; Miss Hale's Christmas reading
Sunday, December 12—Christmas Service
Wednesday, December 15—Christmas dinner and carol service
Thursday, December 16—Christmas vacation starts!
Thursday, January 6—School re-opens

Winter Calendar, 1949

- Sunday, January 9*—Vespers speaker—The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, minister of Phillips Academy; Service dedicated to Mr. Walter Howe
Saturday, January 15—Scholastic Aptitude Tests—seniors; Indian Dances by Premi and Padmini Ashirvatham, talk by Mrs. E. Ashirvatham
Sunday, January 16—Myra Hess concert in Boston; Vespers—The Reverend Palfrey Perkins, D.D., King's Chapel, Boston
Friday, January 21—Lecture—"Is The Marshall Plan Working?" by John W. Vandercook at Phillips Academy.
Saturday, January 22—Lecture—"Education for Understanding" by Mrs. Estelle Massey Osborne
Sunday, January 23—Symphony concert in Boston; Vespers—The Reverend John T. Golding, Church of the Redeemer, Chestnut Hill
Sunday, January 30—Vespers—The Reverend J. B. Kellogg, Christ Church, Cambridge
January 28 to February 1—Mid Year Examinations
Tuesday, February 1—Seniors go to Intervale



The Abbot Courant

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The ABBOT COURANT

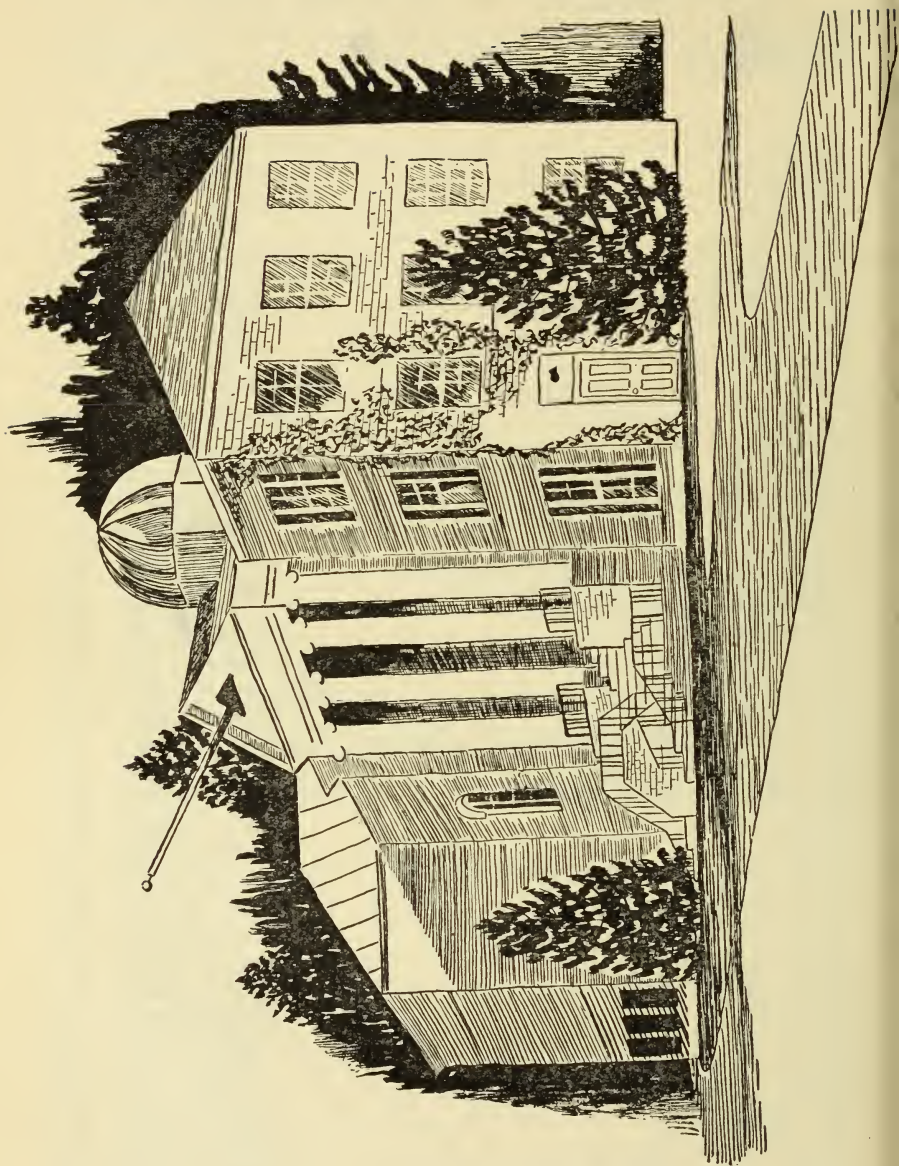
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JUNE, 1949

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THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LXXVI

JUNE, 1949

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EDITORIALS

Recently there has been so much talk of how the world could be saved from war if only all countries would join under one government that I would like to show why I, for one, have not been converted by the rabid World Federalists.

First of all, I'd like to admit that I'm only slightly acquainted with the intentions of the Federalists. However, it is not the details of how to run world government or how to make the nations join under one rule, but the main purpose of having one world, that I am objecting to.

Even if all nations did join harmoniously under one government, which I am sure even the Federalists realize is still a long way off, I don't believe that any nation even in the most important matters should be forced to accept the authority of a world government. For how can a group of people, many of whom are not even affected by the problem understand it, as well as those to whom it means life or death? I know that the argument against this is that there should be some check on aggressive nations who, in order to increase their power, overrun their weaker neighbors; but even if there were world government and it attempted to stop the aggressive nation, what is there to prevent the representatives of that nation from starting a rebellion against the government? Even though they are much in the minority they might easily influence others to become their allies.

People say it is an immature point of view to say that just because our forefathers have failed to have a peaceful world, we must necessarily follow in their footsteps and have war in our generation. I say that it is even more immature not to profit from the failures of others, having to learn the hard way through your own downfall.

We know that each race has a different background and culture, and because of this its outlook on problems which will arise in world government will be entirely different. How can such variety be unified? If the majority rules, there will still be many opposed to each decision.

It is often pointed out that the United States is a good example of the possibility of people of different backgrounds joining together under one united head, but it was not because of the varied heritage of its citizens, rather in spite of it, that the United States became united. The strongest factor in the forming of the union was the realization that unity was needed in order to obtain the necessary strength to overcome their common enemy, England, under whose power they were denied the rights which they considered essential.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not an extreme pessimist who feels that we can never be free from war. It's just that I do not feel world government is the solution, nor am I totally against the Federalists. I feel that they have done an amazingly good job in stimulating the interest of the younger generation in world affairs, which is most essential if anything is to be accomplished.

I may be just a dreamer or an idealist, but I feel that this world can be peaceful only when everyone has the strength to stand up to his convictions and yet realizes that the other man has a right to express his opinion too. This, however, will be obtained only through a long-drawn-out effort on the part of each individual to educate his more ignorant fellow men in understanding, and not through a world government composed of nations striving only for their own interests.

G. D.



Each individual's personal name is his basis to self-respect and individuality. Realizing this, we should avoid tampering with, or depriving anyone of his title.

Society often tends to think in terms of the masses rather than the individual. It has even gone so far as totally to deprive people of their rightful names, substituting, callously, numbers. One has only to visit a prison to feel, see and hear the full consequences of being debarred from this fundamental right to self-respect. If one has any capacity for compassion, one cannot but be moved by the sight of the bowed heads and resigned voices of men who are tagged with numbers!

To strengthen our recent thoughts, let us spend an hour in a library, scanning the titles of the books and the authors' names. If impartial, we will admit experiencing aversion or congeniality toward books, having had only their titles on which to base our judgment.

By this time, we should be awakening to the full significance and importance of rightful titles, further seeing that nicknames in most cases are unnecessary and often, being meaningless, are little better than numbers. True, nicknames are often outward proof of affection, but cannot this same emotion be displayed without ruining individuality? — for by destroying a name which is a part of a person, we hurt the individual himself.

We do not argue that nicknames are never desirable, for indeed they are, especially in those cases when thoughtless parents name their children without due consideration. It is unfair to a child to name it after its ancestors or to devise a name in honor of the latest scientific discovery. For instance, I am sure most of us will agree that "Radia" or "Queenie" for a name can hardly be considered anything but a burden to the person so called. The ideal solution would be to name children temporarily, letting them choose their own names later; thus making a name characteristic of a person, and therefore all the more meaningful.

If we consider this to be too radical an idea, and are not quite convinced yet as to the importance of names, we should, in view of the material presented, select names with greater discretion, for to some people even if not to us, they are not merely combinations of sounds for practical purposes, but the sources of self-respect and individuality.

P. A.



Foreigners have often criticized Americans for their avid interest and participation in sports. I do not mean to say that they condemn sports completely. They certainly do not, for many of the world's greatest athletes, past and present, are not Americans. But a foreigner can not understand why millions of Americans go completely crazy on the day of a World Series game or the Rose Bowl game. Why is

it, they ask, that Americans will stand in line for hours in order to get in to these events, and then sit in subzero weather or a broiling sun and enjoy this treatment so much that they pound a complete stranger on the back when there is a touchdown play or a home-run ball? This, to a foreigner, is utter and complete madness.

Yet if we stop to look beneath the surface of scenes like these we would find that, through the medium of sports, the American people are almost unconsciously approaching the goal which they hold so dear, that of complete democracy and equality. For it seems to me that in sports more than in any other field the barriers of race and nationality are being broken down. In what other field of our national life are the main qualifications good sportsmanship and skill at one's trade? Think how much prejudice could be abolished if these were the only real requirements for any position.

Not only the players but the spectators are interfused with a democratic spirit. The man who is sitting beside you, cheering for the same team you are, becomes in your mind a crusader for the common cause. For those few moments when you congratulate each other on the home run which you two have aided by your cheering, you are firm friends with a great interest in that common cause. It is not until later that you think that he was not of your race or color. Think what progress could be made if that common interest could be shifted from baseball to world peace!

It is in the realm of sports that children often learn their first lesson in democracy. They pick up the prejudices of their elders and friends to an amazing degree. It sometimes comes as a great revelation to them that in games you are picked first, not because of your father's position, or because of your color or race, but because you are a good sport and a good player. Think how much more tolerant we could be if we would take such a lesson to heart!

The field of sports is not a perfect example of democracy in action. It has slipped back into prejudice and discrimination many times. But it has a valuable lesson to teach us if we only watch and encourage its progress. So when a foreigner tells you that the American interest in sports approaches on madness, I would try to show him that there is really a method and an aim in our madness.

D. W.

The Box

The door into the library was heavy, majestic, and did not, as do the open doors to dens of pleasure, invite a casual reader into its gloomy interior. Three times a week this door was opened by the oldest housemaid, who dusted carefully the heavy gate-legged table which stood in the center of the room, the rather hideous Victorian marble mantel with its ponderous clock and gilt cupids, the arms of each of the four overstuffed chairs, which did not, in spite of their depth, seem comfortable. During the ceremony, the windows on either side of the great desk were opened precisely one-half an inch, permitting the clamor of the New York street to invade the heavy silence of the room, and then closed tightly after the room's brief period of "airing" was over.

Into this room I happened to stroll one morning (after having had my breakfast served sumptuously in my bedroom). The total inhospitality of its interior caused me to back out hastily from the cold stares of the painted ancestors on the walls, and, upon turning around, I was confronted by the houseman who eyed me with a hostility which could well have equalled that of the portraits.

I did not re-enter the room for some time after the first introduction to it, for my hostess spent most of her time there and her cold and forbidding attitude towards questioning did not invite me to give leeway to my curiosity.

But one dark and threatening day my desires overcame my better judgment. I had come in, tired from crowds and in an unusually somber state of mind (a mood which is not uncommon to adolescents), and I had been greatly surprised to see a fire burning in the little-used grate. My tiredness had led me to throw myself down into the heavy leather chair in front of the window. It was very odd, but was it only my imagination that gave the painted faces in the portraits more benign expressions? Perhaps it was the firelight playing upon the unexpected sections of the room, for its glow threw a warmth over everything. The red plush curtains made the room hospitable and inviting. How many years ago had this library been a place of pleasure and happiness?

An indescribable warmth and languor suffused me. The dancing

shadows upon the wall became more and more definite — they acquired individual expressions and features, and suddenly I heard a low buzz of conversation, in which could be plainly discerned, "Let us go into the library to discuss this quietly, please." The voice belonged to a woman, not an elderly one, although it sounded like that of my hostess. The words were carefully separated, and the tone of each was final, not to be argued with or, even less, to be contradicted.

The doorknob turned, and the door opened slowly. Suddenly a gust of wind blew into the room, blowing some papers which had lain upon the desk noisily about, and the dying fire in the grate completely out. The temporary warmth of the room suddenly vanished, and I at once felt more out of my natural or rightful habitat than I ever had in my life before.

The woman who entered the room was not tall — on the contrary, her height was well below the average. Her hair was dark and knotted carefully at the nape of her neck, and her dark-olive dress was high-collared and stiff. In spite of her shortness, her whole person seemed to leave an impact upon the observer, so forceful was everything about her — her firm walk, the lift of her head, the straightness, almost stiffness of her carriage. The expression in her eyes, however, was perhaps the most noticeable thing about her. It was smouldering; a complete look of hate — yet it inspired pity because of its tragedy. Her face was set, and the anger which formed its expression was white and dangerous, not red and explosive.

The man who followed her was large — everything about him was great and huge. His bushy eyebrows hid, perhaps, the innate humour and joviality which were discernible in his deep-set eyes. Only the tense expression upon his good-looking, although slightly ordinary face, proclaimed his emotion. His hands hung motionless and easy at his sides.

"Well, Charles," said a cool, even voice, "what would you like me to say? I suppose that I am expected to rejoice in the fortune which gives a son his independence. However, you well know my feelings upon this subject. My question is, do you propose to marry this girl and support her on our estate? If so, I'm afraid you will have to change your plans. I refuse to support, or even be any part of this —."

"Don't bother, Mother," answered the man. "I know your feelings on the subject all right, and am not particularly interested in hearing any more epithets about my wife."

"Your wife," mimicked the other.

"Yes," quietly, gently came the response. "Don't worry, Mother, you will see neither of us again. I'm leaving New York, now, so you will not have to face the disgrace you would have had to bear when it was found out that a Bankwaithe had married a Jew. That fact will not trouble you ever again. Your alarm is needless. In a situation like this no one is ever punished except the innocent. You and your kind will go on, stirring up the hatred again and again in your little circle. Some day, however, there will be a day of reckoning. Perhaps I'm an idealist. But however it happens, hatred is not eternal. You will not suffer, but my children will, because you, indirectly, are a creator of wars. Goodbye, Mother. I'm sorry that your campaign against my wife has not been victorious for you."

Then I suddenly remembered the date — November the fourth. Ten years ago at this time Hitler had been starting his control over Europe. And two days from this date, there had been an accident. Charles Bankwaithe and his wife had been killed in an airplane crash on their journey out of New York. So his mother's words had been remembered for only two days, but the son's in the mother's heart forever, for Mrs. Bankwaithe had suffered. For ten years this room had been her retreat, where she had kept her bitterness against her son's wife locked up and festering.

I stood up in the room which was almost completely dark, feeling as though I had been close witness to a rather bad play. However, I suppose that all actuality is rather like a poorly-written play, with only time to gloss over the conversations and tidy up the characteristics of complex humans.

I went to the door, opened it, and walked out of the room, closing the door behind me. How like Pandora's box it had been to me! No matter how firmly the lock kept the door shut, it would never again be able to hide from me all the little evil sprites which it had concealed. However, there was Hope I remembered, and perhaps it is only through the escape of Evil that goodness may appear.

WENDY SCOTT '49

Clytie

Splendidum Apollinem aquae Clytie nympha optime amabat
 Qui non reddidit ardentem pietatem. Ea saepe
 Consedens nigra in terra tabescuit una.
 Nympha ea consedit dies omnes sic et ea ipsa
 Gustavit escam nullam; habet inde haustus lacrimas et
 Rorem escam. Solem contemplata est ea semper
 Is cum surgeret, transiret cursum ille etiam cum
 Accideret. Nisi Apollinem aliud vidit nihil. Vertit
 Ad spectandum semper solem. Sed denique artus
 Evabant radices, ut dicunt, terra in atque
 As pulchrum evabat flos qui calamo in cito vertit
 Ad spectandum solem. Spectat flos etiam nunc
 Solem semper.

Clytie the beautiful, fairest of nymphs,
 Loved bright Apollo who spurned her love.
 Daily she mourned as she sat all alone
 Tasting no food, sadly gazing above.

Steadfast she gazed when he rose in the morn,
 Eager her glance as he coursed through the sky.
 Nightfall would find her absorbedly still
 Filling her sight with his last glow on high.

Firmly she stood on the same verdant spot
 Turning her face to her god all alight.
 Rooted became her fair limbs in the ground
 Changed was her face to a flower so bright.

If e'er you see her, you'll see at a glance
 Staunch is her love as it was in the past.
 Known as the sunflower all the world o'er,
 Faithful she stands loving him to the last.

The Lesson

Our ship, the *M. V. Denbighshire*, was a small, modern, seaworthy freighter with comfortable cabins. She was an English ship, one of three sisters built in 1939 to compete with some new Japanese ships.

* * * * *

I squirmed in my bunk and opened my eyes. My feet were cold. Looking down I discovered that the bedclothes had ridden up, owing to the Chinese steward's curious system of making the beds. Gradually I became awake. Outside the cabin window which opened on the promenade deck I could hear Mr. Bradford discussing New Zealand, which I judged to be in view, with Dr. Rutherford.

"My, my! (hurumph) New Zealand *is* populated, isn't it?" remarked Dr. Rutherford.

Mr. Bradford was an Australian. "Too right, it is!" he agreed in his booming voice.

I sat up in my berth and looked out. The sky was sunny, and a few early morning clouds puffed busily across the horizon. The sea looked very deep and very blue, and the foam was like puddles of spilt milk. Not far to the starboard, I beheld for the first time the smooth, green, sheep-dotted hills of New Zealand. Nestling in the folds were countless tiny red-roofed houses. Yes, New Zealand did look more populated than the English or American passengers might have thought.

The next time I had a chance to glimpse New Zealand was after dinner from the porthole in the dining salon. We were approaching Auckland through a filmy mist. I saw the ancient volcano, Rangitoto, an island across the bay from the harbour. There he basked in the wonder and admiration of Auckland and her visitors, keeping his silence, and remembering the spent fury of his prehistoric glory. After a while it began to rain. Our Chinese steward "Shanghai" looked out. "It lain evly day in Auckland," he said gloomily.

When we finally went ashore and drove through the city and suburbs of Auckland to my Grandmother's house, impressions and contradictions crowded so fast upon each other that out of the confusion I can salvage only a few unconnected ideas. It was November — spring, but incredibly cold. There were no leaves on the deciduous

trees, but here and there palm trees waved in the bitter breeze. School children were running around in bare feet, looking rosy-cheeked and healthy. We stopped for groceries, but a whole grocery store did not exist. We went to the baker's for bread, to the butcher's for meat, to the green grocer's for vegetables, to the fruiterer's for fruit, and to the draper's for dry goods. Tram lines ran along most of the streets, and schoolboys and men would jump on and off whenever the trams slowed down. In crowded places people almost seemed to hang off the sides.

During those first few cold, dreary, homesick weeks in Auckland, alone with my Grandmother, who was a stranger to me, I hardly realized what an adventure my trip would be. As I grew to know and understand that strange, compact, contradictory little country, I began to look at things in a different way.

We drove from Auckland to Wellington. We twisted around the hills, occasionally encountering a sign saying "DANGER, LOOSE BOULDER," and sometimes we would come to a place where the hills were spread before us in an endless succession of humps, always sprinkled with sheep, sometimes covered with blackened tree stumps left by the great fire. We went through Rotorua, and Whakarewarewa, and smelled the funny sulphur smell from the thermal springs. We spent the night by Lake Taupo and I saw the tangled yellow frenzy of gorse and broom stretching down to the placid lake, with the faint wisp of smoke far in the distance rising from the crater of Mt. Ruapehu.

I remember Wellington, the half-moon city, built in a semicircle around the harbour with the hills rising directly behind it, so that you looked down on your neighbor's roof. In the mornings in Wellington, there was the bustle of getting off to school, catching the tram which rattled and banged with great importance as it crawled over the hills past the botanical gardens to Karori. At night, I used to walk up Mt. Victoria beyond the monastery. Sometimes the moon was so brilliant that I could see the sea, the city and the hills shining at my feet. The crazy wind would thrash about in the manuka scrub, raise the dust and scatter the starry white flowers in the dirt. Then it would blow clouds over the moon, and the spectacle would fade.

We made a tour of the South Island. We drove over narrow, wind-

ing roads. Part of the way was by the sea and there were smooth, sandy beaches, marred here and there, by enormous mother-of-pearl paua shells; or as the road skirted a mountain it overlooked a jagged, rocky shoreline, and the glittering blue water broke into snowy froth as it beat against the stones. When we went through the bush, the countryside was like fairyland. Most of the underbrush is fern growth and the taller trees are evergreens of some sort or gigantic ferns. Soft red rata flowers relieve the green as the vines twine around the trees. After the bush came the dull monotony of the central plains: dirty prairie, populated mainly by dirty maggot-ridden sheep, with an occasional dried-up river bed to add variety. There were very few fences, and the sheep strayed aimlessly around on the road. I recall with horror the time we ran over one and had to leave the poor dying beast in a cloud of brown dust. The plains are overrun with rabbits which the ranchers shot by the dozens, skinned, and hung on what fences there were, to dry in the parching wind.

After we left the plains behind us, we found the most beautiful spot in the world. In the southwest corner of the South Island are the lakes, glaciers and sounds. In that place is the essence and entirety of the beauty of New Zealand. There you can see snow-capped peaks; hills clad in the impenetrable tangle of the down-under bush; majestic glaciers flowing to the sea; leaping, shining waterfalls; mountains which rise to towering heights in one complete slab of rock, tufted on top with some scraggly trees; rivers racing around smooth stones in an aqua stream; deep, still, amethyst lakes; mysterious, unexplored sounds reaching with long, watery fingers between the densely-forested mountains.

Then you can look more closely, and discover that all these big, breath-taking sights are the sum of a thousand parts, each wonderful in itself. I watched the fantail as he showed off his trim costume, listened to the tui's bell-like song, saw the red rata vines, and the yellow kawhai that grows at the water's edge and in the sunny meadows. I learned to walk carefully on those sunny meadows, lest I be reminded suddenly of the omnipresent sheep! In the evening the micra-carpa tree cuts a rough silhouette against the sky. Then I turn to the perfect symmetry of the fern.

At the last I remember one cold autumn day in May. It was the

day we left New Zealand. We went aboard the *Monterey*, with all the war brides, and I felt the excitement of leaving for home. As the streamers of colored string and confetti tore away from the wharf, I hardly cast a glance behind me. But the memory has stayed with me, and I have tried to remember my lesson. And this is it: in New Zealand I found the strange and the familiar side by side. At first I considered the strange with suspicion, and accepted the familiar without a thought. After a while, though, as I was forced to accept the strange, I began to question the familiar, and then I began to understand how to evaluate the world without prejudice. Now I have learned to be grateful for this beginning of understanding I took from that unforgettable country.

ANNE WADLEIGH '49

The Little Glass Paperweight

It wasn't that he was an unethical boy. In fact he'd had the best upbringing that a watchful Nanny and a fond Mother could offer. He knew that one was expected neither to lie, cheat, nor steal. And yet, in spite of all this. . . What was it that had come over him in the bookstore?

The little glass paperweight had been lying there on the table beside a pile of the latest best-selling novels, so exciting in their splashy covers. Erik's mother was engaged in conversation with a lady in a rusty black dress, and Erik was amusing himself by looking at the covers of the books.

"Here is a pirate, his sword is long and sharp and his kerchief is bright red. And here is a sea captain guiding his ship through a big storm. There is a lady with long yellow hair standing beside him. She is very beautiful."

And then his glance fell on the paperweight. It was small and round, and of a clear, thick glass. But best of all, in the very center pranced a beautiful chestnut horse. Oh! If only he could have that horse for his very own! He was sure that the lady, now wrapping up in green paper a book for his mother, would never miss it. She had so many other lovely things. And so the paperweight found its way into Erik's pocket.

All the way home he could feel its weight dragging down his pocket, and every now and then he would reach down his mittened hand and touch it just to make sure it was still there. The pleasure it gave him more than made up for the slight uneasiness of his conscience.

When he arrived home, Margaret took off his coat, leggings and galoshes and put them in the hall closet. As soon as she had gone to the kitchen to see about his lunch, Erik stole into the closet and felt in the pocket of his coat. Not in that pocket. But then, things are always found in the second pocket. Yes, there it was, just as before, and the lovely horse was still prancing in the very center. What a delicious secretive glow it gave him to hold it in his hand, turn it round, weigh it and smooth it against his cheek! Suddenly he heard Nanny coming up the stairs with his lunch tray. Erik pushed his treasure under a pillow.

He took it out again during his afternoon nap, but somehow he did not derive as much pleasure from it as he had before. Perhaps the lady in the store had been very fond of it; perhaps she had loved it as much as he! He hadn't meant to make her unhappy and if she wanted, she could have his water pistol, although it leaked.

He didn't like to hide his toy from his Nanny and his mother. It made him feel as though he had something shut up inside of him, like the horse in the glass, something that wanted to be let out.

He took out the paperweight once more. How did the horse feel, always prancing there inside thick walls of glass? Didn't he ever want to get out and play with other horses in a field with thick, green grass? How lonely he must be!

The days passed by and still Erik concealed his toy from his nurse and mother, and all the time he felt the thick, glass wall growing and growing about him. It grew heavier and heavier and it made him feel tired. He felt sure that Nanny could see through him to the hard core right in the middle. It was stuck fast there and always, always Erik felt the weight of it.

He looked at his paperweight only very seldom now. He didn't derive any pleasure from the cool, smooth touch of it, nor did he smile when he looked at the little chestnut horse. He'd take it from under the pillow, and the weight of it worried him and so he'd put it back.

His Nanny began to question him. Did he feel all right? Perhaps he ought to take a wee nap or perhaps a tonic was needed. Erik did feel listless, but he knew a tonic would be no help. When his mother came to tuck him in at bedtime, he could not give her the usual bear-hug that made her laugh and gasp for breath.

One afternoon as Erik was standing by the nursery window with the paperweight in his hand, he felt suddenly as though he would burst. The little core inside of him was straining to get free. Erik raised his arm and flung the paperweight against the nursery wall with all his might. It fell to the floor smashed in a thousand pieces, and the little horse was free at last. Erik stood a moment and stared at it, turned about, and ran to find his mother. He'd freed his horse too.

ELIZABETH MERRICK '49



Confetti

Confetti dances through the air —
Green and yellow,
Gold and brown —
It fastens on to trees,
And Spring is here.

BARBARA DOW '49

Modern Living

Our house in New York, which looks like every other house on the street, has a strange and fascinating personality of its own. It is one of those old brownstone-front houses that are so common in New York, and is about a hundred years old — and it looks and acts every year of its age. My mother is very attached to the house — why, I don't know — and is able to overlook its many faults with a blissful optimism. I admit I'm rather skeptical about the whole thing and I can't see much sentimental value in furnaces that blow up, pipes which break in the middle of the night, and floors that seem destined to cave in at every step, and sometimes do.

For one thing, the whole house is made of some kind of very weak material, or just aged material, that threatens to give way at any time. The house is about four floors high and two rooms wide, and when you walk across the room on the top floor, the person three flights down can hear your series of clumps very clearly. However, if you're upstairs and want to yell something downstairs, the acoustics (or whatever) are so terrible that you can't be heard at all and you have to trot down the three flights to convey your message. The stairs themselves are very narrow and winding, and the spokes fall out of the banisters, possibly as a result of the sliding down I did in my younger days.

The front hall, referred to by my mother as "The Foyer," also has several disadvantages. The house itself is right up against the one next door and in cold weather, when the people next door turn on their radiator, heat comes right through our wall in the place where people lean most. Many a guest has leapt away from the wall with an apologetic stammer and a burnt back, and we keep determining to do something about it and never do. The front door has two knobs — an upper and a lower. This always fools people because the upper one LOOKS as though it would open the door, but the lower one actually DOES open it. So in the midst of "Goodbye," and "Come again," and "So nice to have seen you," the guest invariably stands and frantically rattles the upper doorknob while the door shakes and the hall shakes and the house shakes. Here it is necessary for either my mother or me to interrupt the goodbyes and say in a

stage whisper, "The bottom one!" The guest never understands at first, and continues to rattle, so the order must be repeated, and by this time the guests and the hostesses are running out of nice things to say. When the guest finally realizes what is wrong and opens the door with the bottom knob, there is always a great breath of relief from everyone — unless the guest is very unintelligent and begins to rattle the second door. (There are two.) This is always very painful because the whole scene starts all over again and is twice as embarrassing this time. One method I've tried with my friends, that requires expert timing, is to yell at them just as their hand reaches out to turn the wrong knob — in an effort to avoid the rattling. This works only with people who have unusual powers of concentration, which are very few. However, the frequent guests at our house eventually master the fine art of opening the door, and the pleased and proud expression on their faces the first time they do it is something to see. They really feel they've accomplished a feat.

The living room is fairly normal, but a tragedy happened to it once that required us to move downstairs and reconvert the dining room. A pipe broke during the night and when I came downstairs the next morning, I found myself in an inch of water, and more water was streaming out of a pipe in the corner, like a domestic geyser. My mother, with amazing presence of mind, simply suggested we move all the living room furniture down a floor and eat in the kitchen. So we did this. There were very few disadvantages to this new system — however, we did have a temperamental icebox in the kitchen and it would roar forth in the middle of a conversation, and rumble away for about a half hour before it would roar again and stop. There was always an element of suspense during the intervals of quiet because you never quite knew when the icebox would begin its serenade. During warm weather, we had great trouble with the neighborhood cats because the open windows of the dining room were at street level and it was a common occurrence to walk into the dining room and see a few unidentified cats stalking around.

As we live near Third Avenue, the El train puts another restraint on conversation. You can always tell a newcomer to Third Avenue because he tries to shout above the El, but one who is used to it merely stops conversation till the noise is finished. You get a certain

attitude toward it — with guests, you have to smile apologetically, but otherwise you give no outward indication that anything is stopping your train of thought. It takes a little getting used to, but it isn't at all annoying after a while.

In spite of these few little things, I really enjoy our house very much. Living in it provides a spark of adventure and intrigue in our otherwise dull existences, and makes life a little exciting. However, there's always that faint cry coming from my mother at one time or other — "We simply must get that doorknob fixed. . ."

NORA JOHNSON '50

Sleep

When night descends, and crickets call,
I know it's time to sleep.
My body rests, my eyelids droop,
But now I cannot sleep. . .

I think of steep black-velvet stairs,
Below, a velvet room;
All in the room is velvet too,
As black as Satan's tomb.
A pitch-black curtain rises up;
There's a velvet hall!
Outside are rows of velvet trees;
Around, a velvet wall. . .

This rich black sight before my eyes,
All else flies from my mind.
Sleep comes at last, until the dawn
Sheds light on all mankind.

MARGARETTA KITCHELL '50

Avadi

The September of 1939 brought the war with all its planned maneuvers and shocks, disasters and triumphs. Perhaps the most unexpected event occurred when Avadi, a barren, desert-like village, was chosen to become the largest British convalescence army camp. I felt that by turning Avadi into a military camp, the simplicity, so refreshing after the dust, noise, and confusion of the city, would be lost.

The construction of the camp began almost immediately, and I found myself irresistibly drawn to Avadi, fascinated by the swift developments taking place. The wide, flat land of red earth offering only palm trees for vegetation, was fenced in and soon a military camp was built. Fortunately, the red earth was hard, so the roads to be constructed did not have to have concrete foundations or tarred surfaces. The character of the earth, and the fact that there were scarcely any trees to offer obstruction, hastened the day when the clean barracks, four shining new swimming pools, movie houses, canteens, and tents, stood ready to receive battle-scarred, weary soldiers of the Allied Forces.

A week went by, and then, one Saturday morning, as I was driving to spend the week end with my friends in Avadi, I was stopped at the crossroads situated just outside the camp and had to resign myself to a half-hour delay while a long, dusty line of ambulances slowly drove by, filling the air with choking, red dust. I was not the lone spectator of this sober, strangely quiet procession, for my car was surrounded by the villagers' children who stared with awe at the slowly-moving line. In spite of the presence of the ambulances, the war seemed remote as I looked at the children around me. Their faces seemed to be all wistful eyes, and their thin, half-clothed bodies made me realize that the never-ending war against poverty and disease was a longer, more bitter one than the battles which raged periodically between nations — the battles which brought men quick fame and heroism or branded them, with equal swiftness, traitors!

Months passed swiftly on, and I could hardly remember Avadi as it had been in the days before the large army base had sprung up —

over night. The years seemed to blend together into one long episode. I was kept busy when not at my studies, by serving and entertaining at canteens; by taking part in picnics, and acting as guide to those few ambitious men who dared endure heat and grime to visit historical spots. Canteens and picnics make you think of fun, but somehow I could never whole-heartedly enjoy myself, for when I glanced around, it was to look into the pale, tired faces of men who knew the horrors of inhuman warfare. Time has a curious quality of veiling names and people. There were Bills and Dons and Dicks, but I could not recall their faces or characters — only that all of them had quiet, tired-sounding voices.

The realism of the war was ever present, not only in the newspaper headlines and radio broadcasts, but in the small, poignant incidents. The boys that came to Avadi seldom remained more than two or three months. They were tired of being treated like machines and craved individual attention. That was why my friends and I made it a special point to see our friends off at the crowded railroad stations. The war was brought home even closer when I stood on a platform, watching the army trains steam out. I lived in a time where the present tense was the only real thing, for each tomorrow would be dependent on a gamble with fate. Those desperately gay smiles, last waves and echoes of "good-bye!" lingered in the air long after the trains pulled out. We would hurry out into the glaring sunlight, talking in short, jerky sentences, trying to dispel the sense of tragedy and doom that seemed to surround those stations.

* * * * *

It was another pleasant September afternoon six years later. Glancing at the familiar faces around me, I realized that we all looked a little older than we actually were. The spontaneous laughter that is a curious possession of youth, was not heard quite as often as before, and certain topics were carefully avoided in the quiet conversation.

To the casual observer, these were the aftermaths of the recently-waged war. But I knew that the dull, empty aches in our hearts could not be dismissed so lightly, for the war had, by contrast, highlighted the suffering and despair of that other war — the perpetual strife against poverty and disease — laying bare agonies that had

awakened us to harsh reality. Yet there was hope of eventual victory, for home industries were being encouraged, and the government, aware of the terrible economic conditions, would take steps to lighten the burden. A man's mind is the hardest thing to change from an accustomed pattern, but with patience and sincere labor, the dark veil of poverty and ignorance would be lifted to let the sun warm all men.

I vividly recalled the Avadi I had seen that morning. I had not been needed there for several weeks, and had decided to go back on a momentary impulse, urged by curiosity.

The troops had been removed, the barracks hastily torn down. The noisy jeeps I had learned to drive were crated, waiting to be shipped. The barbed-wire fences had been torn down, for the metal was useful, and the dry swimming pools were covered with dust and old leaves. There were holes in the ground to remind me of the tents that had dotted the land. The atmosphere seemed void of life, depressing, and I quickly left.

As I reached the crossroads, I involuntarily stopped, feeling the need for a moment's thought before rejoining "civilization". The swift changes brought about by the war had not touched or changed the serene spirit of Avadi, which lay in the villagers' hearts and minds. Their stubborn reluctance to change was both their weakness and their strength. They were like the land they lived on, hard, unyielding. I seemed to see a phantom line of ambulances and children; then I turned to look back, back to see the sun mercilessly blazing down on barren red earth.

PREMI ASHIRVATHAM '49

Parallel

The sun poked pale, dawning rays between large, glossy leaves, and around huge tree trunks of a primeval forest, and came to rest on the dark mouth of the cave. Out of its gloom emerged a cave man, squat, slightly hunched over, and hairy; his glance darted with fear over the landscape, looking for some hidden danger. Feeling hungry,

he summoned his wife and she, with another woman of the family, set out cautiously to dig some roots.

Since no meat was left, the men were starting on a hunting trip that day and now sat about the mouth of the cave sharpening their stone weapons. The patriarch of the family raised a triangular piece of stone to the light, grunted with satisfaction at its sharp edge, and put it down to eat his share of roots laid beside him. While munching noisily on his breakfast, their last hunting trip came back to him and he had a vision of the strange men he had seen running over the plains into the forest at the sight of his men. He had felt fearful of them at first and then extremely angry and indignant, for such an interruption had never come before, though he had hunted bison in this particular region ever since boyhood. The strange men, having slain one of the beasts, dragged it behind them as they retreated. His indignation and anger had risen to a peak, for they were taking something that he felt belonged to him. No doubt an evil god had helped them.

A rustling startled him from his remembrance and he looked up quickly to see that it was only the wind god pushing at the treetops. He often wondered whether this god was friendly or not, this spirit that made strange noises and gently pushed at one, yet could not be seen.

The women banked down the fire which had blazed all night at the mouth of the cave to protect the family from wild beasts and dark terrors. The men left, lumbering yet stealthy, dappled by the sun and shade, and the women watched them until they were out of sight and only their footsteps could be heard softly crackling the underbrush.

* * * * *

The dawning sun managed to find its way to a white-trimmed window with green shutters, through a crack between a green shade and the wall, and to land finally on the face of a soundly sleeping young man. He frowned, winced, sat up, looked at his watch and swung his legs off the bed, his feet landing heavily on the floor. This action awoke his wife, who moaned and asked if it was time to get up, knowing it was. Finally rousing herself, she went down to get breakfast while he dressed.

He was peering into the mirror shaving, when the sun dealt him a second blow through the bathroom window.

"Good God, this sun!" he exclaimed to himself in peevish anger, and he yanked the shade down vigorously. He mused over his unimportant utterance while the water ran into the basin, and it led him to questions he had asked himself many times before. What kind of god, what shape of god, what power had the god that created and regulated this vast universe, or was there any god at all? But there must be, the whole thing was too inexplicable, too incomprehensible not to have some all-powerful being behind it. Hot water began climbing his fingers that hung over the edge of the basin and he snatched them out.

His wife shouted from below, interrupting his thought wanderings, "Can I put on the eggs yet?" He shouted a "Yes" and dressed rapidly. Picking up his billfold from the bureau, he was filled with a feeling of well-being to see it sufficiently replenished with the money from the check he had remembered to cash. With this tool so necessary for going through a day safely in his pocket, he went to breakfast.

"What were you going to tell me last night about business?" his wife asked idly while they were eating. To her surprise, his face became tense and he banged his coffee cup down on its saucer with too much force and swallowed his last mouthful as if it were too hot. Then he burst into a tirade of anger and indignation against the new man in the office, John Jenckes, for Jenckes had taken over the Harmond Company account with no permission from any one, just taken over one of the most profitable accounts in the office, one which this irate husband had done all the previous work on, making it rightfully belong to him! The profits would have been enormous, but now there was nothing he could do to get it back. His indignation was cut short by his wife who, as gently and sympathetically as possible, reminded him that it was time to catch the train. She unlocked the front door and hustled him out of it for another day of acquiring food, clothing, and a new washing machine. She watched him, his back dappled by the shade of the maple trees lining the street, until he disappeared, though she could still hear the faint crunching of his shoes on the dry sidewalk.

Realization

With eager hands she gathered the flowers,
Snatching them up from the rain-swelled ground,
And her childish greed knew no bound
As she trampled their beauty and squandered the hours.

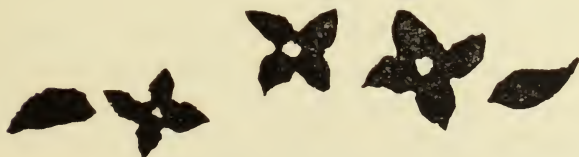
Then darkness came, and the flowers closed,
And the child ran in childish fright,
Tossing the flowers in wild delight,
Forgetting the daisies, leaving the rose.

The night wind came and saw them there,
Broken so soon after their birth,
But their souls were glowing, they were stars on earth
As their spirits drifted toward heaven's air.

That night the child looked at the sky
And a thousand stars were twinkling bright,
For each was the soul of a flower's light
That she had left, unheeded, to die.

And she asked not why, for her innocence knew
As she thought of the flowers scattered in haste,
And the stars that night left a bitter taste
And the child cried while the night wind blew.

DOROTHY BOWMAN '50



Miss Quillman's Classes

With the announcement by a certain Miss Quillman that she would conduct classes in dancing for the younger generation, ages seven to eleven, our peaceful little town suddenly had the impression that a great opportunity had presented itself. The parents, mindful of their duty to their children and not unmindful of their own place in society, banded together and agreed that "dancing school" was just the thing for "the children". But when this information was imparted to "the children", bedlam broke loose. The boys flatly refused to have anything to do with it, stating that dancing school was sissy stuff; their sisters, realizing that to show signs of even considering the idea would be inviting exile from society, supported the boys' decision, but less vehemently. However, I think that secretly the girls were rather pleased with the idea of dancing school.

After a very turbulent week, Friday afternoon arrived, and it found the younger generation scrubbed and shining, awaiting Fate and Miss Quillman in the gymnasium of our school. Miss Quillman had prescribed as apparel for these weekly ordeals, party dresses for the girls, usually black velvet, and patent leather shoes; for the boys, dark suits and ties; and for everyone, white cotton gloves to be worn while dancing. Miss Quillman herself was always attired in evening clothes, usually a dinner skirt and blouse and she was never without her gloves which were long (to her elbows) and had buttons at the wrist. Every week she wore gloves of a different color which would complement her costume, but they were always the same length, and they always had those fascinating buttons at the wrist.

The setting for our dancing class, the gymnasium of our school, was not one of the school's strong points. It was located in the basement, and adjoined the furnace room from which coal dust and gas occasionally emanated. This coal dust was fatal to the whiteness of our gloves, and once or twice the mysteries of the coal bin proved too enticing for some of the less-interested members of the class. The ceiling of the gym was crisscrossed with pipes of various sizes and purposes. These pipes had the failing common to pipes of their kind, they leaked; and there was nothing more delightful for a little boy than to maneuver his unsuspecting partner under one, just in time to have her head thoroughly soaked by a large drop.

Miss Quillman would begin each week's session by organizing us into partners in the hall. Then at the signal of a few chords on the piano we would begin the Grand March. This exercise would consist of walking around the room several times, each of us attempting to keep in step with her partner, with Miss Quillman and with the music, a feat which was seldom if ever accomplished. Then Miss Quillman, apparently satisfied that the march was proceeding with a minimum amount of hair-pulling, tripping and pinching, would lead us down the center of the room. Here each young "gentleman" (as they were officially known in the class) must introduce his partner to Miss Quillman and then the couple was expected to exchange the pleasantries of the day with her. At the age of eight or nine this, I can assure you, is a very trying experience and not to be accomplished without much squirming and giggling.

After this opening ordeal had been accomplished we would proceed to the waltz or the fox trot or whatever other dance we were attempting to learn that particular day. After each dance a young "gentleman" was supposed to escort his partner to a chair and then excuse himself in order to find another partner. The first part of these instructions were almost always faithfully, if somewhat roughly, carried out, but it was often necessary for Miss Quillman to aid the young "gentleman" in the selection of his next partner.

So it was that by these methods in the short space of two years, Miss Quillman miraculously transformed us from rough, awkward boys and girls, into beautifully mannered, poised young "ladies and gentlemen," but not, I might add, without the aid of inexhaustible patience and fortitude. However, it was not without a sigh of relief that we received the announcement that Miss Quillman would not continue her classes the third year.

And so it is that now, when I see those friends with whom I attended Miss Quillman's classes, gliding out onto the dance floor in the complex steps of a Rumba or Samba, my mind harks back to those never-to-be-forgotten Friday afternoons when, with a few rousing chords of the piano, we would commence another afternoon dedicated to acquiring the "social graces".

DEBORAH WILLIAMS '49

“The Americans Have Come”

It was during that dark war year of 1944 in the Philippine Islands, when, one sultry night, after having retired as usual, my uneasy sleep was broken by a sound, seemingly like that of the ancient tumbrils of the French Revolution, carting innocent people away to the vicious guillotine, that dreaded vulture of human life. Besides that, there were terrific booms, sounds of bullets whistling through the air, and loud crashes as cannon balls reached their destination. Red glimmers of flame flashed at continual intervals, lighting my window, and the shutters shook from the great force of the falling bombs.

I hastily got up, put on a robe, and glanced out the window. There bright red streaks of flame, comets of fire, were streaming through the air, and silhouetted against the sky were the shadows of devouring blazes. These comets screamed and whizzed by, and a sudden dull orange glow indicated that each dreaded missile was doing its destruction. One could feel the air growing warmer, and I rushed to the living room to find my aunt and mother busily and frantically packing thermos bottles of water and dry crackers into cloth bags. Looking at their intent and tense faces I understood that this was not the time to ask questions. Turning to the window, the horizon, I saw, was but a fence — a wall — of fire!

There was no electricity in the house, for it had been shut off in the entire city of Manila months ago. I could not even remember the bright glare of an electric light. The candles gave an eerie glow to the room in which bottle after bottle of water was being packed away.

Suddenly there was a hush. Mother hurriedly blew out the candles and rushed to the window. There was the sound of tumbrils again, and the military clatter of six hundred well-trained feet. The tumbrils were not animal drawn as of old, but trucks, carrying men to the same purpose, death, not by the guillotine, but by gunfire, natives set before firing squads, or a massacre by bayonets and machine guns, it carried Japanese soldiers to battlefields, to kill or be killed. In whichever voice, this verb and action was what mattered.

Unexpectedly, a command was uttered and the troop stopped. We held our breath, each with the same fear of havoc, plunder, rapine, and pillage. Would it happen? It was very often done, on the mass impulse of the soldiers, though uncommanded. There was a painful silence. Then to our great relief, we heard the rhythmic clatter of military heels, and the roar of the trucks as the troop continued westward.

It was then that I realized with a flash what this was all about. This was a great moment of the war, for finally, after four years under Japanese rule, Manila was to be freed. The Americans were finally coming! That was the reason for the bottles of water, and the crackers in preparation for evacuation to an air-raid shelter.

Nobody slept that night, but waited with joy, yet fear.

The next morning Manila was a burning city. The sky was aflame, and the scorched air hung oppressively over us. Even the sun, a burning ball of fire, blazed orange rays. The air was close and dry, and we found it hard to breathe. Yet, all was quiet.

A smoky breeze gently shook the shriveled and scorched, once colorful, tropical flowers and swayed the singed fields of grain while the parched leaves of the mango and sampaloc trees quivered.

Suddenly, the shrieking air-raid siren shattered the silence and the dull hum and buzz of bombers was heard. A rain of bombs fell, American bombs from American planes, blasting native-filled huts, killing hundreds of their allies in an assault against the enemy. The earth shook, and we ran to the shelter.

We stayed there for two days and nights, eating but the dry crackers and little sips of water, every drop precious as a jewel. This tiny little shelter, crowded and sweltering with thirty children and adults, was practically demolished when a Japanese soldier walked by, looking for a target for his grenade. Even the smallest child was still. The tense air did not let us breathe. One sound, and the shelter and those it protected would have been completely destroyed.

Finally, after those two seemingly endless days, tired and exhausted, we returned to the open.

The murky sky had turned to a stormy purple from the fire and smoke which still emerged from obscure corners of the city.

Late that afternoon, as the smoky sun returned to its western bed, we suddenly heard shouts and cries of "They've come, they've come!" I ran down the stairs and saw a stampede of native people running joyously beside what seemed an endless stream of jeeps filled with American soldiers.

"Americanos, Americanos have come," was the jubilant and gleeful cry. There was a continuous fireworks of handkerchiefs, hats and little children, thrown into the air with wild delight.

The jeeps slowly drove by, filled with gaunt, haggard and combat-weary soldiers, pale and exhausted from the trials of war, but most of all from the lack of sleep in ten days of continuous battle. They seemed unaware of all the commotion around them and did not smile or wave, but were completely powerless in their want of sleep.

We watched the jeeps stream by, all filled with the same weary men. Finally, the last car rounded the corner and we watched the jeeps disappear from our sight.

But though they were gone, even as we walked back to our homes there was the feeling of joy, of rejuvenated hope, the fruit of months melting into years of waiting, planning, and praying. The war was far from over, for it would take many more weeks of battle to win the city. But in the hearts of all dwelt one glad and reigning thought: MacArthur had kept his promise: the Americans had come.

SHIRLEY YOUNG '52

The Concert

My sister squirmed silently in her seat. Her left toe itched, but she could not bend down to scratch it, because the silence was too imposing. My brother also felt that comfort was the last thing in the world that could be sought to relieve his cramped arms, legs and shoulders, as he waited, squashed awkwardly in difficult positions, for the music to begin. Mother and Dad faced the situation bravely and objectively as they sat poised upon the edges of their seats, looking anxiously forward and seeming to visualize the future with their experienced eyes.

Sounds drifted apart and gradually dispersed into complete silence so that the great vastness of Woolsey Hall contained only the hollow echoes of its accustomed solitude. A wave of complacency washed over all those whose leisure was not endangered by the prospective feats of their offspring, and they settled down to their undeserved relaxation. For there were those whose past few days had been spent trying to persuade their child performers that there was nothing to be scared about. And there were brothers and sisters who had lived through those days in agonizing jealousy of the individual attention being paid to another, equally important member of the family.

Unkind thoughts and wounded feelings had now passed into sudden anxiety, as a united family sat once more, awaiting the first crashing chords of the Toy Symphony. As all knew too well, they would soon hear the familiar notes of the cuckoo striking in with its silvery voice to join the harmony, and they burst with anticipatory pride at this prospect, their sister's renowned appearance in public. A tense, harsh "Shhh" was whispered across to my brother, who had broken his oath of forced tranquility and was rapidly beating his feet against the edge of his spacious seat, from which at intervals he nearly fell, as if keeping in time to the music which was soon to follow.

Hands sprang automatically into motion at the appearance of the conductor, who had made his sweeping entrance from the rear door and was wending his way cautiously between various stringed and unstringed instruments to his exalted box, which translated him from the ridiculous to the sublime.

The stage was set, the toys assembled, and the cuckoo perched precariously upon one fingertip and a bit of another thumb, ready at any moment (and altogether too soon) to utter its little cry of innocence. A whip of the hand and a violent swinging motion were all that could be seen of the conductor, as all gazes leapt immediately and with childish glee, to the mass of active toys which had sprung suddenly from noiseless instruments and had become figures of jest and liveliness. A panting, breathless feeling stimulated the mass of listeners, and with a sigh of relief, my brother unfolded his cramps to assume new and adventurous positions on his never-changing seat.

There were moments of doubt, which were replaced immediately

by parental self-assurance, that everything would go well and without a flaw. But on my father's brow remained a slight twitch which revealed, to the perceiving witness, a touch of uncertainty as to the success of the cuckoo and its flute-like appearance.

My sister was trying also to face the situation, only subjectively and with far greater reason than the "less important" amongst them. Great anticipations had mingled with all hopes and fears and feelings of exuberance to create one confused little human being, standing limply on a stage, supporting a cuckoo between her two fingers. She was not what might be called a dynamic presence. She had a long wait before her turn was to come, but she diligently remained "perched" throughout the spell. The nightingales warbled, the trumpets blasted forth, the rattles hissed, and the audience was literally swaying to and fro in the jollity. Woolsey Hall seemed to be creaking in time to the beat. Climaxes rose and fell again, yet the cuckoo remained patiently waiting for her part to come. There arose a swell in the music, as gradually the full collection of toys was highly rapt in motion, each mounting more and more in tone until their blowers became red-cheeked and puffed up like hard candy. The conductor, if anyone had a chance to take a peep at him, was furiously and unmercifully swinging his little baton, which cut the air with such ferocity it nearly broke itself in two. Pulses rose in time with the ever-increasing rhythm, and all ended in one crashing chord of expectancy — all except the cuckoo-like voice, one pronounced little saviour of the world, which made itself known to the stillness in the air, transforming all sound it touched into staring resonance. A microscopic bit of nothing pushed forward into view, and then was all over —

My sister scratched her left toe violently.

ELINOR BOZMAN '49

Tomorrow

The street was quiet now, the stillness broken only occasionally by the rattling of some old tin cans rolling across the cobblestones as little gusts of wind flitted around the corner to raise flurries of dust amid the stones and rubble. The whole district seemed deserted, forlorn, a grim remembrance, a shadow of that constant uneasiness and terror which had lurked there and still lived in Tony's heart.

Everywhere there was sadness; an indescribable sense of loss kept a firm grip on Tony no matter where he went. He had no destination, no one to care. It had been like that for such a long, long time. Everything was very hard to understand. Was the whole world, about which his father used to tell, like this? Where were the trees with their lacy, black branches and tiny, new, green leaves, the pretty birds that could fly way above the earth in the bright blue of the sky, the snorting, rushing trains with their clanging bells and happy passengers? Where were the jolly pipers on the hill, the wonderful parades, the animals and funny people in the circus? Tony had never seen them and he had lived so very long; could they be only tales?

There had been the anxiety, the silence and tense waiting, and then suddenly one day the roar of many airplanes hurtling their fire and thunder into his world, the tears, his parents lying still on the ground. Then, for a time, he had lived in the country with his grandmother and gone every day to school in a dirty, damp cellar; hunger forever holding him in her grasp, squeezing him. She still clutched him fiercely. Why wouldn't she go away? What was it all about? He wanted to ask why.

Tony found himself sitting among the heaps of stone and shattered bricks, bits of paper whispering around his feet. The grey light of the dawn quickly changed to yellow, a golden radiance fell about him and through the clear, warm air a fragment of song reached his ears. Beneath his toe a cricket chirped her indignation, and looking down, the young boy beheld a tiny, white flower bowing its sparkling head to the sun, showering her dewy tears upon the thirsty, barren ground. Maybe she, too, was weeping and could not understand. Slowly the loneliness stole away, out of Tony's heart, cringing before the feeling of companionship and sense of belonging steadily growing there.

Warm contentment seeped through him, and picking his tiny flower-friend, Tony faced the world. In the distance over the rubble, the sun, trailing his gleaming gold and purple robes, steadily climbed the sky as Tony jogged down the road, breathless and eager to discover the other things. He had found the flower, and if there was a flower today, then his father's stories had not been tales, and tomorrow maybe he would see the jolly pipers on the hill, and find the bird who was singing the pretty notes that drifted across the empty fields now.

ESTHER PEIRCE '49

Memory Of A Feeling

Sleep is like a sea,
Fathomless, and sometimes fearful.
It washes away my thoughts
Like a bit of drifting wood.
Soon I sink deeper,
Drowning in the depths of oblivion.

Sometimes, suddenly, some force dashes my mind
Against the rocks of consciousness;
Something strange, unknown,
That returns the cares and worries of the day.

"Relax," I cry. "Repose is sweet."
I sink again, deeper, deeper,
Into the deepening darkness.
Then there is nothing.
The waves have closed above my head.
I am upon the sands of slumber.

JANE POPE '50

A Bicycle For John

At four-thirty — exactly at four-thirty, day after day, our faithful gardener, silhouetted against a background of pine trees, trots home in a peculiar, spritely pace that is carefree yet determined. Always he is clad in dark gray pants and tattered mackintosh, the same cocked cap resembling that of the old duster ensembles, and the same shiny, black rubbers, although these are undoubtedly replaced frequently by similar pairs, for such immaculate articles certainly could not have endured fifteen years of hard wear. Before he goes, he always leaves an aluminum pail quite full of delicious warm milk at our back door, with an embarrassed acknowledgment of the weather or some such trite observation. Then his routine is resumed and the figure disappears over the hill until early the next morning, when it is seen heading once more for the barns where his daily round begins.

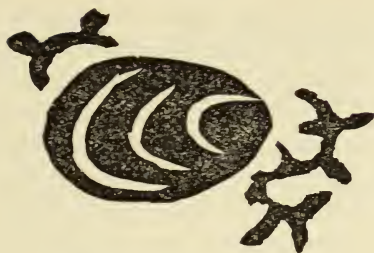
This vigorous trot homeward was considered quite normal at first, but as the years passed and John grew older and the work no easier, my parents began to picture a sudden dropping by the wayside or some equally disastrous incident. Therefore John was consulted as to a possible method of lessening his somewhat strenuous means of travel. When asked if he could drive a car, his naturally red face grew even redder. Presumably his answer was no. So a bicycle was the solution. At the mention of such a vehicle, the bashful man again blushed to an unbelievable shade of scarlet, and hesitatingly stammered "Well, all right." Immediately, the finest bicycle was purchased and presented to this timid soul. No longer did we see John disappear over the hill towards home. His steps took him only to our back door, where the milk was delivered, then back he went in the direction of the barns, where we assumed he mounted his bicycle and set off for home.

It was not until three or four months later that we discovered John's pitiful deception. We were driving home from town one afternoon when we observed his familiar figure marching gaily home on the other side of the road. We quickly drove by in order not to embarrass this self-conscious person by our discovery, but next day Mother revealed her knowledge to the mortified gardener. His bashful nature would not allow him even then to confess the obvious.

He had been too shy in the beginning to declare his inability to ride a bicycle, and was quite content anyway with his daily walk. The bicycle was promptly sold and the former commutation resumed. Until today this bachelor, whose entire life has been a series of identical days — walks to and from work.

But one more astonishing fact was soon to be revealed. Gradually, as John surrendered to his decreasing strength, he actually consented to being driven to work once or twice a week by his brother, whose prize possession was a 1928 black, four-door Ford, the luster of which was matched only by John's rubbers. Very late one night (four o'clock, in fact) our cow was inconsiderate enough to give birth to her long-expected calf. John was summoned and Father went to the barn to offer any possible comfort to Victoria, the cow, until John arrived and offered more professional aid. The arrival, we thought, would not be for another hour, for our car was in repair and John would have to walk, but within fifteen minutes we heard the now familiar sound of the Ford chugging up the hill. Brother had come to the rescue! The jalopy pulled up to the barn, a door opened, and John appeared, more red-faced than ever. Brother was nowhere in sight. It was about twenty minutes later, when Sunshine the Second was safely brought into the world and the general confusion had subsided, that we recalled that John had stepped out of the car — from the driver's side! It seems that he had always been afraid to admit his ability to drive a car because he feared that he would be put in charge of our cars, a responsibility he considered too great. His face was such a mixture of mortification and fear that Father did not dare to criticize John's behavior, and never was transportation mentioned again. The red-faced man in tattered clothes and shiny rubbers still carries the milk pail to our back door, and proceeds over the hill. His springy pace, still full of zest, lacks only a little of its previous speed, and only one or two more times a week is the chugging of a shiny, black, 1928 Ford heard over the hill.

BARBARA HAMBY '49



Salt and Sun

At noon the sun was at the top of the sky and the rocks above the water's icy edge gave off the sharply sweet odor of sun-baked salt and drying seaweed. The tide which had been out was almost imperceptibly creeping back in, and the small patches of pebbly sand between the barnacle-dusted rocks were slipping back to the other half of their double life.

I sat on the edge of the dory and absently watched a swarm of flies buzz back and forth over the floor boards, settling indiscriminately on a scaly fishhook or the remains of a clam. In a while the tide would be in enough to float the boat and I could take it out for a lazy afternoon, lounging in the stern of the boat, basking in the sun's bright warmth and idly contemplating its fiery orange behind my closed eyelids, although suddenly I might be shivering when a cloud hid the sun for a minute and the light breeze over the water turned to a chilling wind.

Lost in lazy imaginings, I did not hear at first a thin cry, and only when it was repeated did I look toward the shore proper and see a small, stooped figure standing among the rocks against the dark background of massive spruce trees. The figure waved its arms and walked quickly around in an undecided way like a cat approaching and retreating from water. Reluctantly I started toward it.

The trip across the seaweed-covered rock was one of uneven progress, quick on dry rock and seaweed but marked with sudden downfalls when I stepped on the jelly-like mass of slimy algae that made standing almost impossible. When I got to the shore the figure was still there, and now it materialized into a wiry old man with a crafty,

wrinkled face. His shrewd, blue eyes glinted slyly from beneath bushy eyebrows. He gave the immediate impression of being all grey, with his hair underneath his grey tweed cap matching his grey trousers which were tucked into scarred, waterproof, knee-boots. His old jacket was hiked up in back from years of hanging on the same hook, and the pockets sagged from the weight of countless clasp knives and fishlines, past and present. In one dry, age-freckled hand he held a clam rake and in the other he held by its bent twig handle, a clam basket whose dripping contents were tenderly protected by a lining of equally wet seaweed.

His name was Corny. I don't know his last name or his given name. He lived in a white, frame house by the sea with his equally ancient and picturesque wife, Carrie. The neighbors spoke of Corny as "a trifle queer but harmless enough."

When I reached him, he held out the basket and asked in his wavering voice, thick with its Maine accent, if I would like the clams for supper. He had been out all morning getting them, he said, and they were a fine, big lot. At that, his face became mildly happy as if he pictured the clams already hot and steaming on the supper table. Then he waved his clam rake vaguely in the direction of the incoming tide to indicate the rocky regions of the clams. I could imagine how he had been grubbing in the scratchy grit of the sand, feeling with numbed hands through the cloudy water of a softly-collapsing hole for the rough clam shells. Only after I was assured that he did not really want the clams himself did I reach for the basket. He stamped his feet uneasily, ready to be off, where he did not know, but somewhere — maybe along the shore to look for a beached lobster pot or buoy. Touching his cap jerkily he at last said he had to be going, and off he hurried, clutching the rake, his uneven steps fitting the uneven ground.

I went back to the dory. The water by now was underneath the stern and the boat slowly squirmed and twisted on the rocks as the water floated up under the clumps of concealing seaweed and made the seaweed graceful and alive with its motion. I threw my shoes into the boat and shoved off, almost upsetting the basket of clams as I landed. The boat slid past watery clumps of seaweed into open water. Shipping the oars I rolled up my jeans and shirt sleeves. Tak-

ing a weighted line from my pocket I looked for some bait. The boat contained none — except Corny's clams. I visualized the backbreaking digging, also the intended use of the clams. The boat rocked gently and seagulls screamed and landed on the water. Guiltily I broke open the topmost clam and baited my hook.

BARBARA DOW '49

Mountain Mists

We live on the mountains; the valley, cool and green, reaches down from us to be smoothed into fields and marshes; and the mists cling in small wisps to the evergreens. Always after a rain the sky is grey, the evening winds coax and strain the wet leaves from the trees, and the mists, the ghostly little mists, rise in the wood, always marking water. Like little souls that yearn for unknown things but are forever bound to follow certain trails, they creep along the trails of water.

The fog, mist's heavy mother, who was sitting brooding on the mountain, rolls ponderously down the hillside and settles in among the pines, her fat back showing above their tops. As she goes, shreds of her mantle are torn off and left behind — helpless little wisps of vapor, as soft as smoke, clinging to the granite. And once again the cloud moves, rolling downhill through pines like a turtle floating slowly to the bottom of a pond, and rests, motionless and silent, exhausted by the effort, in the basin of the valley, to be finally dispersed by the wind.

Sometimes, early in the morning, a veil of golden haze hangs across the dawn, and the sun rising through it paints a pastel pink and yellow sky. And in the evening this mountain mist turns the moonrise blood-red, the forewarning of a battle or a death.

Often there comes a thin, green-tinted haze to hang as a colloid in the valley, reducing it from concrete rock and earth to a dream state. Thin, greenish sunbeams hang suspended in the mist, and cast a tarnished layer of light across the valley floor. Through this haze sharp edges blur, bright colors become dull, and all the noises of the valley still.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL '49

Premonition

She dried her reddened hands with the nearly saturated dishtowel and stood back to survey her work. The tidy look of the tiny kitchen made a contented sort of smile sweep over her tired face. Her gaze moved from corner to corner in careful search of any neglected nook. The "leftovers" had been jarred, covered, and placed in the icebox, the dishes had been washed and put away, leaving an immaculate blue piece of linoleum that surrounded the well-scrubbed porcelain sink. The stove had also been scoured to a white, equal to that of the neighboring icebox. The African violets on the windowsill had been watered and had taken their cue by folding up for the evening. Yes, all was as neat and spotless as it had been before dinner. She wrung out the dishtowel and hung it on its proper rack above the sink. Maybe, she thought, she could make some of those drop cookies that he loved so. She was trying to fill that space of doubt in her mind, for she felt there was something she had neglected to do. The cookies did not satisfy her, however; she could bake those tomorrow morning, but tonight he was home in the living room waiting for her to come and be near him. Forgetting, therefore, that suspended feeling that she had had all the evening, she happily switched off the kitchen light and entered the dining room. Her steps carried her to the left, but her economic mind told her to go around the table instead. The new rugs must not be worn out in the short-cut region only. She passed the fishbowl on the baywindow shelf, and noticed how peaceful the fish looked as they darted about. Never any money problems, she marveled. Life was always the same — eating, swimming, swimming, eating.

She looked up through the doorway at the left and saw him sitting in the large, brown leather chair in the corner. The light of the bridge lamp shone coldly down on him as he read, and revealed his darkly-circled eyes and wrinkled forehead. Then she remembered the raise; she remembered how they could buy a new rug if needed, or a new car, or a new, brown chair. She should have been happy like the fish — never worrying again — but somehow, she had never felt the security she should have felt with this extra money. Perhaps it was the matter-of-fact look on his face when he told her; perhaps it was the echo of his sharp retort when she asked him how he had gotten

the raise; perhaps it was the absence of his usual sparkling and teasing manner. It had vanished from him that day. She shivered involuntarily and hastened over to his chair. She kissed him lightly on the forehead. He looked up slowly and returned her smile, but his eyes were sad. He returned to his reading and she turned away, frowning a little with anxiety. She settled herself in the corner of the couch opposite him and picked up her knitting from the coffee table. She smiled secretly at the thought of what she was knitting. When was he going to ask what it was? He hadn't even noticed what she had been doing for days, and after all, a baby-blue bonnet has only one purpose. She looked at him; he was still reading diligently.

Funny, he thought, he hadn't turned a page for a half an hour. What was the use of reading anyway; he'd have plenty of time for that in years to come. Oh, why had he done it? Why? He knew why. He couldn't stand the sight of her working herself to a toothpick, of her being too tired to even stay up with him and knit as he read. She could do that now. And he wanted children, but children who could have the things they should. Someday soon. . . It had been so easy — just another zero added. Just one circle drawn with a pen meant happiness and security. Today Mr. Burbank had discovered him. Yes, any minute that circle would mean ruin instead — ruin for him *and* her. But he couldn't tell her. . .

She put her knitting down and stretched. "Darling," she yawned, "it's getting late. I think I'll let the dog in and go upstairs."

He looked up and smiled in approval. He watched her slim body glide toward the door. She carelessly threw him a kiss as she breezed by the chair. No, he couldn't tell her — not yet.

She pushed hard on the door — it was always sticking in hot weather — and it flew open. Her hands were cupped around her mouth and she was just about to shout for Duchess when she saw a man in a dark blue overcoat coming up the path. "Yes?"

"Is Mr. in?"

"Yes. Dear, there's a man here to see you."

He heard her call — and he knew. Slowly, ever so slowly, he put down the magazine, took a deep breath — almost a sigh — and went to the closet to get his coat and hat.

The River, and The Land Which It Governs

The St. Lawrence River is a mighty body of water, flowing clear and swift from the Atlantic Ocean to the Great Lakes, a river which now carries ocean-going ships and excursion boats where it used to carry the canoes of rapids-shooting Indians and adventurers of the Long Portage. It is a source of livelihood for those in faraway ports, as well as for those who live on its banks. Into its swift, green-blue waters a smaller river flows, the Ottawa, which meets the St. Lawrence in the middle of a bay called Lac St. Louis. On a clear day, you can see a dividing line between the two rivers, the Ottawa touching the St. Lawrence yet distinct from it, one river silt-carrying, the other clear: a contrast of brown and blue.

All along the shores of both these rivers are to be found the homes of early settlers. The people who live in these houses today, the Legaults, the Valois, the Bissonnettes, are a part of the background of our land. Much of the plateau west of Montreal is flat and rocky, and it is hard to prosper from its clayey soil. The hardness of their lives has made the French-Canadian "*habitants*" unchangeable in purpose, as well as economical, and (with help from the Church) God-fearing. Their background, however, in which the Norman race predominates, adds to their character a certain trait which makes them completely individual — neither French or English — like their *patois*. They live in close-packed little hamlets, their way of living a result of their circumstances, of their character, and, in particular, of their very French fondness for company.

I suppose that in a more progressive society these little villages would unite to form a much more powerful society. However, I do not believe that any social system can overcome the French-Canadian instinct for the unity of a small community. This unity developed directly from the feudal system, from living under a *seigneur*. Now, the Catholic Church, being practically school, social, and political center of the community as well as religious center, is the uniting force.

The people who live in these hamlets have been the subject of many discussions. There is in every Canadian society a person, or persons, who blame everything wrong with Canada on the French.

(It would surprise many an American to find the amount of prejudice that exists in our country.) This attitude is true of nearly all Canadians outside of the province who do not know whereof they speak. It seems to be perfectly useless to try to convince them that French-Canadians are excellent neighbors. (Yet this is something which even an anti-French Montrealer believes.) One reason for this belief is, as he says, "The French know how to mind their own business." Another reason for amity could be the fact that the French-Canadian is often a descendant of the aristocracy (though now he may be merely the owner of a garage), his ancestors having been owners of a feudal estate in France. Such an argument is sure to appeal to anyone with a tendency to be snobbish. Certainly such background may account for the widespread innate courtesy and tactfulness in the French-Canadians.

But a general description of the national traits of a people seldom brings about much change in the impressions of an outsider. One must know the people as individuals, should have acquaintance with the *maire*, the town doctor or dentist, and know, as I do, a whole family, the Legaults who with their cousins and grandchildren make up five percent of the population of a single community. If the kind of narrow-minded person to whom I referred above could have grown up under the guardianship of M. Meloch, our polite contractor who never forgets to wish us good-morning no matter what he is doing (or how worried he may be), or if he had the friendship of M. Jacques Cartier, the only living male descendant of the first celebrated Jacques Cartier, I believe that he would not dismiss the French-Canadians as "French pea soup". (Perhaps, too, the discovery that the French-Canadians call us "English porridge-eaters" would make him withhold his too-ready criticisms.)

Many people are apt to forget that the French consider themselves the only true Canadians. Also, these Canadians have never forgotten that British generals slaughtered the inhabitants of a certain town, although that slaughter took place more than one hundred and fifty years ago. I myself had no idea how the British attack upon Quebec is still remembered by these people who have heard of it through their grandparents and they from their grandparents, but this sentiment was brought out very definitely through a discussion I was

having with our housekeeper. She, too, though she has lived among English people for five years, still feels that her fellow Canadians should not be forced to participate in a war in which they have no interest. This topic, however, the differences of feeling between the French and the English (which a crisis like a war can either dispel or make more patent), has too many times been fought over, and I do not feel qualified to insist upon my findings whatever they may be; also, it leads to too many added topics.

But to return to our consideration of how the French-Canadians live — if I say that the agricultural industry is being replaced by manufacturing, I would remind you of my first description of the St. Lawrence, and the Ottawa river too, as the great lane down which the commerce of the country flows. I could add that our civilization is, like the body of water which governs us, seemingly flowing onward, but to which — to more unity and prosperity, or to an even more strongly capitalized government? The question is unanswerable. I can only say that our way of living, in spite of many major changes, still depends in many ways upon where our river will lead us; and so far, we may say that it has led us to fare quite well, although like that of its tributary its contribution to the large result has won it little fame or credit.

WENDY SCOTT '49

Sophistication

Of all the laws that govern the affairs of the universe, the one that holds the strangest fascination for me is the law of the attraction of opposites. Think of tall men who have short wives; think of huge ocean liners saved from disaster by squat, infinitesimal tugboats; think even of the effect of hot air on cold; but for the moment think of all the sophisticated, blasé creations who have meek, wispy-haired mice of women for their best friends. Ever since I have been old enough to understand, I have heard myself referred to as a "sweet kid". At first I felt complimented, then resigned, and finally, determined to do something about it. The only thing I have done so far is to make a study of those fortunate individuals who are obviously neither "sweet" nor a "kid".

There are three types of those so blessed. The first is the one (I am now speaking only of girls, because boys are still unfathomable to me) whose picture appears on the front page of local newspapers, on an average of twice a year, as an example to other juvenile delinquents. She is the most chain-smoking, hard-drinking, fast-working babe ever to hit the streets, and a major menace to mankind. When she grows up her picture will still appear; this time as an accomplice in a murder, or if she is from a good family, as the woman who put her feet on the table in the Stork Club. The tragic thing about these people is that they are not the perverted hussies they are branded, but really very young and immature. They were too soft for their environment, and were forced to hide their hurt by a hard, cynical shell. They were trying to get the best out of life and never even found the path.

The second type is the social debutante class, who really have a certain amount of sophistication. They know what to wear, how to dress, the art of appearing boredly enthusiastic, and the necessity of marrying in their own class. They are perfectly poised because social ethics have a law for every occasion and they follow blindly. Their grace is inherited or instilled until it comes naturally to them. This form of sophistication is the most desirable to my way of thinking, except that some day they are going to wake up and wonder just how far they have come, and they will have seen so little of life that they will be unable to judge.

The last and most rare type is found almost entirely in older people. It is the kind which comes without invitation after years of meeting all kinds of people, of doing all kinds of things, and undergoing the heights of joy and the depths of despair many times. At first glance these people may seem to be sweet and easily put upon, but there is always about them an air of authority which naturally takes charge of any situation and assumes responsibility.

There are of course, endless variations of these three basic patterns. If I were able to choose, I would be the second type, but I would reserve the power to think for myself and I would retain just a grain of the sweetness I am now alleged to possess.

Beverly Flather '50

The Theology of Bridget

Bridget sat there on the bed in her soft flannel nightgown with her long, heavy, dark blond hair falling over her back. She was drawing in a loose-leaf notebook, without giving it much attention. Her sister was looking over her shoulder.

"But you shouldn't believe in God," Bridget said decisively.

"Why not?" Elizabeth asked.

"Because it isn't true," was the simple reply.

Elizabeth looked at her for a moment, surprised by such arbitrary bluntness. Paradoxically enough, Bridget gave the impression of a nine-year-old replica of the Holy Virgin as she sat cross-legged on the bed drawing pictures. Her expression was sweet and calm, a little above the vulgar cares of life. Her features were perfectly regular, with strikingly clear grey-green eyes. It occurred to Elizabeth that when she had been nine or ten she had lumped her idea of God in with those of Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny, in whom she had finally been forced to give up belief. Then she had begun to realize, as she grew older and felt somehow a lack of spiritual direction from within, that grown-ups considered God in a different light from Santa Claus. She had begun inwardly to cling to the concept of an all-powerful, all-knowing being who directed human affairs in a fashion which was orderly and according to his will, even though the ultimate goal was not evident. All could be explained by saying, "But it's God's will. He knows." It lifted the burden of responsibility from her back. She was distressed by Bridget's attitude.

In spite of the fact that she was six years older than Bridget, Elizabeth secretly admired her enormously. Elizabeth, with her short, brown hair and soft, brown eyes was pretty in a way not nearly so noticeably beautiful, so strikingly cool and serene as Bridget. Elizabeth was not so talented either. She realized that Bridget was often shy and ill at ease, but even that did not seem to affect her popularity. At one time the family had been quite bothered by Bridget's young friends calling up early in the morning to have her come and play, each one trying to be first to secure her company. And Bridget was always impartial. She never played favorites but trotted off happily to play with whoever had called first.

Elizabeth was still troubled. "But how do you know it isn't true?" she asked. She had a vague feeling that perhaps Bridget with all her talents had some insight in the matter.

"Well, because you can never see magic."

"Can you see music? or can you see warmth?"

"No, but I can feel it."

"I can feel God."

Bridget knew there was something wrong with this, but she hadn't learned yet to distinguish verbally between the feelings of the senses, and the "feelings" of the mind. Perhaps you could call these "feelings" intuition, which has always seemed to me to be merely a way of disguising hopes or fears. Bridget was confused. She took a new line.

"But how can it be true when everyone thinks of a different God?"

"It's a personal God," Elizabeth said in a tone to end the discussion. She had been taught this.

"That doesn't mean anything," said Bridget.

"Yes it does. It means that God is what each person needs most, to that person. And besides God is in everything. Some people only see God in some things. When I go for a walk I look for birds and listen for their noises and songs. I like to see what kind of tree one or another is. I look for rabbits in the tall grass, frogs in the brook. On the other side of our brook I know there are some violets under a big spruce. I know where there are some yellow violets, too. On the old tennis court there are all kinds of mosses and mushrooms and toadstools and fungi. Across the plowed field there are pussywillows. When I am looking at these things I feel God most."

"It isn't God," said Bridget. "It's fairies."

ANNE WADLEIGH '49

Conspiracy

The wind moaned through the silhouetted trees and seemed to ebb and flow in the same ghostly fashion as the moon above, which was winding its way between dark whisps of clouds. That single wind produced an eerie effect that made it seem as if it were conspir-

ing with the night to bring forth its blackest, starless depths and spread fear through the shuddering forest. The fixed gloom of all these things together made one wonder if night was not eternal; the conqueror of day.

The mysterious atmosphere was broken. A hawk swept down from a towering pine, screaming a jazzed cry as he victoriously descended upon his defenseless prey. The screech slashed out and broke the air around into a thousand listening pieces and then vibrated through the winds until it was mingled and disguised with the previous, harmonious tones of the night. Then it died and was gone forever.

The moaning wind once again ebbed and flowed with the restless moon in a silent pact of supremacy as long as the unfathomable night should reign.

DOROTHY BOWMAN '50

Water

She slowly looked into the widening circle. The stone lay on the golden sand in the green depth. Feeling the pricking grass under her hand, she let her thoughts wander. . .

The grass was gone, and under her hand was the smooth, dry feel of old leather. Looking down, she saw a robe of fine camel's hair and felt a shawl thrown over her head and shoulders. Even the air smelt different, drier. She felt a rocking motion, and looking down perceived a tawny head above an arching neck. There were other camels there, and she heard the harsh voices of their drivers as they urged the stubborn beasts forward. Suddenly the voices rose with excitement; as the heat rose in sickening waves about her, she saw the lush green of an oasis, a place with cool, bubbling water, rippling, winding water. . .

Her thoughts moved. She was in a city, a busy city. She heard a rumble of thunder, and a drop splashed on her hair. People ran for shelter under peaked newspapers. Detached dreamers strolled along oblivious to the rain. Prim women unfolded neatly wrapped um-

brellas. Children laughed and playfully splashed in puddles. Busy men dodged impatiently around umbrellas — hurrying to get somewhere. Only she watched the rain in the city. . .

Her thoughts changed, and there was a rushing in her ears, the rushing of a waterfall. She looked and saw a rainbow where the breeze tore shreds of mist from the curtains of water. It would be nice, she thought, to sit beneath the spray on a mossy stone with nothing on and let the mist blow over her. . .

The grass pricked under her hand. Then she stood and walked away.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

Love Letters

Dry letters old
Are in the desk crying,
Scented with roses
Around them lying;
Brittle, thin petals,
Crumpled when drying.
"Our meaning has perished
In the dry drawer,
We who were cherished
Years before;
We who were loved
And tied with a band
Of silk, pink ribbon
And held in a hand
Once soft and pretty,
Now withered and old
And dried as sand.
We are forgotten
And left to die —
Alone in a drawer,
Faded and dry."

ELIZABETH MARSHALL, '49

Roses and Newspapers

A rasping voice, belonging to a stooped old woman, pierces the city air periodically with the same monotonous words, "Buy a flower for your sweetie, buy 'em, all kinds." The busy people continue to flow past the humpbacked figure on the street corner, who only occasionally attracts a customer and hands him his purchase with a toothy smile. "For your sweetie, eh?" she inevitably croaks, and a strange light kindles brightly in her aged eyes, so that any perceiving passer-by would notice that although she has very little in this world, she has a dream.

Not so far away in reality, but a hundred worlds away in dreams, on a similar street corner, stands a withered old man whose trembling hands, as he passes out the daily newspaper across his makeshift stand, contrast sharply with his vibrant expression. He has the same kind of inner glow; it shines through his tattered clothes and old army hat, for he also has a dream.

* * * * *

Once, years ago, a young soldier stepped hesitantly off a troop ship, docked for but one day before it sailed for Germany. He was tall and clean-cut, but had the look of a country boy unused to the rushing city in which his comrades were already seeking out the lively places and feeling quite at home. As his uncertain steps carried him through the people, it was obvious he was a stranger, lost in this strange place.

But the day that had begun so gloomily turned out to be the most glorious day of the soldier's life, for there was another lonely person, a young girl who also found the city too big and vast to understand. She was walking aimlessly by the water front, hoping that a breath of sea air would lighten her heavy burden. Her sharp face was bordered by a turbulent mass of jet-black hair which blew in tangles that went unnoticed, but it was her eyes that attracted one. They were deep grey and mirrored all the calm understanding she had gained through her hard life.

These two people, perhaps by coincidence but more likely by fate, met, and though they had not known each other previously, it was not the usual sordid affair of a soldier meeting a strange girl. Rather

it was a bond of loneliness that drew them together, for each needed someone to talk with, to comfort, and above all, to laugh with. They realized this, and even the coldest heart was warmed when it beheld the now-eager soldier escorting the mysterious girl, surely and confidently.

One day in a whole life is so short a time, so short to build a dream, so short a time to last for an entire world of care. These two built their dream that day as they walked through the streets away from the docks and laughingly fed the pigeons that circled near them and finally strutted boldly across the park grass to grab a peanut from their hands. They ate sandwiches beneath the trees, talking in soft tones about their previous lives and making wonderful future plans. It is difficult to explain the bond of unity these two felt, but at dusk, as they gazed at the twinkling lights which the unfathomable city spread before them, they knew that they loved each other very dearly. When the day ended they parted, reluctantly, promising to meet again when the soldier would once more return to the United States. He now walked briskly back to the ship, no longer lost and lonely, but a reassured, excited man with burning eyes.

But that promised meeting never came, for years of hardship alter life's course completely. When the destined day came that the troopship again landed, the same soldier hurried off, a little older perhaps, but still eager and searching. Again it must have been fate, but he never found the girl. They had not written during the long war years, for each felt the bond between them was too strong and too beautiful to need renewing through letters. How could he have known that she was far away now, working to support herself and struggling miserably through life? She had not been a success, though that could hardly be the reason that their strange love was never reunited.

Life continued but not happily for those with whom we are concerned. It seemed that they were decreed only one day of utter happiness, leaving them with only a dream to keep aglow the memory of that day in their hearts.

* * * * *

"Come and get a posie here," and the old woman holds in her lean hand a sample corsage to the unheeding masses that still flow by her

corner. The old man, on the other corner, continues to collect three pennies for the evening paper from workers hurrying to and fro.

Then night comes and the street corners stand empty and still. A dusty rose petal and a torn edge of newspaper blow fitfully along the sidewalks in the evening breeze and only add to the city's confusion. They are trampled by hundreds of unconcerned people, scores of feet, all busily walking the path fate has declared for them. Fate alone knows, and smiles wistfully down as the rose petal is crushed and the scrap of paper sails fitfully away.

DOROTHY BOWMAN '50

Summer Storm

The ruthless sun sifts through submissive leaves,
And shapeless patterns burn the turf below.
Nearby a cow'ring cottage squats; drawn shades
Resist exhausting rays of garish sun.
Uncertainly, and then with eagerness
And growing confidence, the smallest leaves
Begin to quiver, delighted by a breeze.
Their dance becomes ecstatic rioting
When darkening clouds display such latent pow'r
As can depose the prideful, thoughtless sun.
Now leaves no longer dance in raptured grace;
They move in mortal fear, they scream in pain,
The cold, embittered wrath of unleashed rain
Has struck. Hard pellets stone them mercilessly,
A curling whip of wind strikes sparks on high.
At last the wind grows weak, the rain relents;
Silver droplets roll from glossy leaves,
Leaving soft impress on spicy earth below;
A chastened sun dares venture from its lair.

FAITH JOHNSON '49

Tropical Fever

Have you ever been in Havana in April? If you have, you will know by experience, and if you haven't, you have probably been told that Havana has a reputation of greeting its visitors with warm hospitality and equally torrid temperatures. Our family, on a Caribbean cruise, had been forewarned of Havana's scorching reception by Mother, who considered herself an experienced traveler, wise in the trends of foreign weather. Thus it was that our family left the ship one cool, bright morning to explore this enchanting city, well fortified against the weather in our coolest summer cottons and well supplied with sun glasses and large Panama hats.

We began, in usual tourist fashion, by making a sightseeing tour of that beautiful and historic city. My impressions of it, I must confess, have been greatly dimmed by time and by the fact that I was afflicted at the time by a sickness almost unknown in the tropics. I was cold. Undoubtedly the rest of the family felt this same sensation but they tactfully and valiantly refrained from mentioning their symptoms. I, still being at the age when one has not yet developed a sense of social responsibility, announced my feelings loudly, and, I fear, somewhat repetitiously.

In the course of our tour my brother had managed to acquire a large model airplane made from Cuban cigar boxes. My aunt had been enchanted by some beautiful tropical lilies, which the vender had forced upon her with numerous gestures and a stream of Spanish.

Finally, my family could not stand my complaining any longer, and with what, in all fairness to them, I admit was probably also concern for my health, they directed the taxi driver, who spoke a minimum of English, to find a department store. This he did and we all went in quest of something to keep me warm.

We were met at the door by a floorwalker with a volley of Spanish which apparently took the form of very polite greetings. When we asked him where we could find a sweater, he answered us with much head shaking and another volley of Spanish. It seems that he nor any of the clerks spoke English. Now, my mother and father had traveled around the world several times without encountering any difficulty in conveying their wishes, as between them, they had

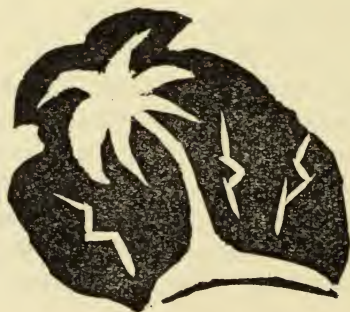
command of French, German and English. Thus they were determined not to let the slight difficulty of not speaking the language stand in the way of finding a sweater for me. So they advanced toward a terrified saleslady, dragging me by the hand. We were followed by my aunt with her lilies, my brother and finally the taxi driver, who probably feared that these crazy "Americanos" would rush off without paying the taxi fare.

Naturally our strange group attracted quite a bit of attention, and several of the salesgirls and even the customers gathered around us, as Mother, through gestures, tried to explain that I was cold and we wanted a sweater. I, by this time, had forgotten my discomfort and was quite enjoying being the center of the attention of this little group. Every few minutes someone would finally realize what we wanted and would dash off to bring back everything from a pair of socks to a blanket.

Finally we hit upon the idea of using the taxi driver as an interpreter. But by this time the poor man was much too excited to understand us, and he probably had not yet acquired the word "sweater" in his limited vocabulary. The salesgirl and the floorwalker were becoming more excited by the minute and were rushing madly around the store as an idea would occur to them. It was my aunt who finally saved the day. During the excitement she had been wandering quietly around the store and had found the sweaters. After settling the price of the sweater, we retreated hastily.

As we left we heard the poor floorwalker sigh and mutter "los Americanos", and as we got into the taxi Mother said bewilderedly, "But it is always so hot in Havana!"

DEBORAH WILLIAMS '49



The Cobbler Shop

The blazing sun beats down upon the hard concrete pavement in angry rays, attempting to exterminate every living thing which bars their path of fury. Trees droop, flowers wilt, and the fountain in the park has dried up. Only the human beings seem able to withstand the breathless heat. With rolled shirtsleeves and dripping brows people bustle about as usual. Each creature seems to be running a race with time, and each pushes and shoves, insensible to the thoughts of others. To a young girl walking along the sidewalk the heat seems almost unbearable, yet one step away from the glaring sidewalk, in through an open doorway, and she is in another world.

Her eyes gradually becoming accustomed to the new surroundings, she looks with wonder about the dingy cobbler's shop. The display window in front affords the only source of light, but very little is able to penetrate the thick layer of dust which covers it. To the left is a blank wall painted a dark grey, to the right a long counter which extends down that side and across the back of the narrow room. The dull monotony is broken only by piles of shoes which completely cover the counter and the shelves behind. The place seems overrun with them — shoes of all sizes, shapes, and colors — shoes everywhere.

In one corner is an old electric fan. Its rusty motor churns noisily and it rocks back and forth with the motion. The only other sound is the steady tap, tap of a hammer, which comes from somewhere behind the shoes.

Presently the hammering stops, and a little old man comes ambling toward her, his wrinkled face creased with a friendly smile. His body is hidden beneath a huge leather apron, worn and yellow with age. As if permeated by the dusky atmosphere of the little shop, his skin is a tawny bronze, and his hands, stained and calloused with labor, an even deeper tone. The only brightness on the swarthy figure is two twinkling blue eyes which sparkle with kindness and merriment.

She is greeted with a cheery "'ello" and a few words about the weather, all issued with such graciousness and poise as might be found at a gala tea, yet who could picture the quaint old man in any

but these antique surroundings? He is almost a permanent fixture of the cobbler shop.

With loving hands, the once battered shoes are brought forth to be admired and reclaimed with pride. Each new row of stitching is pointed out, his conscientious mind finding comfort in each word of praise. When completely sure the customer is satisfied he wraps the shoes carefully, the coarse brown string tied in a painstaking bow. Every movement of the cobbler is executed with studied deliberation. Time has no value in his sequestered life.

Through the threshold and onto the street once again. Jostled about by the busy crowd she must hurry to keep up with the rest of the world. With a few quick paces, she falls in step and is lost in the mob to the watching old man.

PATRICIA BURKE '50

After The Storm

The deep pine woods were deathly quiet. Not a whisper of wind could be seen or heard, only the receding rumble of the thunderstorm, a storm that had once made the branches of the trees lash at each other, a storm in which the wind roared, and the thunder and lightning crashed about. But now it was quiet. The storm had passed away. The pine branches were heavy with water; a slight movement and each branch would send its own shower down. Underfoot, the water-soaked needles were a carpet of velvet. A heavy scent of pine-wood shrouded the trees with a damp, almost musty smell. The black clouds above formed a canopy over all.

NANCY PENWELL '52

On Staring At A Bottle Of Glue

A very sad story I now must relate,
Its moral is old but its ending is fate.
Now list to me well and remember this tale,
For this is the end of all horses that fail.

The king of the horses was Sultan the Great;
His band of pure stallions knew only to hate.
No use for a mare in his life did he know;
He watched night and day for a man, his worst foe.

Each morning at ten he would gather the herd,
To tell them of women and things most absurd;
To warn them with threats, with kicks and glares,
To always kill men, but to run from all mares.

But one day he wandered far from the fold
To keep his appearance as Sultan the Bold,
When all of a sudden there hove into sight
A filly all black with a star of pure white.

The warnings had vanished, no thought crossed his mind.
Her beauty entranced him, he followed behind.
But she being faithless betrayed him to man,
Who shot the great Sultan, his fine hide to tan.

The glue in this bottle I use sealing mail
Was made from the foot of a misguided male.
So watch where you're going or you may find you
Have followed a girl to a factory for glue.

BEVERLY FLATHER '50

Spring Mud

Soft, brown fingers
Ringed with green
Emeralds of a ransomed queen
That burn like frozen tears
Against their satin sheen.
Soft, brown fingers
Lightly clasp
Silver ribbons in their grasp — and
Slicing through their tangles,
Flights of arrows bright
That pierce the target hand.

BARBARA DOW '49

Nocturnal Fantasy

The water was splashing rhythmically outside in the darkness; slowly, almost like a ghost in her white nightshirt, she picked her way through the waving grass, trying to penetrate the thick ebony of the starless night. Her eyes strained to glimpse the dim outline of the tumble-down shed which housed her goal: the thumping, oily pump which would provide water for the empty buckets which she was carrying. Now was the time to do this little chore, for early in the morning she would need to use the water for the washing she was planning to do. Fetching water, day after day, night after night, had made her used to the beaten track to the pump and able to gauge the distance, despite all the diversions such as the haunting wail of a wolf echoing far away, or the unceasing chirping of a thousand crickets underfoot. This evening, however, was different in some way. Perhaps it was the feathery stuff, the soft downy fog, which curled among the blossoming and fragrant lilacs, and up through the grove of sombre pines, and twined itself in little wisps about the small cobblestone chimney of Beth's home.

Grey Cottage stood solitary, small and serene, under the black curtain of nocturnal beauty pulsating with life: the animal sounds of the marshes and the forest. The incessant boom, suffocated by distance, of the salt water reached her as wave after wave hurled itself against the high, rocky bluffs. Always across the marsh, beyond the pines, that vibrant omnipotent sound of the ocean came, echoing its mighty existence in the trees and hills 'round about Beth's home, forever calling her, calling, calling...calling...

In the bright moonlight the gulls dipped and wheeled, strong wings glowing in the spray. "Life," dreamed the half-asleep girl, filling the water buckets, "life is here by the ocean, here, close to the hot sun which I feel day by day, the surf, the rocks, the whipping wind, the old lighthouse guarding Little Harbour, warning a thousand ships of the perilous rocks shouldering their way out of the billows to catch the unwary skiff. How long shall I live here? — How long shall I feel the strong wind against my face or hear the piercing cry of the gull?" Beth's mind meandered on, linking one thought with another as she picked her way along the stony path. Thoughts of the ocean always took possession of her mind when it was time for bed.

Slowly and carefully she tiptoed across the porch of the cottage to the large oak door. She pushed her shoulder against it and moved into the inkiness of the house, balancing the two full buckets easily, for she was accustomed to this job. The gas lamp flickered dully at the top of the circular stairs, beckoning her on, yet giving no illumination to the rickety stairway. Her small feet, used to the worn planks propelled her weary body, drugged with sleep, gradually upward. Suddenly, something clicked and a stifled cry pricked through the silence as, thrown off balance, Beth hit her head against the banister and the pail, severed from its handle tumbled, rattling...

An increasing roar filled her ears; white seahorses were galloping in on the foam, baring their gleaming teeth to her as she sat on the sandy shore wide-eyed, smiling. In the distance a school of porpoises frolicked in the sparkling water, and approaching Beth from out of the brilliant sunrise swam a beautiful woman, languidly swishing her long tail in and out among the waves and laughing up at the gulls as they swooped to glimpse her beauty. Her green, feathery locks

floated about her and wisps of spray flew from her pretty mouth as she sang a haunting melody concerning water pumps, clear, fresh, gurgling water from the spring, pine forests and little wisps of downy fog curling about a chimney. Slithering from the water, she gracefully mounted the crag, and extending her arms toward Beth, glided forward on the beautiful tail, shimmering as the sunshine played upon it, a true vision, perhaps a gorgeous goddess from Mount Olympus, or the belle of the ball in a sequined gown. For centuries, it seemed, the mermaid moved ever toward her, seemingly welcoming her to the glorious ocean. Beth looked squarely into the sea maiden's green eyes. Sudden darkness enveloped her; a multitude of sea-nymphs were singing their lilting chorus. . .

She found herself in a pool of rather damp water, fiercely clutching the banister with one hand, the wooden handle of a tin pail which lay empty on its side down two or three steps in the other hand, and the clear, fresh water trickling all about her, making little rivulets down the old oak stairs. Dreaming had caught up with her halfway up the stairs.

ESTHER PEIRCE '49

Mrs. Miller

I don't suppose I ever wondered if she had any first name or if she had any life other than the one I knew. She was just Mrs. Miller. She took on many shapes for me: first she was the Devil, then she was a witch, then a terrifying beast, and at last she was only an old woman, grotesque, but unimportant. It was only after her disappearance that anyone beyond the age of ten gave her any thought, and, unless there have been new developments, their thoughts did neither her nor them any good.

She lived at the top of the hill in a dilapidated two-story frame house. It was large and full of bay windows and cupolas. Perhaps it had once been well kept and lived in by happy people but no one

seemed to remember it. The house bore the soggy grey look of houses long unpainted and having many leaks in the roof. Most of the window panes were out, many broken by boys terrified by what they had done; there were no screens in the windows, a fact which made the appearance even more odd, as the summers are intolerable at night.

Quite a lot of land belonged to the house; it was guarded by a rusting iron fence, devoid of paint, which staggered around the land and finally fell on both sides of the gate, worn out by its untimed vigil. It was scrapped in an iron drive during the last war. The whole yard was overgrown with grass which rose to one's knees, and young trees, thinking the land had been given back to Nature, were carrying on their primal struggle for existence with the greedy weeds.

If you rode by the house, it was hard to tell if Mrs. Miller was on the porch in her rocker or not — her immense, immobile, greyish-brown form, in its carpet slippers and baggy, quilted dressing gown, that probably was once blue, fitted in so well with the surroundings. I personally have never dared venture near enough to make out those elephantine features but I am told that her stringy, thin, indefinitely brown hair enclosed a face pitted and scarred by some disease of the past. Her rather vacant blue eyes, big, slow, and without depth, stared out at the street and her undefined lips appeared to be mouth-ing descriptions of what she saw. She was always to be seen, if seen, in the sagging rocking chair in the middle of the porch, her great, greyish arms bulging over the sides of the chair. People never saw her move; if she was to be out, she came out before dawn and remained out all day, after dark she returned, unseen, to the black interior of the house. Her entire existence was a mystery because no one ever saw her do anything; no one ever saw her eat, no one ever saw her get her food, no one ever saw her leave the house.

Just how long she had been living like that is hard to tell. Her presence had been accepted and uncommented on by everyone in the neighborhood for so long that she was unnoticed by all except the groups of little children who stopped in front of her house to look at her and occasionally throw a stone. It was the Hunter family, across the street, which first noticed her absence. It seemed that little Jim Barney wanted to see her and she hadn't come out for several days. This aroused comment, for the heat had driven everyone else outside.

After several more days of vigil, Jim Barney drove his parents to organize a party to enter the house to see if she were dead; the sheriff accompanied them. It took only a quick look around to assure them that she was not in the house. The searchers returned to the living room, the only room in the house which was furnished, except for a bedroom upstairs which contained a springless cot drooping forlornly in the middle. The living room was really a beautiful old room, furnished in the fashion of the early nineteenth century. There was an ivory mantelpiece, and a suite of horsehair sofas and chairs, all in perfect condition, if a little dusty.

A shaft of light came in from the window, and singling out a little table near the window, played with the dust and highlighted an old-fashioned picture of a girl with her light, fluffy brown hair piled high upon her head. Her little, white, heart-shaped face was set off by a lace ruffle around her neck and her blue eyes were large and smiling.

ANN BRONAUGH '49

Maine County Fair

I brought th' good news home one night,
And warn't th' kids ixcited!
I was beamin' from head to toe,
And Mumma seemed delighted.

At larst th' county fair hed come,
And Mumma's prize was near.
Her jam would outdo Missis Marr's,
Who won fust prize larst year.

My hogs was ready, big and fat,
Their coats was clean and sunny.
Th' conn I'd bought fer them of late,
Hed cost a lot of money.

Th' day of th' fair was bright and clear.
Th' kids was runnin' round,
But I was so wurried 'bout my hogs,
I hardly hurd a sound.

'Round noon we drove in th' fairgrounds,
Th' hosses were awful hot.
I bedded 'em down n' gave 'em a drink,
And wint to rent a lot.

My hogs was layin' on th' hay,
Whin th' men come round to judge 'em,
Gawd! Was they th' stubborn beasts,
Not standin' til I nudged 'em.

On 'count of this, I lost fust prize,
But they was so clean 'n white,
Thet I was given a purty red ribbon,
Which rurlly was all right.

Arfter a spell I found Mumma,
A-talkin' away 'bout spice.
She was talkin' to Mrs. Fred B. Marr,
And she sounded particerly nice.

I looked around at th' tables,
At all th' jam and mincemeat.
There was all blue ribbons on Mumma's jars,
Which was why she was bein' so sweet.

Arfter a ride on th' ferris wheel,
And an ice-cream cone or two,
We bought a balloon and finished up,
Th' things we had to do.

We turned in th' driveway 'bout nine o'clock,
Th' kids hed fallen asleep.
I milked th' cows and did th' chores,
A-listenin' to th' crickets cheep.

Whin th' hens hed roosted fer good,
I finished doin' th' unhitchin'.
All th' barnyard farst asleep,
I brought th' milk in th' kitchin.

Mumma, bustlin' 'round in there,
Was so tired she seemed most dead.
'Twas a big relief when, arm in arm,
We climbed th' stairs for bed.

CONSTANCE COREY '50



A Note On Our Exchanges

In carefully analyzing the contents of our exchange magazines for notable material, we find that one welcome trend is common; many are turning from the commonplace accounts of household disturbances and the now hackneyed psychoanalytical back-flashes to informative descriptions of people and places familiar to them. *The Green Leaf* and *The Blue Pencil* are particularly noteworthy for this in numerous descriptions including those of Greece, Guatemala, and Iceland. Even the "little people" of our country are pleasantly described in *The Lincoln Green*. Writing of familiar subjects and environments leads to more accurate and consequently more helpful and interesting compositions. We look for further development of this trend in future issues of COURANT as well as our exchanges.

List of Exchanges

- Bancroft School, Worcester, Mass., *The Little Dipper*.
Bayside High School, Bayside, L. I., *Soundings*.
Choate School, Wallingford, Conn., *The Lit*.
Concord Academy, Concord, Mass., *The Chameleon*.
Dwight School, Englewood, N. J., *The Dwightonia*.
Governor Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass., *The Archon*.
Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Conn., *The Green Leaf*.
Groton School, Groton, Mass., *The Grotonian*.
The Knox School, Cooperstown, N. Y., *The Knox Ghost*.
The Lincoln School, Providence, R. I., *The Lincoln Green*.
St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass., *The Vindex*.
Milton Academy, Milton, Mass., *The Magus*.
St. George's School, Middletown, R. I., *The Dragon*.
Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass., *The Blue Pencil*.
Mary C. Wheeler School, Providence, R. I., *The Quill*.
Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y., *The Triangle*.

Second Semester Calendar 1949

- Wednesday, February 2* — Exhibit at Addison Art Gallery, "Material and Immaterial."
- Thursday, February 3* — Seniors return from Intervale
- Saturday, February 5* — Wednesday Night Orchestra Group; Prep-Junior Tea Dance
- Sunday, February 6* — Hymn sing; A.C.A. Vespers
- Wednesday, February 9* — Open Forum: "Social Security", "Taft-Hartley Law"
- Saturday, February 12* — Concert by Phyllis Kraeuter, cellist; and Kate Friskin, pianist
- Sunday, February 13* — Episcopal church tea (Christ Church); Vespers by Reverend Robert G. Metters, Emmanuel Church, Boston
- Wednesday, February 16* — Lecture by Mr. Robert Magidoff: "Russia Today"
- Friday, February 18* — Prom at Phillips Academy
- Saturday, February 19* — Play "The Male Animal" presented by Abbot and Brooks Academies at Brooks School
- Sunday, February 20* — Vespers by Rabbi Irving Mandel, Temple Israel, Boston
- Friday, February 25* — French play at Phillips Academy
- Saturday, February 26* — Student Recital
- Sunday, February 27* — Vespers by Reverend Hilda L. Ives, D.D., Portland, Maine
- Saturday, March 5* — Tea Dance and Abbot Senior Prom
- Sunday, March 6* — Morning chapel by Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, minister of Phillips Academy; Vespers by Reverend Vivian T. Pomeroy, D.D., First Parish, Milton
- Tuesday, March 8* — Latin play at Phillips Academy
- Saturday, March 12* — Fidelio-Exeter concert at Exeter
- Sunday, March 13* — Student Recital
- Saturday, March 19* — A.D.S. Play, "Letters to Lucerne"
- Sunday, March 20* — Vespers by A.C.A.
- Monday, March 21* — Gym and Dance Exhibition
- Tuesday, March 22* — Spring vacation begins
- Tuesday, April 5* — Spring vacation ends at 6:00 p.m.

- Saturday, April 9* — College Board Examinations; Reading by Miss Emily Hale
- Sunday, April 10* — Vespers, The Reverend Roy L. Minich, D.D., The First Church in Malden
- Saturday, April 16* — Lecture on "Bath" by Miss Dorothy Baker
- Sunday, April 17* — Easter — Vespers — The Choir
- Saturday, April 23* — Tea Dance at P. A.; Movie on "Norway" by Mr. Edward Sontum
- Sunday, April 24* — Boston Symphony Concert; Abbot-P.A. Forum on "The President's Civil Rights Bill," Abbot Hall at 2:00 p.m.; Vespers, The Reverend Sidney Lovett, D.D., Chaplain, Yale University
- Monday, April 25* — 1949 Cum Laude members announced at Chapel; Beverly Brooks '41 Alumnae representative
- Tuesday, April 26* — Cum Laude Meeting at Deerfield Academy
- Thursday, April 28* — English Lacrosse Touring Team versus Newton High School at Newton
- Friday, April 29* — Talk on rehabilitation work in Europe by Christine von Goeben, Abbot '47
- Saturday, April 30* — "Little Women," High School, New York Company; Abbot-P.A. Concert at Phillips Academy, followed by dance
- Sunday, May 1* — Art Students' Tea in John-Esther Gallery, Abbot, and winners announced of A.A.-P.A. competition; Vespers, Mr. Hanson Baldwin, Writer, Lecturer
- Saturday, May 7* — Abbot Birthday Bazaar, 2:00-6:00 p.m.
- Sunday, May 8* — Concert by Miss Friskin, Miss Tingley, and Mr. Coon; Vespers, The Reverend John E. Wallace, Trinitarian Congregational Church, Concord, Mass.
- Friday, May 13* — Spring Prom at P.A.
- Saturday, May 14* — Movie, "Hamlet," in Lawrence; Cum Laude Lecture by Mr. Randall Stewart, Ph.D., Professor of English Literature, Brown University
- Sunday, May 15* — Organ Recital by Mr. Frank Bozyan, Assistant Organist at Yale University
- Wednesday, May 18* — Dance Recital
- Saturday, May 21* — Tea Dance at Williams Hall, P.A., for the Preparatory Class

Sunday, May 22 — Vespers, The Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D.,
Pastor Emeritus, First Church in Cambridge

Saturday, May 28 — Field Day

Sunday, May 29 — Vespers, The Reverend Allan K. Chalmers, D.D.,
Boston University School of Theology

Monday, May 30-Thursday, June 2, until 10:30 — Final Examinations

Thursday, June 2 — Senior Picnic

COMMENCEMENT

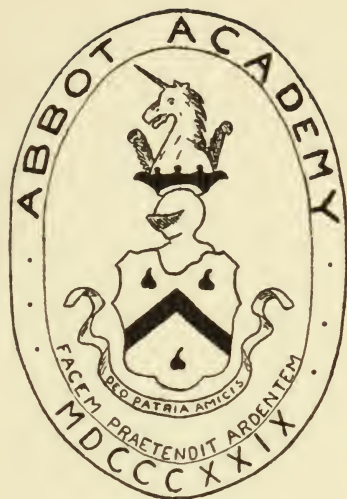
Friday, June 3 — Rally Night

Saturday, June 4 — Last Chapel; Garden Party; Draper Dramatics
Play, "School for Scandal"

Sunday, June 5 — Baccalaureate, Address by The Reverend William
Graham Cole, B.D., Chaplain, Smith College; Tree Planting;
Student Recital

Monday, June 6 — Commencement, Address by The Reverend Julius
Seelye Bixler, Ph.D., D.D., President, Colby College





The Abbot Courant

February, 1950

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The ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LXXVII

FEBRUARY, 1950

NUMBER 1

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THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LXXVII

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A Girl Thinking

As rains drift through the trees

Myriad drops fall on these —

Black umbrellas,

Silken hair,

Panatellas.

A canvas chair,

Upturned noses,

A kitten sleeping,

Budding roses

A child sleeping,

Fluted leaves,

Sun baked sand,

Ripened sheaves,

A gnarled hand.

On all creation, by God's love

Rain falls from above.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

Time

The flakes fell interminably. They had been falling when he awoke and still there was no sign of a slackening in the persistent pace of the tiny flakes. Snow was all very well at times; in fact, it was rather necessary for a sport like skiing, and hadn't they all been praying for it for months? Just the same, Dale wished it would stop. It was getting on his nerves: that endless veil of snow that softened every sound; that seemed to isolate him from the world around; that got down his neck and up his sleeves; and that certainly made the vision bad, especially for racing day. Dale brushed the fine flakes off the shoulders of his parka and watched them accumulate again almost immediately. Not at all like bits of a feather duster being shaken from a second story window, he thought, remembering such a simile in something he had read once; more like coarse grains of salt that stung and bit and penetrated.

Dale got the skis off the car, shook them in a futile gesture, leaned them up against the wooden rack, and went inside the warming shelter. No one was about. Dale looked at his watch. Nine. That was the time the race committee had said to report and receive numbers. Well, he was on time, but if one is going to race, Dale ruefully reflected, one must become accustomed to waiting. He sat down on a hard bench and commenced tightening the rawhide in his boots.

He looked up when the door opened. A tall, thin man with a young face tanned by sun-reflected snow, stomped his boots and shook his mittens with a practiced air. He walked around, then sat opposite Dale.

"Racing?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"Me, too."

That seemed to terminate the conversation for a moment while Dale continued lacing the boots. Finally he looked up and said,

"Well, where is everybody?"

"They're coming, I guess," was the reply. "I saw some of them down the road a ways."

"Damn it, I wish they'd hurry," Dale said with a note of doubt. The tension and nervousness were beginning to form within him.

He walked over and looked out the huge window toward the mountain and the trail they were to race, but they were invisible behind the billions of ceaseless snowflakes.

"You know, this snow over that icy base is going to make it sort of tricky."

"I was just thinking that," the other said. "You know that place about three turns above the shuss—"

Fortunately, before they could get into a discussion of the eccentricities of trails and weather, advantages of waxes and types of turns, the door flew open, and with a gust of cold air and a flurry of snow, a number of people burst in and milled around, giving the place the air of a train station on a busy weekend.

"All right now," a business-like voice announced, "I'll call the names and give out your numbers."

When Dale got his number it was thirty-seven, meaning he was thirty-seventh to race and that he would watch thirty-six other people precede him down the narrow white corridor between the sturdy pines. More waiting, he thought with a sigh of resignation.

Then it was time to get the skis and poles together and head for the chair lift. The crowd now spread down from the lift to the parking area, a line a good hour long. The blue racing numbers gave special priority, so Dale and the other numbered skiers ignored the line and moved to the head quickly. It was a moment of elation, of almost personal triumph.

Instinctively, from experience of countless times, Dale reached for the chair, sat, and as it swung off the ground pulled the bar shut in front of him. Huddling in the brown, coarse poncho-blanket, he watched the little penetrating flakes, that tangled in his eyelashes making him blink, and thought about the race. Skis had been as much a part of him for as long as he could remember, as bicycles are a part of most boys. Even now in his college days skiing took a major share of his life. He was a good skier and he had been in these races before. They were friendly events sponsored by the management of the ski area for pro and amateur alike with age no barrier. Still, there was nothing easy about them; the Storm Chute, a steep and narrow trail over a mile long, was used. And, Dale thought, you race purely against your own time. What the other fellow does makes little difference in these races for it's the time that matters.

It's time that never changes. True, time marches on, yet it's stagnant: a minute is always a minute and he could have the same time two days in a row and come in first one time and fifth another.

The ride over, he slid off the lift and, not stopping to warm up, headed for the top of the trail. Activity had commenced. A few of the racers were zipping down the trail to "test conditions," officials were setting up flags to serve as check gates in order to slow the skiers and attempt to keep their speed under control. Others were skiing short distances and climbing sideways to pack the fresh snow, for the loose, powdery stuff hinders speed and makes a skier unsure. Voices muffled by the falling snow, the gray and whiteness of everything in sight added a sense of unreality to the excitement and tension already within Dale. He always had that feeling of tension, nervousness, and excitement mingled with apprehension but not really fear. No matter how many times he raced he always had that feeling, like a puckering of his insides, and probably always would.

The racers and officials began to gather at the starting gate until someone suggested they wait for those who were packing the lower part and would come back up the lift. Dale watched everyone scatter and thought how foolish it was, for now they would never start. This lack of organization temporarily annoyed him.

To forget this peeve he skied down past the second bend. If only he could ski in the races the way he skied before, for his control was perfect and his turns graceful, lifting a spume of snow at the end of his skis. For a moment he had a glowing feeling of confidence combined with the excitement. He climbed back up slowly and tried to think of technicalities and approaches in regard to the race and then decided not to. Plans seldom worked out anyway, he thought. Back at the start again there was little sign of an immediate race but he waited anyway. Others were waiting; some sitting in the snow, some walking around with their skis off. They all waited. Dale dusted off his goggles for about the third time and waited some more. Conversation lulled.

Finally everyone gathered; watches were synchronized; telephones checked. The starter called the name of the first racer. Someone said, "Keep under control. . . don't forget the gate halfway down. . . is someone checking it?" Silence as the starter placed his hand on the shoulder of the first racer and counted, "Five. . . four. . . three. . .

two...one, GO!" The skier pushed with his poles and was gone behind the curtain of snow and around the first turn. Thirty-seven minutes more to wait for Dale, one skier sent each minute. Every skier that went down he watched and counted one minute less. Some skiers fell; most didn't, they just disappeared into the grayness. I can't fall, he thought, every second counts. Ironical that you wait and wait for hours and hours, then every second, even a tenth of a second, counts. This is the worse kind of waiting, he thought, with everyone quiet and everyone tense. Once he had tried to analyze why people got tense but he had failed. It wasn't the danger, for driving a car and numerous other things are more dangerous than skiing.

He heard his name called. He stood up, checked the bindings, and adjusted goggles and his hat. He stood on the line between the starting flags with the starter's hand on his shoulder. His heart pounded and his knees felt weak. He thought, "I can't go!" Five... four... three... two... one, GO! and he was off. Automatically he swung his shoulders, rounded the first turn, passed between some flags, and was into the chute. He crouched low for greater speed. The wind flapped his parka and pants; the snow stung his cheeks. He thought of nothing, but felt the drunkenness of the speed, the exhilaration, the joy. He checked a bit too much for one gate but made up for it later. Avoiding a hole where someone had fallen, he wondered why he didn't fall. Once he did fall around a sharp turn, but rolled over, landed on his skis, and continued, only slightly shaken. Too bad, one lost second. Then it was all over, he passed the finish and christied to a stop. His knees were weak and his breath short, but it was all over so quickly. He asked his time. "2:18.3." One second better than last time. Improvement. He would have to wait to know how he placed.

It really didn't matter, he knew. It all wasn't worth it, he thought. Still, he would race; it was part of him, and so was waiting. He took off his skis and sat down to wait. Life is like that, he thought, you waited and waited for something and then when it came, it was all over, like the race, in 2:18.3. And after it was all over you thought of things you should have done. Then you waited for something else. The flakes fell interminably.

JANE POPE '50



Summer Stock

For anyone who has acting aspirations the best and only way to get started is through summer stock. There are summer theatres peppered all over the United States, but they are mostly in the New England states — never too far from Times Square. For the most part they are reconverted barns, churches, toy factories or Puritan meeting houses which ambitious people have, at some time or other, taken over and made into theatres, with variable accommodations.

There are two types of summer theatres: the ones that operate on the "Star System" and the ones that don't. The latter type consists of a resident company of actors who put on a different show every week throughout the summer. This type, unfortunately, is almost non-existent now except for some small amateur theatres, the reason being, obviously, that these little places don't have enough public draw to keep them going. For after all, who wants to see Mary Jones and Joe Smith in something when Tallulah Bankhead is playing just a couple of miles away?

The "Star System" theatres are predominant among theatres right now. These theatres use "package" shows almost exclusively. The package show, somewhat of a hangover from the old Vaudeville days, is a show gotten together on Broadway which tours about as

a unit to various summer theatres. Of course the attraction of these shows lies in the fact that they usually have a big star in them, and it is this star that brings quick business — an important factor in a summer theatre where a show runs only a week.

The unfortunate thing about this Star System is that it gives amateurs very little opportunity to get an acting start on a professional basis. When a beginner wants to do stock for a summer, he can either go to a small amateur theatre where he will have a chance to act, or a big one where he can't but will be in a more professional and advantageous set-up. But strangely enough, not all the shows at the big theatres are completely package. A show can be more or less package. If a show arrives complete with entire cast, director and stage manager, it is completely package; but fortunately, such a show is quite rare. Usually a package has about four of its own stars and the rest of the parts are left to be filled by the resident actors of the theatre, or, if there aren't any, by apprentices, electricians, curtain men, or whoever is available. This show is only partly package and of course it is in these shows that the beginner has his best opportunity. If he can get with a large professional theatre and succeed in getting a part in such a show, he is launched into acting; for here he will be noticed by a better audience and make contacts which he can later use to advantage.

About the only way for a beginner to get with such a company is to become an apprentice. This in itself is easy enough even for the completely inexperienced, but it must be remembered that the life of an apprentice at a summer theatre is no easy job. Besides mopping floors, scrubbing paint buckets, cleaning dressing rooms and other such menial jobs, an apprentice is probably bossed around more than anyone else in the theatre. Of course the importance of this job does not lie in what one learns about cleaning up old make-up, but in the advantage of knowing the directors, actors, and other top people of the profession, and in the invaluable experience of being around a professional theatre and seeing what's going on from the inside out. Besides this, one soon begins to get a glimpse of the actual opportunity in the acting field, such as, that the acting profession is the most crowded of all and the hardest to get into; that being an actor or actress requires more than just talent or natural aptitude; that it requires years of training and experience and job-hunting with no

guarantee of success in the end. Another unfortunate fact is that achievement is usually pure chance, and not necessarily a result of early training. Too many young hopefuls make the mistake of concentrating all their efforts on acting to the exclusion of any other branches of education, too early, and then when they discover after many unsuccessful years that they can't get anywhere with acting, they are unprepared for another profession. Of course some amateurs do get breaks at the start, but these are very few and far between.

Of course working in a theatre isn't easy. Actors and floor-moppers alike have a lot of work to do and no laziness is tolerated. For whatever happens, the show must go on every night and everyone's effort is centered toward that. What one gains personally is one's own business, and can only be done by watching rehearsals, talking to the stars, and so on. A surprising amount can be gained by talking to the actors and the top people of the profession, who are always willing to talk to a lowly apprentice in a summer theatre. These contacts, of course, are invaluable when the tedious task of job-hunting begins. Much of the success of amateurs depends on these contacts, or "pull." "Pull" isn't usually regarded as a very nice term, as it implies unfairness, but if it's your own pull and you've made it yourself there is nothing unfair about it. As one actor said, it's not only pull, but push — and push you must do. The road to success in this case is a long hard one — harder than in any other profession — but in the end, the reward cannot be equalled.

NORA JOHNSON '50

Imitations

Crystal goblets tinkling clearly;
Polite laughter ringing harshly;
Hazy smoke softening the brilliance
Of pretentious jewels;
Suffocating smoke kindly shielding
From glaring light
Sharp red mouths and tired eyes. . .
All seemingly so happy, gay and pleased,
Actually poor imitations, these.

BARBARA BALDWIN '50

The China Lady

The stooped figure of the old gardener stood paralyzed; his rusty rake clattered against the glass-paneled cupboard but he could make no move to stop it. His sun-faded eyes stared, then blinked hard and continued to stare. The object of his obvious concern was a delicately carved china lady standing on the sill of a kitchen window. It was not an unusual figure, only a graceful pink lady with a rather wistful smile on her face, but it decidedly startled the old man. He mumbled unintelligibly as he looked at her, "That's our lady, our lady," and he reached a scrawny, permanently stained hand that trembled uncontrollably to reach her. As he did, a sharp clot resounding on his outstretched arm brought him immediately to reality and he heard the scolding voice of the new cook who had just appeared.

"Get out of my clean kitchen with your muddy old boots — huh! The master will send your pay down in a minute. I can't see why he pays you at all for weeding that garden — as slow and dull as you are." No protest was uttered and she continued:

"Here's the money now. You take it and git!"

The old man numbly took the dollars, still gazing at the china figure, then shuffled his feet, picked up the fallen rake, and was half pushed out the door by the grumbling maid. He walked, sad and lonely, the four miles to his own little farm and let himself into the desolate shack where he lived, always thinking about the china figurine he had seen.

He had lived here alone for more than ten years now, since his wife had died, and had recently been just keeping alive by doing odd jobs at the big estate down the road. It was hard work along with his own farm too, but the master paid well; it was even rumored by the village folk that the master was a millionaire from New York who had built a big house in the country just to visit when he wanted a little peace and quiet. The old man reckoned that was so but at times he wished the place hadn't been built so that there would be no extra money and he could just sink down quietly and die. It was no good living without his wife he thought, they had been so happy together and things just hadn't seemed worth much for about these ten years now.

Tonight he left the chores around the farm and sat down, still in a daze, to a dinner of canned beans. "That's our lady, that little china figure," he mumbled. "I don't see how she can be there, because she's ours, I know it." He gulped down a spoonful of beans but couldn't swallow them because he realized he was crying; then got up and stumbled over to the dilapidated mantelpiece.

The little china lady had stood on that mantel years ago and, although her delicate carvings and dainty china limbs were a sharp contrast in the shabby house, she somehow had seemed to belong. She did belong, for her owners treasured her above everything else; to them she was a symbol of their love. She had been a wedding present sent all the way from New York and was one touch of a far-distant, luxurious life to the poor but happy country folk. They had never seen anything so fine in their little rural village; the only grandeur that the land for miles around could boast of was a fabulous estate built back in the country by a millionaire from New York who, as the villagers rumored, wanted a little peace and quiet, but that was as distant as New York itself to the poor couple. And so they loved the figure and often Jenny, the wife, would gaze at it and sigh:

"I sure would like to wander through those big buildings with all the things to buy and feel like a queen, but I bet I never could see anything like our beautiful lady in all the stores."

To them she was unique, a symbol of a dream land that they could only yearn for. The china lady became almost a real person and, when he would come in from a hard day in the fields, he would laugh and say:

"How are my two little women tonight?" and then glance at the rosy figure that continued to smile wistfully down from the mantel.

When Jenny had died, about ten years ago, still young but tired out because of a weak heart, he had placed the little figurine in her coffin. It didn't seem silly, she had loved it so, and he thought she might feel comforted, having it near. So he had become accustomed to living alone and looking up to see only a bare mantelpiece becoming more cracked and dilapidated every year. He had not the heart to fix it: as he had not heart enough to fix his own life that cracked and rotted just as the mantelpiece.

Slowly now he raised his white head from the still empty mantel

where he had laid it, but his eyes no longer held tears; instead there shone a wavering but steadily growing light. His wrinkled face had a new look of determination that had been lacking there for about ten years and he seemed to straighten his bent back. "I believe Jenny's right here at my side," he murmured, "and she sent the china lady to tell me to get to work and keep going and she'll be here with me every minute. I know that's it," he declared, as he lighted three more candles, washed up the dishes, and fairly skipped out to milk the cow that he had neglected in his earlier state of depression. "I don't know how it came about," he puzzled. "Guess it's one of those things called miracles, but she knew I was getting tired and she's helping me. . . . why, I'll get to the plowing right tomorrow!" When he brought the milk into the shack he went straight to the mantelpiece and began tinkering around, pulling off some of the rotten binding and sagging boards. "I'll get this looking nice first," he mused, "and next time I go over to the big house I might even ask Master if I could have that little figurine and put it right up here again so we three could really be together — everything is going to be good, like before."

* * * * *

In the kitchen of the big house the new maid was just cleaning up the dinner dishes when the master passed through.

"Oh, by the way, Hilda," he said, "how do you like that little figurine? Thought it might brighten up the kitchen so I picked it up last time I was in New York — there was a whole counter of them at Gimble's."

MANDY BOWMAN '50

Study in S

Sparkling, shining, shimmering sea
 Sheltering sand, so silent, so still.
 Selfishly smothering seaweed and shells.
 Smoothing surfaces, sight unseen.
 Speak softly, swirling sea.

LEE FLATHER '50

Lunch

"Eat your squash."

Jarvey looked at his mother, a slight frown troubling his face.

"Why? I don't *like* it."

"Eat it anyway."

He obeyed, sloshing it around in his mouth.

"Mother?"

"Yes?"

"Who invented squash?"

"Never mind, now — just eat it up. It's good for you."

Jarvey squirmed a little in his chair, twisting so that he could look at her.

"I HATE squash!" This in a violent tone.

No answer. Again — "I hate squash!" Belligerent, but with a kind of questioning in it.

"Do you?"

"Yes!" A slight pause. "Mother, do cowboys eat squash?"

"Goodness, yes! It's one of their favorite foods!"

Jarvey looked back at his plate with new interest.

"Does Trigger eat squash?"

"Who?"

"Trigger. Hey, Mom — he's swell, Trigger is! Do you think Dad would buy me one like him? I'd ride, and ride, and ride, and ride, and . . ."

"Hush! You know you can't have a pony."

"I don't WANT a Pony! I want a horse. A horse like Trigger."

"Maybe Daddy will buy you one. But first you have to eat your squash."

"Hey, MOM! Do you think so, really, Mom?"

"I don't know. We'll have to ask him. Eat your food."

"Can I have a glass of milk?"

"All you do is wash your food down! Finish what you have first."

Jarvey turned his back on her, surveying his food with a slightly disgusted, but otherwise blank expression. He was thinking about Trigger. Boy, he'd show the kids around here! He'd ride upon a fiery horse, smiling out of one side of his face, his ten-gallon hat pushed back on his head, and —

"Jarvey Williams! For Goodness sake, eat your food! I've done almost all of the dishes but yours! I haven't got all day!"

"Yes'm —" . . . and Susan would come out and smile, and think how wonderful he was to have a horse like that all to him. . . .

"JAR-vey!" This from outside.

Jarvey's head jerked upright.

"Coming!" he screamed, shoving back his chair hastily.

His mother looked over at him. "Did you finish?"

"Yep." The back door banged in unconcealed protest as he hurtled through it. His mother turned and looked at his plate, the squash partially hidden under the potato skin.

" . . . Hey, Pete, did you know my Dad's gonna buy me a . . . "

Mrs. Williams sighed, and turned back to the sink.

RUTH GARDNER '53

Jimmy

Jimmy shuffled slowly down the street. Jimmy was at peace with the world. The world was good to Jimmy, the world was bad to Jimmy, but at the moment it was the former. For one thing, it was Saturday; and it was warm; and school was out for what seemed to be an endless stretch of time. Monday was far off in the future. All that mattered was now.

He stubbed his toe and sat down on the curb to examine it. For all he knew, it might be bleeding. He'd wear a band-aid and show all the kids how big he was. He sat, contemplating that possibility. But it wasn't bleeding. It wasn't even red. He was vaguely disappointed.

The sun was warm on his back. It was warm, not hot. Just comfortable. From a distance he heard the cars, droning along the boulevard. It was very quiet. The sun filtered through spring-garbed trees, speckling the ground into perpetual pools, twisting, swirling, floating in an endless pattern. He watched the pattern for a while, his face in his cupped hands, his elbows on his knees, his knees drawn high up. He wondered what time it was. He wished he could tell time and wear a watch. The thought slipped away.

He shifted slightly, sighed, and heaved to his feet. A large black Labrador dog, accompanied by a large red mongrel dog, ambled

past him, heading for the park. Jimmy pondered for a moment whether or not he could wade in the duck pond. He discarded the idea, for his mother wouldn't like it, and then, if he were caught, he couldn't go to the movies that afternoon. Roy Rogers was on.

Jimmy pointed his finger at a gray cat languishing on a near-by porch, and said, "Bang." The cat blinked its eyes slowly, opened its mouth in an insolent yawn and stretched out one foot. Then it moved slightly to keep up with the sun.

Jimmy walked off. Gee, he was glad he didn't have a cat. Stupid creatures. THEY weren't any fun. Take his dog now. He suddenly remembered he hadn't fed it since yesterday morning. Oh well, it wouldn't matter. He'd be sure and feed it tonight.

He aimed his finger at a squirrel and said, "Bang." It whisked up a tree. That was more satisfactory. Could a squirrel be tamed?

He balanced on the curb. He slipped and nearly fell. Tony, the junk man, came rattling up the street. Jimmy stopped to watch the old bay horse lumber by. When the clop of the bay's hooves died away, he started home. Slowly he turned and ambled toward his home. But one never knows where an eight-year-old will go before diverted — especially when he is at peace with the world.

RUTH GARDNER '53



On Being Asked to Write on "Dawes' Pride"

After reading the catalogues issued by "The Wayside Gardens" and other professional seedmen, I have concluded that horticulturists, like other advertisers, stop at nothing to display their products to the best advantage. The names they give them are magnificent, overpowering and above all, suggestive. Just as no kitchen can be without Super Suds, no gardener can lack (and retain any peace of mind and self-respect) the Triple Award winner *Fashion* (three for \$5.00) or Santa Anita, Shangri-La, Cherio, Tallyho, Hearts' Desire, Commando, or any of the other "unbelievable" types of roses.

How does one go about naming a rose? How did the inventor hit upon the name Show Girl? Rubaiyat? The Doctor? Why could he not have named his rose Dawes' Pride instead?

Instead of starting with the rose, I can start with the name and trace it back, following the life history of my theoretic rose. Most probably the inventor would have known someone named Dawes, or have read about him in adventure books of former days. He might even have made up the name Dawes; but anyway, the rose must be a deep, thick blood-red, as was the blood of Dawes, when he died, of sword or pistol wound, maybe because of foolish pride, or maybe nobly, for a grand cause. The rose must be slow in developing, the bud gradually gaining in beauty and strength, at last developing into a gay flower which will die all too soon, fading, but defiant to the last.

The names of roses are so varied that it is hard to tell how they might have originated. Perhaps, as I have done with Dawes' Pride, the inventor carefully watched the rose develop and gain a character of its own and hence the name; or they may have named them for their own or their friends' profession, as The Doctor, or their girl friends, as Show Girl, or their favorite occupation — Santa Anita, or their desired Paradise — Shangri-La.

I guess more people than Gertrude Stein feel that "a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose," and some might add "SO WHAT." But I like to feel that the ones who name them take a real interest in each individual rose, and name them suitably. Somehow I take far more interest in a proper name for a rose than I do for most commercial products. This is probably because I have just discovered how varied

and how amusing they are. The appropriateness of their names is not always obvious at first glance; there are subtleties not noticed until much later, somewhat similar to the discovery that the title of a book has a far deeper meaning than one might expect.

Whatever the system, we at least reap the benefits of it, and now I have a rose of my own, Dawes' Pride.

NOELLE BLACKMER '50

Hail the King

Come see the flashing pageantry,
The brilliant blazing heraldry,
Trees don to meet his majesty
The king, the king of ice.
The green leaves spend the summer sweet
Awaiting sounds of drummer's beat
From frost, to stir their idle feet,
Make ready for the king.
The heralds dress in yellow vests
Ennobled by their orange crests
Proclaiming loudly to the rest
The coming of the king.
The servants and the bourgeoisie
Will wear their emerald livery
Not joining in the revelry
To welcome back the king.
The princes and the high patrols
Will dress themselves in deep maroons
But even grass upon the dunes,
Will bow before the king.
The monarch now is on his way,
He stands on high in full survey.
He blows. Their garments fall away.
They stand before their king.

LEE FLATHER '50

To Sam — With Regrets

DEAR SAM,

It sure seems funny writin' you a letter because I never done it before and from the looks of things I'm never going to do it again. It's goin' to hurt a powerful lot to tell you all that I have to but I haven't any choice, because Pop is makin' me do it and he has put me on my honor, as he says, to tell you this truthfully.

To start at the beginning, I found out about a week ago that I was goin' to have a child. I didn't know how to feel when old Dr. Jones told me, but he said to go right home and tell my Pop about it, so I did, and Pop got powerful mad at me and started rantin' and ravin' about you and me and how indecent we had been and how awful bad my poor Ma would have felt if she knew her daughter was such a disgraceful girl. I felt terrible (I always do when he starts in about Ma) and I started cryin' and told him I hardly knew anything about it and to stop blamin' me. Then he asked me whose fault it was if it wasn't mine and said to get out and go think about my sins for a while. So I went in my room and sat and cried and cried for a few hours, I guess, and when all the tears had been cried out of me I began to get hungry so I decided to go git somethin' to eat. I walked out into the kitchen real slow so's not to scare Pop, but he wasn't there. He wasn't anywhere in the house, and I began to get kinda scared because he never goes out without tellin' me about it. So then I went out the door and I saw his tracks in the ground, which was kind of muddy that day. I followed the tracks and they led straight to the woods so I went in and walked along for a ways. Before long I got to the little clearin' in the middle and I saw Pop there — I must have been goin' awful quiet because he didn't see me or turn around.

He was doin' somethin' awful funny in those woods, Sam. He was prayin'. I never seen Pop pray before and I never knowed he even bothered about the Lord or goin' to church. But he was prayin', all right. He was kneelin' right there in the middle of that clearin' and the sun was pourin' down on his head like he was St. Peter and for a minute I thought he was. He wasn't doin' no soft prayin' — I guess he wanted to make sure the Lord heard him — and he wasn't usin'

very purty language but somethin' about the way he was talkin' made me stop and listen.

"Lord," he said, "I don't know what you think of us black folks, or whether you're gonna listen to anything we tell you, but I wish you'd lend an ear to this. My daughter's with child by some white fellow she hardly even knows and now the fellow thinks he wants to marry her, but she just cries a powerful lot and I don't think she even loves him. I think he was workin' at Mrs. Patricks' the same time she was, but she ran into him about two or three weeks ago and before I hardly know anything about him she ups and tells me she's gonna have a child. There's something funny about that, Lord. If he was a fellow of her own color I wouldn't mind so much but there's something bad and disgraceful about this. I know if her mother was alive she'd feel plenty bad about it and in a way I'm glad she's safe in her grave.

"I don't get somethin', Lord. Everybody talks about giving blacks the same rights as whites but when they take 'em, somethin' like this happens and everybody frowns and starts talkin' right against what they said before. It just don't fit, Lord. If they fix things so's we eat in the same places with whites they gotta fix it so's we have babies with 'em too, but they don't seem to want to do that. Maybe I'm talkin' through my hat but it seems like somethin' that you can't have no half-way measures with.

"So Lord, forgive my poor daughter. I don't think she knew nothing about it all 'cause she's only a little girl (at least I don't think sixteen is so old) and she didn't understand about nature or about what people were gonna say to her. This boy's gone away now, Lord. But I'm gonna make her write and tell him she's sorry and to say goodbye. I hope you'll forgive her too, Lord. She's only a baby and she didn't know no better. Amen."

When Pop finished I felt powerful funny but I thought I better go before he saw me. So I turned around real quiet and went back to the house. I felt the way you feel when you read somebody else's letter and find out it's about you. I was sittin' there on the porch powerful quiet when Pop came back and tole me to go write you the letter. So now I'm writin' it.

I just want to say too that I'm powerful sorry it all hadda happen. Don't you do no worryin' about the child because I can take care of it all right. Maybe if you ever come by here again you can come and see it but it'll be an awful funny baby, half one color and half the other. Maybe you might not like it so much.

So hopin' you will be successful in your new job, I am

Yours very sincerely,

EULAH E. HENRY

P.S. Please excuse grammer but I never learn to write very good.

E. E. H.

NORA JOHNSON '50

"Too Early Spring"

An icy wind cut through me as I got off the bus and, not watching my step, I misjudged the distance to the curb and stepped into a great puddle such as one finds in the very early spring. In my scramble to dry ground I dropped my purse and package. I started to pick them up and was stopped by a young man in naval uniform who retrieved my belongings for me. When he stood up and handed me the purse I had a chance to see his eyes. They were deep brown, very honest and friendly. He put the package in my hands and smiled. I said "Thank-you" and hesitatingly turned to go. He came after me and said in a shy way,

"I know this is rather funny, but I'm leaving the country in a few hours, and . . . well, would you care to go to church with me?"

I looked up into very serious, hopeful eyes and I said, "Yes, I'd like very much to go to church with you."

We went to St. Patrick's. It was the closest, and time was important. We walked all through the cathedral, not saying very much, my hand in his, and feeling very close. After we'd gazed breathlessly at the magnificent beauty of the church, we went into the little chapel and prayed together.

It was dark and still very windy when we came out. We stood on the steps of the great cathedral and he looked at me for a very long time, then kissed me very gently on the forehead, and said "Thank-you" and he left.

BARBARA BALDWIN '50

Sunday School Picnic

Every year the question of the Sunday School picnic is duly discussed within the church circles, and every year desperate pleas are sent out begging the use of our farm as the location for the picnic. These pleas are actually not as desperate as they seem, for each year, in a sudden burst of community pride, Mother generously turns the site over for the picnic. She is greeted by a silent family afterward, for we have experienced in the past this joyful occasion that thoroughly delights the children, but promises us a day of utter havoc. Too well do we remember the sheep stampede one eventful day when one of the tottlers wanted to pet a "sheepie," and we think of the numerous dog fights that inevitably occur because some unthinking parent brings the family pet for a holiday too. But the ordeal that actually involves my sister and me is the thorough cleaning before the picnic of the two cellars that will suffice as bathhouses. Our summer house formerly was used for this purpose, and it seemed a splendid plan, as it required no preparation, but after its thick wall of wisteria had been cut away, the modest children shrieked in terror and demanded a more enclosed spot for their unrobing.

When the day finally arrives, the cellars in order, the dog locked in the house, and my sister and myself duly appointed the official life guards, truckloads of children roll down the lane and flood onto the grass. They look more like a shipment of immigrants in their array of scanty shorts as they spill over the sides of the truck like popping pop corn.

Of course we, waiting at the gate to receive them, are completely ignored as every pair of legs rushes headlong down to the water. Despite frantic calls by concerned mothers, "Be careful, dear," and "Don't get your feet wet," most of them do just the opposite and blissfully splash and kick in the water before they can be persuaded to get ready for swimming properly.

Soon drooping bathing suits and stringy hair are seen everywhere, popping up from the water or building sand castles on the beach until the call for lunch. A reserve supply of sandwiches is always kept in our kitchen, for weeping figures that announce they have forgotten their lunch or have splashed so hard in the water that all

that remains of a once eatable lunch is soggy bread and watery cookies. The church provides several gallons of ice cream that is consumed for dessert by still dripping figures that are content, by this time, to bask in the bliss of a hot sun and a full stomach. One time, after lunch, as I sneaked guiltily into the house for a few seconds of peace and quiet, I encountered a solemn little girl quietly curled up on the living-room sofa reading a book she had found which she announced was more interesting than any old food or river! I was completely surprised; but feeling quite inadequate in such a situation and unable to offer her anything better, I left her still reading and rejoined the havoc outside.

After hours of swimming and playing cops and robbers or any of the fantastic things that children do, their weary little bodies are packed again into the trucks to be delivered once more on their own doorsteps. We, again at the gate, are not so noticeably ignored this time for, with much prompting and reminding, a chorus of lusty "Thank you's" chimes out as the figures once more pop into the truck. We wave good-by, promising to look for Jean's lost hair ribbon and Tommy's popgun.

Then we collapse, thoroughly weary! Everyone has that intangible good feeling of having spent a worth-while day, but I begin secretly making frantic plans to be away on the fated day next year, and, looking around, perceive the same look in everyone's eye.

MANDY BOWMAN '50

Flight

Yesterday for the first time I saw a line of geese flying South. They looked like bits of black felt floating on a placidly pale lake, guided by unseen currents. Their sharp angle seemed brave as it sliced the sky and was buffeted by relentless winds. The little specks were remote and cold, as if a sheet of glass separated them from the earth.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

Reflections Upon Music

"The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony!"

I think music is one of the greatest gifts given to mankind. It seems to be different from the other forms of man's creativity. In painting and sculpture, the expression of the creator's spirit is locked hard and fast into canvas and color, or stone, or wood, as the case may be. One may look at a painting for hours and become transfixed by the warmth and loveliness of color; or one may caress with eye and hand the static movement of sculpture. Of course, on the other hand, it is possible to pass a painting or piece of sculpture and never give it a second glance, even though it be the work of one of the great masters.

But music is different. The spirit that the composer was trying to create is not imprinted in a tangible substance forever. This spirit is living, elusive, full of constant movement — something that cannot be bought or sold. And where people might pass by a painting or sculpture, one has often had the experience of suddenly hearing unexpected music — and finding oneself rooted to the spot by the loveliness.

Music, moreover (as the movie industry has found out) molds the mood of people more than any other man-created art can do. Music can make people giddy and gay — or it can move to tears. It can inspire people to do great things. It can make the most stolid and prosaic of us be filled with wonderful visions and thoughts. What a wonderful thing it is, to change the most commonplace scene to one of beauty and enchantment!

I think music must be the lord of the other arts, for, is it not the greatest compliment you can pay to poetry or sculpture to say that they are like beautiful music? The ancients revered it too, because did not they connect it with one of the most wonder-filled things of the universe — the stars and moon? Music means all this to me, and I never cease to be filled with wonder and enchantment at its stirring beauty.

POLLY PARADISE '51

A Blue Water Memory

The Gulf of Mexico, bearing in on the white beaches of Galveston Island, has always seemed like an old friend to me. More times than I can remember I have splashed in and, with my rod bent double, hauled some enormous fish out of its waters. We have a picnic spot of our own, further from Galveston than the public beaches, where we can eat, swim, and relax in private. Never but once have I seen the Gulf when it was not a muddy shade of brown; but this color made it just seem more familiar and dear to me. I believe, because of many years of happy memories, I would rather play in its crashing breakers than in any picturesque bodies of water I have seen.

Conrad appears to think that the sea is unfathomable and will never be understood. I am inclined to agree with this, remembering the day when I stood and watched the breakers suddenly bearing in fresh, clear water as blue as a field of Texas bluebonnets. Within a few minutes the whole gulf seemed to have a new gown of shimmering blue with lacy whitecaps floating here and there. In its depths could be seen fish which I had never seen before and probably never shall again. It was nice to glimpse once what I had always wished for in vain. All those who shared this spectacle were as amazed as I, and we shall always love the old Gulf more because of her shining hour of surprising beauty.

LIBBY BRADLEY '50

By the Sea

I am free.

I am high above the rest of the world.

Beneath me the great cliff

Plunges for yards on end

'Till it meets the sea.

There is no vegetation, only a small

Warped tree, clutching desperately

To the great wall

Of rock.

I am alive.
I can hear the great song of the ocean
As it hurls itself in suicidal
Attempts against its barrier,
Where it falls back, swirling in a
Boiling mass of anger.
The spray spirals heavenward
And falls with a mighty crash.
The water groans, falls back
And tries again.

I am alive.
The wind slaps vigorously at my face
And tosses back my hair.
The smell of salt is sharp, definite,
And the taste of salt burns my lips.
A lone bird floats on an air current
Sailing, dipping, swooping,
Then, with one flap of black tipped wings, goes
Up, up, up — to repeat the whole process.
My heart aches to be with him, fly with him,
Go heavenward.

I am happy.
And yet I know that in a few short hours
I must leave.
But I shall never be the same:
For I have felt the ocean pounding
Through my veins, as pulsing
As a heart beat.
I have tasted the salt, felt the wind,
Have had my spirit cleansed by the silence
And magnitude of nature.
Here on this lonely cliff,
I have found myself. But I also have lost
Myself. I shall only be a shell of myself
Yet a much better self.
Yes, I must leave, but now
I am free.

RUTH GARDNER '53

The Indelible Past

"And to think this is June," mused Joyce, as she stood underneath a dripping awning in New York City, waiting for one of those heavenly but non-existent taxis that seem to wait for a beastly day to break down and entirely disappear.

"It's got no right to rain like this in June, especially so close to my birthday. . .," and all of a sudden she remembered that week of June rain when she was a schoolgirl in England and the one tragic day of brilliant sunshine which preceded it.

As she started to relive those days again in her mind, she smiled vaguely as she seemed to hear her Mother's voice repeating the familiar words, "For heaven's sake, Joyce darling, please smile and forget about the whole thing. You know, and everyone else knows, there was nothing on earth you could do about it, so forget it. You hardly knew her anyway."

Hardly knew her! If her mother or any of the other girls only knew of the secret hours spent with Anna down by the stream at the back of the garden where they met "accidentally," because even they were a bit ashamed and awed to find themselves so undeniably attracted to each other.

Anna was near her own age, a little younger, and seemed quite a normal youngster at first glance, though not particularly attractive. Anna, however, was different: — to most of the girls because she was deaf, almost completely; and to Joyce because she glowed with a moral courage which never faintly resembled saintliness, and which Joyce wished for, and envied, because it was hard facing the world with a crippled leg such as her own; and especially so when one's only desire was to become an actress. They were also both foreigners, American and German, in an English school, which gave them a kindred feeling from the beginning.

The two used to talk about everything together, but the great day came when Joyce broke down, and confessed her desire to be an actress. Anna, in her simple tones answered,

"Ah yes, and I to be a composer, but what good is it if you can't hear your own tunes?" And more softly, with a little shake of her head, "I am no Beethoven." Then in the only loud or complaining voice Joyce had ever heard her use,

"I make up the melodies in my head. I get all excited. I rush to the piano, play a note, and what happens? Nothing. The piano has no lips to read. But tell me, why is it you want to be an actress?"

"And I," Joyce thought, "knowing deep down that I had no real talent, unburdened my sorrows to her sympathetic ears, while she, with all her potentialities, could do absolutely nothing with the music she made in her head and her heart, and she contented herself with consoling me!"

But that day of sunshine! How terrible it is to have both sunshine and foggy rain remind you of the same awful but unforgettable day, and the events that followed it.

The whole school had gone bathing, Anna and Joyce among them. Joyce never swam, of course, but she loved lying in the sun, while watching the other girls and Anna playing in the sparkling water. That particular day was amazingly warm for a June day in England, but even so there were few people on the small beach near Worthing. She dozed off while the girls were in the water and woke up to find them talking excitedly together in a huddle near her on the sands. Their schoolgirl chatter rose higher and higher until Joyce caught phrases of it on the wind.

"What a frightful thing!"

"Where is she now? Is she alright?"

And the Head Girl spoke out slowly but firmly, "No, she's . . . she's drowned."

Joyce sat still, feeling all of a sudden the coolness in the air as the sun entered a cloud bank on its way into the ocean. "Who? Who? Who?" she asked herself. She looked around for members of her class. They were all there. And then, all of a sudden — Anna, where was she? Even if she hadn't heard she was sure to be there, for who could keep away? But yet, she herself was afraid to know. It couldn't be possible! Then from one of the younger girls, "... terrible thing, you know, but she was so deaf she couldn't have led a very exciting life, anyway." And another, "It must be hard to go through life with a disability like that."

"Jolly hard, I'd say."

"Sure it's hard," thought Joyce, "darn hard, but Anna is good and fine and she wants to be a composer so much, and maybe some-

day she can be cured. . . Anna? Did they say Anna? Is she the one? She can't be, but it must be so. Is it really Anna? Really the deaf girl whose cries were not heard by anyone, not even by me? I was just lying here, why didn't I wake up? Why didn't I help the one who has done so much for me? And now she's gone, and I'll never be able to thank her. — Cured! did I say cured? If she might have been cured, how about me? Mightn't they invent something to help me? 'Jolly hard,' the girl had said, 'to go through life with a disability like Anna's.' Well, how about her own? Were she and Anna the only ones in the school that connected the two? What am I thinking? Just when I need her most, she's gone. . ."

"Joyce! I suppose you've heard?"

"Yes, I have."

"Shocking thing really, but we older ones are supposed to keep the others from talking about it, so we must be cheerful now, you know."

"All right, I'll be cheerful."

And then the week of rain, in the beginning of which they buried her, and by the end people had begun to forget, the way people will. Even her own pain had diminished, but eight years later, and 3,000 miles away, here she was, still blaming herself, and wondering what would have happened if. . .

"Taxi, Miss? You looked sort of wet and tired and. . ."

"Oh, yes — why, thank you." She walked straight to the cab, her limp gone now, but an age-old heaviness, like the sea, in her heart.

NOËLLE BLACKMER '50

Fall and Winter

The gnarled tree that in the fall
Would deign to bow to passing breeze
And haughtily looked down on all
As far beneath her kind of trees,
Is standing on the corner now
Salvation Army style,
Begging with a little bow,
Accepting with a smile.

LEE FLATHER '50

Night

The night, the implacable darkness of night —
But how it varies.

There is night with shining stars, a moon
That seems to cast the world about you
In a strange and eerie glow,
And the stars, a myriad of tiny twinkling lights,
That seem to change to all the colors of the rainbow.

But wait; the night has changed:
It is a black hand,
Pulling you into an eternity of darkness;
There are no stars now, no moon,
Just a gray wisp of a cloud
Floating through the sea of black.

Again the night has changed
Into a world of wonder;
A flake of snow begins,
And soon the black sky
Is sifting and whirling with
Tiny white patterns of lace.

After all, the night is only a changing curtain
Separating the sun and you —
A curtain fallen between the acts of life.

PAT EVELETH '53



To Our Readers

For seventy-seven years, more than half as long as Abbot has existed, COURANT has been the school publication; it contains the literary attempts and achievements throughout each year. The noticeable thing is however that COURANT has kept its original intention, form, and appearance, instead of changing with the modernizing times.

To a progressing world, this lack of change might be considered backward and obsolete, but we feel that the original COURANT set a high standard, and that successive issues have achieved quality by following the early type of simplicity. It is true that a cover with colorful designs and striking characteristics might catch the eye more readily, but so often this can approach the "funny-book" stage and produce a gaudy effect. More illustrations throughout the magazine would again attract the eye and would be an addition, but the editors think that concentrating on this eye appeal would consume a great deal of time, and that art work is not essentially their aim. Members of the board are chosen primarily for their interest in writing rather than their artistic abilities, and it is difficult for other members of the school to produce appropriate illustrations. Cuts would also be an expensive undertaking, and since COURANT is a non-profitting establishment this would present a difficult and almost unsolvable problem. In the end, whether these attractions would add or detract from the magazine rests a matter of personal taste.

Another criticism of COURANT is that it seems "high-brow" and perhaps heavy, owing to the fact that the articles tend to be dramatic and serious. As the magazine is formed we, on the board, try to develop a well rounded selection of articles but always thinking first of what we really consider good writing. The standards we have set up can not be sacrificed to include some worthless bit of an amusing trifle. In similar fashion, we do not try to take the place of a school newspaper and present juicy bits of gossip about the faculty, or give the latest sports data of the Gargoyles and Griffins. Such material would, no doubt, be interesting to the students, but it is more suitable to a school newspaper, and would be out of place in COURANT.

COURANT is essentially a literary magazine for those at Abbot who are interested in writing; it must first and foremost fill that purpose.

Far in the future COURANT may progress to be a dashing orange and purple weekly, containing every type of interesting article known, but up to now it has followed its unassuming path with reasonably good results.

What do you think? Since COURANT is your magazine it should try to fulfill your wishes. We want all of you that are interested not only to hand in your articles but also to let us know your ideas about COURANT (of course considering only changes that are possible), so that it can mean more to you, as individual readers.

M. B. '50

A Lesson Well Learned

Sally Pinkerton was in love. She was in love with the human race. But as we all know, at times, when one's love is the dominant source of one's being, shyness toward the thing loved takes hold. This was the case of our Sally. When left alone to have a tête-à-tête with her thoughts, she could easily converse with the most gallant of men and the proudest of women. She admired their fine persons with such self-assurance and ease. She loved small children, for they had no reason to protect themselves from the troubles of the world, and, therefore, they were completely natural in their expressions of feeling and concern. She enjoyed the companionship one could find in an elderly person. There was so often the quality of gentleness blended with maturity, which makes a grandmother or grandfather such a warm friend. To see a farmer wonder at his abundant crop, or a child at the first appearance of his own special radish seed; to see the rosy, contented face of a cold, wet little boy coming in from a snow storm; to see a hard, bitter man, soften at the innocently touching words of a child; these were her joys!

But now we shall bodily grab Sally from her little tête-à-tête and plunge her, wallowing, into the last minutes before a party. She intensely dislikes the idea, and she leaves home with bitter resentment toward her family for making her go through such an ordeal.

Sally rapped shakily upon the door and was admitted all too soon, for she was in the process of twisting her stocking seams back into shape. Sam, the eldest son of the family, jerked the door open and stood blinking. He and Sally weren't enemies, but after all, if one never speaks, how can one consider any type of relationship at all? At any rate, Sally soon found herself standing before the door of the living room out of which poured masculine and feminine laughter. She could see all the people within, but she and they were two different things. "Well," thought she, "three steps forward and I'd be one of them; five steps back, I'd be at the door ready to run; no steps, I'd be here all night, trying to control my shaking knees and panicky heart." A decision was reached without further contemplation, for she was carried through the threshold by a stampede of nondescript youths. She took a gulp, breathed deep, and croaked "Hello," with the "h", silent and the "ello" stuttered. This was addressed to a couple into whose arms she had been dumped. She knew them both, but with her eyes to the ground and her lips turned down, she did not invite or suggest further comment on the part of either. A chair across the room was empty, and, though it did not look particularly comfortable, it was her sole destination at the moment. She half closed her eyes and made a beeline for it.

The party crept along for hours. Sally parted from her perch several times to snatch a few sandwiches and cookies from a nearby table. The rest of the time she sat miserably trying to make the bits of food last for as long a time as possible, for it gave her a definite preoccupation, thus preventing her from talking. Her neighbors sat encircled about an armchair whose occupant was glibly describing a week-end at a near-by mountain resort. Several small groups talked of having to leave early, but did nothing about it. Finally, there was some hint of a general commotion among the guests and before long, Sally found herself arriving at the doorway of her home, weary and quite unhappy. "It turned out an awful mess," she admitted to herself, "but everyone has to bear with a great deal of pain to make permanent and good those ever important qualities so necessary for the establishment of one's character." This she decided with tears in her eyes, but with a very determined nod of the head.

MADELEINE KIMBERLY '51

October Leaves

October leaves are falling, quickly to the ground,
 Some in haste and frenzy, some without a sound.
 See them twisting, twirling, how they do portray,
 A Spanish dance with colors, oh so bright and gay.
 See the swirling red skirts, courtesy to the brown,
 Bronze now picks his partner, yellow is her gown.
 When they brush together, sound the castanets,
 Shadows of their motions, cast their silhouettes.
 Costumes of all colors close around the fire,
 Endless are their quick steps, never do they tire.

SALLY STEVENS '50



Prelude to Winter

Kaleidoscope.

Leaves, myriads of colors, parachute at random.

Brief careers ended, the bloody heroes fall.

Crunch them under foot, for they rattle like tissue paper.

"Ob! but we like the leaves!"

The racy sound recalls a year ago."

No longer admired; no longer collected by connoisseurs,

Brown, curled, cocoon-like leaves are raked forlornly.

Messy things must burn.

"Ob! but we like fires!"

The pungent smell recalls a year ago."

A few escape the smutted fire.

Cold winds scatter them and sweep them away with bits of newspapers and hats.

Like water down a drain they spin and settle.

Wait for the snow to cover these last semblances of summer.

JANE POPE '50

“Beena”

When I was about thirteen my mother, being a conformist at heart, decided to do as the other mothers were doing and send her daughter to camp. So, unknown to me, she looked the field over and at last, having made her decision, she walked into the house one day with a catalogue which she presented to me. The catalogue was for a place called Beenadeewin.

Beenadeewin was a girls' camp somewhere in Vermont. Besides being about ten miles from the nearest telephone, which to me was the worst thing that fate could inflict upon me, it was advertised as being “small, quaint and rustic.” The word “rustic” in itself terrified me. I visualized cold nights in canvas tents, long hikes up mountains for a daily ration of water, and somebody tooting reveille on a horn at about five-thirty in the morning. I saw myself huddling near a campfire with a lot of shivering girls, all singing “Home on the Range” rather tunelessly — laboriously making baskets out of straw and burning pictures in leather — in short, being rustic.

“No,” I told my mother. “I won’t go.” But she had different ideas.

“You *will* go,” she replied. And with this statement began a long and rather ornate campaign, the purpose of which seemed to be a kind of subtle method of getting me off to camp without my being exactly conscious of the fact.

My mother’s first move was to gather up several allies. Not only did she enlighten her own friends on the glories of Beenadeewin, but began a quite conspicuous (I thought) attack on my friends. I came home from school one day and walked into the living room to see two subdued friends sewing sheets. Upon further inquiry and probing I learned that they were sewing name tapes on sheets which were to be packed in a trunk and sent to Beenadeewin. Later on, I discovered half-packed trunks, letters, and so on, and occasionally my mother would inquire if I had ever had measles or mumps, in an innocent way. Here I would reply that I would far rather have measles than go to Beenadeewin, but a reply such as this was never very happily received by my mother.

My mother’s campaign also had a spiritual influence. When her friends came over, conversations would somehow wander into the

joys of nature lore, what a lovely state Vermont was, and what fun it was to go on hikes at six o'clock in the morning. Some of the guests, however, did not know the art of subtlety and would demand in a forthright way, — "What's this I hear about you going to camp this summer?" Here I would reply loudly and emphatically that I certainly was not going to camp and whoever said I was was crazy, and then I would glare at my mother. Here the guest would usually leave.

But as the day of reckoning drew near, I realized that a definite decision had to be made. This was going to be difficult, as my mother was firmly convinced that I was going, and I was firmly convinced that I was not. As the time grew shorter, I became increasingly desperate, until I suddenly hit upon a superb inspiration, and one that I hadn't thought of before: My father, my dear, sweet, vulnerable father, certainly couldn't be so heartless as to banish his daughter to the wilderness for two whole months. So, armed with this assumption I confronted my father, told him my side of the woeful tale and, much to my surprise, found him agreeing with me. He had never been to camp and saw no reason why I should go. He never had cared much for rusticity himself anyway.

So the case was won. However, a rather odd thing happened the following fall that made me feel as though I had been there in spirit if not in body. In the mail one morning I received a letter from Beena and the camp picture. Upon reading the letter I was amazed to find something to this effect:

"We were so pleased you were with us this summer, and we enclose a picture of the Beena Girls. The picture of you is an exceptionally good one and we hope you'll be back with us again next summer." This was odd but peculiarly significant. True, I hadn't gone to Beenadeewin, and the picture and letter were simply a mistake. But it indicated something. Maybe I hadn't been to Beena in actuality, but I'd been there theoretically. So, theoretically, my mother had won her campaign after all. And somehow, I didn't mind.

NORA JOHNSON '50

Animal Stories

THE FISH

Dogs can bark and donkeys bray,
Mice can squeak and horses neigh.
All make noises but the fish
And all he can do is swim in a dish.
He hardly even makes a bubble
Because he considers it too much trouble.

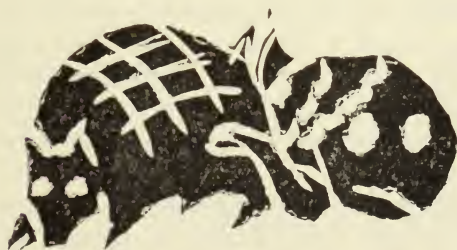
THE ARMADILLO

The armadillo is a creature
Whose skin is her outstanding feature.
She dwells beneath her horny hide
And hardly ever comes outside.
But to give a point to these fine couplets,
Spring comes — and behold, quadruplets!

THE WORM

A limited creature is the worm
Who only lives his life to squirm.
Or occasionally, when he feels the itch,
He wanders out and digs a ditch.
Maybe he'd do something more complete
If only he possessed some feet.

NORA JOHNSON '50



The Orange Book

Liz Adkins kicked open the battered screen door and staggered through the doorway with her large, awkward basket of wet clothes. She walked slowly across the yard, and when she reached the clothes line, she put down her basket and began to work her way along the line from the elm tree to the pole that Will had put up for her on the other side of the yard.

As Liz hung up the dripping clothes, the sunlight beat upon her tired shoulders and caused the perspiration to run down her thin cheeks. Her eyes were tired, and the little expression that they held seemed to be only that of fatigue and boredom. But one could not say that Liz Adkins was ugly. To be sure, eight years of marriage, hard work, and too many babies had left their marks on her; but, still, one could catch a glimpse of the old Liz Hanna that had flirted with Will Adkins at the church socials. The hands that now poked clothes pins over the taut rope held little resemblance to the hands that had embroidered dainty little towels for a modest hope chest. Those hands had been young hands, tan and smooth, but these hands were rough and callused, with brittle and ragged nails.

Liz soon finished her job and turned to start back to the house. She paused for a moment and, drawing together her thin shoulders, looked about her. In front of her sprawled the loosely-jointed frame house, whose white boards had turned grey under the sun and rain of the prairies. Behind her, the red barn loomed high above the flat fields of heavy green corn, and in the distance, she could see the cows moving slowly across the pasture. Liz thought of Will down in the barn, and the baby asleep upstairs. "It's a hard life," she thought, "but a good one. We work hard, and sometimes I think my body'll break right in two, I get so tired. But I reckon I'm happy. I only wish it'd be different for the kids. I want them to go to school, and learn how to act right and be fine people. I don't know just how I can make 'em that way, but they ain't gonna grow up like I did and spend all their lives on a dull, hard farm. Somehow I'll make it different for them, and my little girls'll have pretty clothes and soft hands."

She disappeared inside the grey house, but almost immediately afterwards, two robust, tanned children appeared, and with shrieks

of laughter, they ran off towards the barn. Then the old house remained quiet until almost noon, when an old Ford jerked into the yard and stood panting like an exhausted race horse, while its rider leaned on a harsh horn to announce his arrival.

Liz emerged quickly from behind the screen door, wiping her hands on her apron as she walked. At the sight of the visitor, she called out:

"Good morning, Mr. Turner. Haven't seen you around here for some time. You bringin' us some mail?"

"Yep. Couple letters and a package. Looks like a book. Came from — from New York, looks like. You send for somethin'?"

"Let's see, Sam." She took the package and scanned its coverings. "Can't remember sendin' fer anything, but sure does have my name on it."

Carefully she tore the brown paper off and a brilliant orange-covered book blazed forth, whose title, written in heavy black letters, was *Disciplining and Improving Children through Psychology*. Inside the book was a card, upon which was written, "To Liz from your cousin Margaret." Liz did not speak for some time. When she did, she said, "Land sakes! Wasn't that sweet of Margaret. Guess she knew I could use a book like this."

"Don't see what good it'll do you," said Sam. "Might as well send it back."

Liz drew her shoulders together and gave Sam an icy stare.

"My kids are goin' be brought up proper. This'll be a big help."

That night, Will and his two eldest children were somewhat amazed to find a bowl of nasturtiums awkwardly arranged in a gaudy blue bowl and placed in the middle of the dinner table. As if that were not enough, Liz herself appeared in her second-best dress, with her hair fluffed out about her face. When she saw the puzzled look on Will's face, she whispered to him, "Children like things pretty, especially their Ma."

As Will thought of that meal later, it seemed to be only a nightmare. His every attempt at conversation with his wife had been snubbed. Liz chattered prettily with the children, and asked questions about their friends, their pets, and their school. To their every remark, she exclaimed, "How nice" or "What fun." When the

children began to gobble their food, they were told sweetly to be "little ladies and gentlemen."

Thus it continued all week. The children were "encouraged" to help their parents about the farm. Little Janey was dressed up in starched dresses every afternoon; and every night, going to bed was a different game.

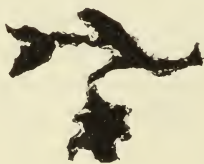
But the results were not what Liz had hoped they would be. The boys gobbled their food more than before; Janey protested violently to the starched dresses; and one night, she deliberately spilled her milk on one of them.

The crisis came, however, on Saturday, when six-year-old Billy had a tantrum when he was politely asked to "go gather the eggs for Mama." Liz thumbed frantically through the great orange book, and cooed gently to Billy, promising surprises and offering every type of psychology ever thought of by the author of *Disciplining and Improving Children through Psychology*. The tantrum did not break, however, until Will entered the room, and seeing what was happening, yelled at Billy to stop screaming and get up off the floor. Billy got up quietly and left the room. Will glanced at his wife and followed his son.

Liz stood motionless for some time. She felt as though her life had suddenly become very useless. She glanced down at the book which she still held in her hand, and slowly turned it over. Her heart beat heavily, and in rhythm with its beat, she said over and over to herself, "It's no use; it's no use."

The room seemed frighteningly quiet. Liz walked quickly across the room and unlocked the glass door of the bookcase. She glanced once more at the book she held, and deliberately slipped off its orange jacket. Then she squeezed the book between two dusty ones on the bottom shelf and closed the door. The key turned with a decisive click.

NANCY GRAY '50



Our Rock Garden

There is a wood behind our house, in fact, now it is almost a jungle. Originally, when we built the house about eight years ago, it was a charming grove. Cedars and maples entwined their roots in fantastic shapes over moss-covered rock ledges; the ground was carpeted thickly with old leaves; wild flowers grew in abundance; birds sang blithely in the branches overhead. Mother was delighted. What a perfect place for a rock garden! We could have picnics there in the cool shade on sweltering summer days.

Immediately we commenced work. We transplanted moss and baby pines from the country, and someone recommended a growth called "hens and chicks" as just the thing for rock gardens. "Hens and chicks" are small, round, cactus-like plants that multiply rapidly. In order to make room for these additions, we uprooted great quantities of a three-leafed plant. A day later we discovered our folly when we all broke out in agonizing, itching blisters. We had tampered with poison ivy and our entire family was extremely susceptible.

Temporarily, nature lay undisturbed as we recovered from our malady, but before long our enthusiasm was renewed. We considered means, safe to our own welfare, of exterminating the poison ivy. Spraying at first seemed the solution, but the potent mixture killed not only the poison ivy but all the plant life in the area, and even ate the bark off the trees. Clearly we would have to have the poison ivy pulled. Dad hired an illiterate Italian who claimed immunity and, although he did rid us of the poison ivy, the fellow was endowed with an extraordinary amount of energy and uprooted all that came within his grasp, including the "hens and chicks." Thus our botanical poultry ended its short existence.

The next step was to thin out the scrawny baby maples that had been stimulated into amazing growth by the recent rains. We pruned and chopped, but no matter how many young trees we removed there were always more unsightly saplings and shrubs.

Finally, when we were about to set the date for the first picnic, we noticed the presence of flying insects. They were the mosquitoes. They came on in tremendous swarms, buzzing and biting. They unmercifully attacked any human who ventured within their

domain: the woods. Dad inquired about the possibility of draining their breeding place, the swamp, just off our property, but found that the process would involve considerable expense, as a ditch would have to be dug and a pipe laid a quarter of a mile long. We abandoned that idea and resisted the mosquitoes with occasional flit gun bombardments and quantities of "keep away mosquito" ointment.

Year after year we would continue, rather half-heartedly, our plans for the rock garden. Somehow the poison ivy, the mosquitoes, and the constant thinning necessary dampened our spirits and gradually the idea disintegrated. Now, in early spring, one can, with reasonable ease, clamber down over the rock ledges and spot a few clumps of hepaticas and trillium. However, by mid-summer the woods have become impregnable. Flourishing young maples have allied themselves with six foot brambles to block all possible entrances; the poison ivy has returned en masse; healthy, luxuriant green leaves send off steaming heat rays; and the mosquitoes breed in peace.

We spend the sweltering summer days on the screened porch and limit our gardening to tomatoes and gladioli.

JANE POPE '50

Defeat

"You cannot take him!"

I cried.

I beat my puny fists

On the strong arms of the men.

"You cannot, you cannot!!"

My heart hammered,

Fighting against its prison of flesh

And bone.

The sun beat on our bare heads;

I felt sick to my stomach with heat

And dust,

And man smell,

And horse smell.

"You mustn't, you dasn't!!"
The men looked on, their faces hard;
Duty their first and only thought.
I stood before the colt,
Shielding him,
Knowing I only held off what was to be.
My eyes were hot and dry,
Part blinded by the sun.
My mouth was clogged with dust,
My throat taut with tears, hate,
And fear.

"It's late," said the first man.
"Hurry," said the second.
"Don't fight, little girl," said the third.
I stood aside.
I was conscious of a dull ache within
Where my heart should have been.
They loaded him on the van,
Locked the door,
And started the motor.
I could hear the colt give one whinney
And settle down.
They drove away.
I watched,
Sick with defeat.

RUTH GARDNER '53

Once in Summertime

The day is hot and muggy;
There is no breeze,
No breath of coolness in the air.
The crickets make no noise.
The only sounds are those of the bees
As they drone homeward to their hives,
And the suppressed murmuring of the brook
As it lazily flows toward the river.
The whole world is waiting,
Is hushed and tense in its waiting.

CAROLINE BENEDICT '53

Patrulla

Down through the valleys he could hear the sound, and his years of experience told him what it meant. He was standing by the sled when he heard this sound, so he automatically put the skins on his skis, tied his first aid kit around his waist, and started up the long climb. As he climbed higher and higher, he became perfectly oblivious to his surroundings and the beauty about him; his mind turned back wearily to the day two months ago when he had started his then thought glamorous career as a ski patrol.

Ricardo had then been a penniless young man from a good family who thought working was below him. Somebody had told him that a job as a ski patrol was open in some resort. Although the job didn't pay any money at all it was still an opportunity to practice his favorite sport as well as receive meals and lodgings free. He had immediately been accepted on the basis that he had been a champion skier once.

Ricardo was elated, for here was a big chance, he thought to himself. Now he could ski free of charge, meet charming people and yet not be a servant. With his last few pennies he bought himself excellent ski equipment and very stylish clothes. This extravagance did not bother him too much as he comforted himself with the thought that his skiing would be so perfected that he could become professional and in this way make up for this extravagance.

About the beginning of the skiing season, he was asked to be at the resort, so he left his home early one morning in July with his hopes high. After traveling all day he arrived in the mountains late in the evening, quite exhausted. He was met at the station and was taken to an attractive bedroom which was to be his room throughout the season.

Next morning he awoke early and decided he would like to see the hotel, so he took himself on a sight seeing tour. As he sat down to breakfast in the empty dining room, he was speechless! The hotel was fabulous! It had a night club with a famous orchestra, a movie house, ice skating on the lake and the most beautiful lounges he had ever seen! As for the slopes, why, they were magnificent!

Ricardo was ecstatic. He praised the hotel to the manager and said he would be content to stay all season. The manager gave him

his duties which were that he had to be on the slopes by 11:00 a.m. and with one hour off for lunch, which was to be between 2:30 p.m. and 3:30, and he was to be in at 6:00 p.m. He could go anywhere he liked and he was to mix with guests if he cared to do so; also he was to bring those hurt on skis down on a sled to the hotel doctor. Ricardo could not believe that this good fortune had befallen him; this was the happiest moment of his life.

That very afternoon guests started to arrive, most of them young people. Ricardo made friends with them all and, quite soon, he found himself the center of an admiring group begging him to tell them stories of his experiences on skis. He did so and soon found himself very popular; he laughed nervously and hysterically; he couldn't believe it, but he argued to himself, why not? He was good looking, charming and pleasant, and the girls liked him.

The first few days he was the wonder and admiration of the slope; everybody looked at him and his skiing, and Ricardo showed off to the utmost.

About the end of the first week there had been a few accidents, nothing to speak of and nothing to stop Ricardo's training. But as the second and third weeks came more and more of the ski patrol got ill from the altitude; soon only Ricardo was left to take care of the accidents. He did not mind this at first, but as July wore into August it became more and more obvious that there would be no more ski patrol and that he would be left in charge. His social life suffered due to this, but what could he do? It got to the point where he would go to bed after dinner that followed a hard day's work of taking care of accident after accident. Ricardo was sick and he laughed bitterly to himself: here he was, out to improve his skiing and social life, and what was he doing but practicing the snowplow in bringing sleds down? He lost his contacts; he felt like a servant; complaining did him no good; all he could do was to last the season out. He became accustomed to hearing the call down through the valleys for "ski patrol" and then trudging up to the rescue.

As Ricardo now climbed higher and higher toward the Christ of the Andes he thought of his past and gave a bitter grunt. Tomorrow was the last day of the season and what had he accomplished? He couldn't ski any better, he had met no one and here he was, employed

as a servant without even a penny as a reward. He glanced up and saw the Christ of the Andes against the bright blue September sky. Five-hundred feet away a tiny black glob stood out against the cold blue snow, a crumpled mass of suffering humanity. He threw back his head, laughed loudly and sneeringly, the echoes ringing from the valleys below. Then slowly, decisively, he turned his back on the writhing mass and skied rapidly down the steep and treacherous slopes.

VALERIE PURVIANCE '50

Meditations While Behind a Model-T

Last summer, as we were driving through the hills of eastern Ohio, we suddenly found ourselves stuck behind an ancient Ford. As we crept along behind the battered vehicle, only the rear of it was visible through our windshield. From the window of the car poured cigarette smoke, and from the exhaust pipe poured carbon monoxide. Vice and machinery — what a perfect example of our modern age! Man, who is essentially a simple, mundane being, has been overcome by this mechanical, scientific era. The octopus-like arms of machinery have reached out and encircled him. Soon they will choke him, if he is not cautious.

Man, in a violent attempt to escape this overwhelming thing, has turned to vice. Thus, he is caught between two alternatives: either he must become enslaved to machines, or he must become corrupted by vice. This is a terrifying decision, which must be made. But man, who is literally unable to decide which is the worse of two evils, has become frustrated and neurotic. He goes through life, therefore, trapped between two forces, both of which are continually increasing their pressure upon him.

And, in the end, they put the poor man in a machine-made box, place the box in a machine-dug hole, and top it all off with a machine-carved stone. I am not afraid of this mechanical age, but I do ask that when I die, some kind soul will have enough sense to put my remains in a crude wooden box, made by human hands, put this box in a man-dug hole, and top it all off with a rough cross, fashioned by the hands of a man.

NANCY GRAY '50

A Friend

During the day Tony Ricardi lived on the top floor of his brother's spacious city house. He was cut off from all contact with the rest of the household by the express wish of his brother, Emanuel. An outside stairway, built especially for him, gave him easy access to the street without disturbing anyone. Emanuel generously provided his aging, isolated brother with clothing, food, books and drawing materials. These were brought to the top floor rooms by a dumb-waiter. Emanuel himself made an appearance once a week to check on his brother's well-being. Yes, Emanuel was very considerate of Tony and he maintained only one stipulation as long as Tony lived, and that was never to appear in front of Emanuel's friends. Tony Ricardi's face was unbearable to look upon. Hideous to all save the exceptionally discerning eye that saw the integrity, intelligence and kindness that lay behind it.

Tony was resigned to his fate. He lived his life accordingly. He went out after dusk and walked the deserted streets alone. He would sit in the park in the evening and reverently enjoy the darkness that protected him from ridicule and misery. Some nights he stayed out till dawn. But when the first glimpses of light crept into the city streets he would sadly return to his lonely room. During the day he slept or read and sometimes, when the previous night had been particularly beautiful, he would be inspired to take up his brush and paint. This was his greatest joy. Through his paintbrush he gave vent to the strange and mixed emotions that filled his lonely mind.

One afternoon, as he sat by his window, his attention was caught by the sight of a colorful group of children playing in the park. They seemed so preoccupied with their game that he deemed it safe to venture forth into the daylight and attempt to get near enough to sketch the children. He hurriedly took his paper and pencils and found an isolated spot behind a tree from which he could view the entire scene perfectly. So absorbed was he in his work that he failed to notice the bright red ball that rolled toward him. A young boy came running after it, but stopped horrified when he saw Tony's face. Then his expression changed and he hollered to his friends:

"Hey, get a load of this guy — boy, have you ever seen such a puss? Geeminy, you'd never make a movie star! Ha, ha, ha!"

The harsh laughter echoed in Tony's ears as he turned away from the scoffing children with tears in his eyes. The hurt had never pierced so deep before. The bitter tears ran down his withered cheek. He faltered toward a bench, sat down, and buried his face in his gnarled hands.

He sat there an interminable length of time and he didn't move until he felt a soft touch on his shoulder. He looked up into the very earnest eyes of a little girl. She smiled and whispered apologetically,

"My friends weren't very polite at all and I'm sorry they scared you away. You were drawing a picture, weren't you?"

Tony nodded.

She continued, "Here it is. You dropped it. I looked at it. You don't mind, do you? I wish you would draw me a picture, would you? Would you, please?" Her blue eyes pleaded.

Tony nodded again and then he spoke.

"I'll do it tomorrow. Any picture you want. Now it's dark and time for you to be home. Show me where you live and I'll walk with you."

Tony stood up and the child put her small white hand in his and they walked home. When they reached her front door she said very seriously,

"You won't forget tomorrow, will you?"

Tony gently said, "No, I'll be there at four."

The happy little child flung her arms around his neck and kissed him.

BARBARA BALDWIN '50

Reunion

With exaggerated care, Mrs. Elliot set the table for dinner, and from each slowly progressing detail one could see that this was to be no ordinary meal. The best china plates, made in Italy with a delicate gold design around the outside, were placed on a hand-embroidered table cloth that had napkins to match. Mrs. Elliot busied herself about the table, and half sang a melody as she worked, but the effect was not gay; instead it was rather desperate and heightened a melancholy look that hovered about her tired face. "Let's see," she murmured, "Bob always loved my baked sweet potatoes

so — I remember he ate five helpings the first time he came home on leave from the army! I think I shall get the potatoes ready now and put them in the oven about six o'clock; he's always hungry so we can plan to eat about six-thirty. The one train that comes into Centerville is due about then so everything will work out just as I planned." With that she flew off and in several nervous movements, selected the biggest and best potatoes that would be used later.

The swinging door from the kitchen into the dining room kept moving constantly that day as Mrs. Elliot thought of one more little thing that must be done to add to the perfection of the evening. She placed a candlestick on each end of the dinner table and decided the effect was just what she had hoped. It gave the two places a cozy, intimate look. And we shall want to talk together, she thought, why — when Bob left he was only a youngster just beginning to look around a bit, nineteen is very young. I never could quite believe that my own son turned into a man just because he put on those khaki pants. He *was* a man, though, when he came home on those two short leaves — his father would have been so proud of him! I was, but I barely saw him then because he was around with the gang so much. But I can't blame him for that — he had to have good times to last him through that one year of hell overseas in the Pacific —

Her thoughts went at random along the paths of Bob's army life until she abruptly came to the conclusion that the happiest moment she could remember was the day Bob wrote, several months ago now, to tell her his army time was at last up and he was coming home, for good, May 5th. Today. She had waltzed around the room then as she read the letter, kissed his picture about a hundred times, and began immediately to make plans for this wonderful day, and especially to plan Bob's first dinner home. He had complained so about the K-rations and army food that she took great pains to prepare a dinner that he could not easily forget. In fact, she had been thinking about it constantly for these past months, and in about three hours it would actually be ready. Mrs. Elliot shuddered and mopped off a few tears that had escaped down her cheeks as she searched quickly for something to do.

The door-bell rang just then and she ran to receive the box of flowers that she had ordered from the florist that morning. They

were carnations, Bob's favorite flower, and she felt he would be pleased to see a bouquet of them on the table. She jumped at the voice of the messenger boy who was making polite conversation, all the while secretly hoping for a tip.

"A big occasion goin' on tonight, Ma'am?"

"Oh, ah — yes, rather," she replied slowly as she drew a quarter from her apron pocket and handed it to the eager-faced boy who then dashed off.

She placed the flowers in a vase and put them between the candlesticks on the table. Though it was yet early, she decided it was time to begin preparing the meal but she hesitated at the thought, as though the whole job were worthless and too much of an undertaking. It was just for an instant, however, and soon her face relaxed as she whispered, "Everything must be perfect, for we'll be together again. This must be an evening to recall old memories, an evening for a mother and son to feel very close for a while — it *must* be that way."

That evening twilight came early and the long screech of the whistle as the train chugged into Centerville station made a lonely cry in the quiet air. A short time after this, at about six-thirty, passers-by in the street outside Mrs. Elliot's house were able to gaze through the window into her lighted dining-room. There they saw a solitary figure sitting alone at a table set for two people and heaped with delicious food. In spite of this, she was not eating, just staring hard and tears were rolling down her withered cheeks. Tears were also rolling down the cheeks of any on-lookers as they saw that Mrs. Elliot seemed to be holding a picture of her son in one hand. One could not be certain of this, however, because an emblem that had been hanging in the window for about a month now, a white background with one gold star in the middle, just covered the spot.

MANDY BOWMAN '50

Personality

With each slight hurricane a piece of gingerbread blows off our house. It isn't a fairy-tale house, just very Victorian.

In winter, when things are quiet, our house is like the palace of the ice queen, its fluted shingles, and frost-ornamented railings silhouetted against the sky. The towers point to the sun like giant icicles in a spacious cavern.

As night falls and the wind rises, the great elm on the side thrashes wildly, but the house is unmoved, stolid.

Purple shadows sneak across its front and the hurrying townspeople scare themselves with imagined likenesses in the fleeting shapes.

When people no longer hurry by, and the tree is still, the house creaks once and settles down.

JO ANNE SMITH '51



Merry-Go-Round

A galloping steed that flew out of the stars,
Plunging and snorting with nostrils enlarged,
Prancing its path in a circle of light,
A little boy's dream, a child's delight.
Now still and forlorn, but a shabby old nag,
(The sun baking cracks on its trimmings that sag)
Forever just ready, but pitifully fake,
A carnival horse — just a wooden remake.

MANDY BOWMAN '50

On Losing Weight

Christmas vacation is rapidly approaching and bringing with it an element of fear and wondering, besides that of joy. "Will I be able to get into my last year's evening dress?" "Have I gained a fraction of a pound since last fall?"

Soon after Thanksgiving most girls settle down (or make a pretense of it) to cutting out sweets, and relinquishing second helpings and gooey desserts. Some very ambitious ones even do slimming exercises and generally make their lives miserable.

Following this silly tradition, about a week ago my roommate tactfully suggested that we, too, torture ourselves for a few weeks.

Not wishing to hurt her feelings and because I can't bear to see her suffer alone (also because I need it more than she, I'm afraid) I somewhat reluctantly agreed, although I would much prefer to be plump and happy.

As we had fallen captive to this barbaric custom, we decided to go into it in a big way and really show some profit. So energetically, at first anyway, we asked numerous well-informed people just what were the best exercises to take off rolls and layers of fat. To complicate matters we got entirely different answers from each one and, as we couldn't possibly do them all, the problem was, "Which is the quickest?"

"And the easiest, too," I timidly put in, but was immediately squelched by the hard-hearted Spartan. Finally we decided to do a different exercise each day. "That way we'll lose a little everywhere and be beautifully proportioned," my patient roommate explained, as I uttered my last feeble cry of resistance.

That problem being solved, another one popped up. As we exercised different muscles every night and none of my flabby frame was accustomed to such violent usage, I was invariably stiff and sore the next day.

"Never mind," my dauntless roommate cried, "maybe exercising isn't the way to lose weight; I think dieting is much more effective! We'll lose weight before vacation or die in the attempt."

"I heartily agree," I assured her; my cynicism was lost to her closed ears.

So a diet it was. We made a solemn pact not to break it and set out upon our chosen way.

Being known as a "good eater," to put it mildly, when I first refused a second helping, my tablemates were amazed; but as most of them were becoming svelte, too, they soon got used to it. But not I. I gazed longingly at trays of food rushing past and even started dreaming about food at night.

Lest my shaky determination plunge into oblivion, my roommate painted glowing pictures of a "new" me, admired by all for liteness. (But take my word for it, beautiful thoughts aren't very filling!)

Having staggered courageously this far along the path of martyrs, we encountered two more setbacks. First, we had a corridor party with delicious cake. I know it was delicious because, studiously avoiding my roommate's eye, I took a piece, a big one too, and ate it quickly. Then, looking guiltily around, what did I see but my enthusiastic taskmaster nonchalantly munching a huge piece of cake herself. "We'll diet doubly tomorrow," she assured me blithely.

But on the next day, I happily received a package of food from my dear mother and at that my iron will crumbled. "We can't let this food waste," I argued, "and besides, what will we do at Christmas dinner? We'll have to eat then and we'll just gain back any weight we lose." Suddenly I decided to put Emerson's sage advice to use and be a nonconformist. "I'm not going to diet before Christmas," I declared firmly and to my happy surprise my roommate slid out of it gracefully by saying, "I guess I'll have to keep you company, I don't want you to have to eat all alone." I was touched.

But to our horror, when we weighed ourselves, just to see how much we had accomplished, we found that we had both gained! I turned away from the scales in disgust and vowed never to diet again.

Now, at least, we're back to our normal ways of life, pudgy but good-natured, and to any who may be thinking of going on a diet, my advice is, "Don't!"

ABBIE EMMONS '51

Fall Calendar—1949

- Saturday, September 24* — School Picnic, Crane's Beach, Ipswich;
Old Girl-New Girl Party in evening
- Sunday, September 25* — Vespers, Miss Hearsey
- Saturday, October 1* — Salem-Marblehead Trip; Senior Class Picnic,
Crane's Beach, Ipswich; The Camerons, Magicians
- Sunday, October 2* — Vespers, The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin,
Minister at Phillips
- Saturday, October 8* — Tea Dance at Phillips; Stunts, Abbey House,
Homestead, and Sherman
- Sunday, October 9* — Vespers, The Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D.,
Pastor Emeritus, First Church in Cambridge
- Friday, October 14* — Margaret Webster Shakespearian Group, at
Phillips Academy
- Saturday, October 15* — Beth Cary, Monologist
- Sunday, October 16* — Vespers, The Reverend Hans Sidon, Lawrence
(Bible teacher at Abbot)
- Friday, October 21* — Movies, "This is Their Story"; "Boundary
Lines", UN pictures; Percy Grainger Concert, at Phillips Academy
- Saturday, October 22* — The Bela Urbans, Violinist and Pianist;
A.A. Hockey Team at the Concord High School, Boston Field
Hockey Association School Girl Play Day
- Sunday, October 23* — Vespers, The Reverend Robert Russell Wicks,
D.D., Dean Emeritus, University Chapel, Princeton University
- Friday, October 28* — Mrs. Hutchinson, Hygiene Lectures, 4:40 for
Preps and Juniors, 7:15 for Senior-Mids and Seniors
- Saturday, October 29* — Tea Dance at Phillips Academy; Halloween,
United Nations Party
- Sunday, October 30* — Rubinstein Concert in Boston; Vespers, The
Reverend James Gordon Gilkey, D.D., South Congregational
Church, Springfield
- Saturday, November 5* — New England Student Government Confer-
ence at Abbot and Phillips; Elizabeth Hopkins, Pianoforte Recital
- Sunday, November 6* — New England Student Government Conference
at Abbot and Phillips; Vespers, Mr. Harry Adams, Yale Divinity
School

Saturday, November 12 — Andover-Exeter Game at Exeter; Stewart Anderson, illustrated lecture, "15,000 Miles in a Modern Covered Wagon"

Sunday, November 13 — Horowitz Concert in Boston; Vespers, The Reverend Joseph Fletcher, Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge

Monday, November 14 — Field Day, awards in evening

Saturday, November 19 — Miss Young and Miss Morse, "Mexico as We Found It", lecture and stereoptican pictures

Sunday, November 20 — Student Recital

Wednesday, November 23 — THANKSGIVING SERVICE, 8:15 p.m.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24 — THANKSGIVING

Saturday, November 26 — Tea Dance at Phillips Academy; Movies at Abbot, "Young Mr. Lincoln"; Kate Friskin, Pianoforte Recital

Sunday, November 27 — Boston Symphony Concert; Vespers, Dr. Frank Ashburn, Headmaster, The Brooks School

Saturday, December 3 — Movies at Abbot, "Centennial Summer"; Abbot "Singing Pops"

Sunday, December 4 — Vespers, The Reverend Roy Pearson, Hancock Congregational Church, Lexington

Saturday, December 10 — Movies at Abbot, "Keys of the Kingdom" Senior Play

Sunday, December 11 — Vespers, A.C.A.

Thursday, December 15 — Christmas Service, Miss Hearsey

Friday, December 16 — A.C.A. Christmas Party for Andover children; Christmas Dinner and Carol Service

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17 — CHRISTMAS VACATION BEGINS

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1950 — CHRISTMAS VACATION ENDS at 6:00 p.m.



The Abbot Courant

June, 1950

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The ABBOT COURANT

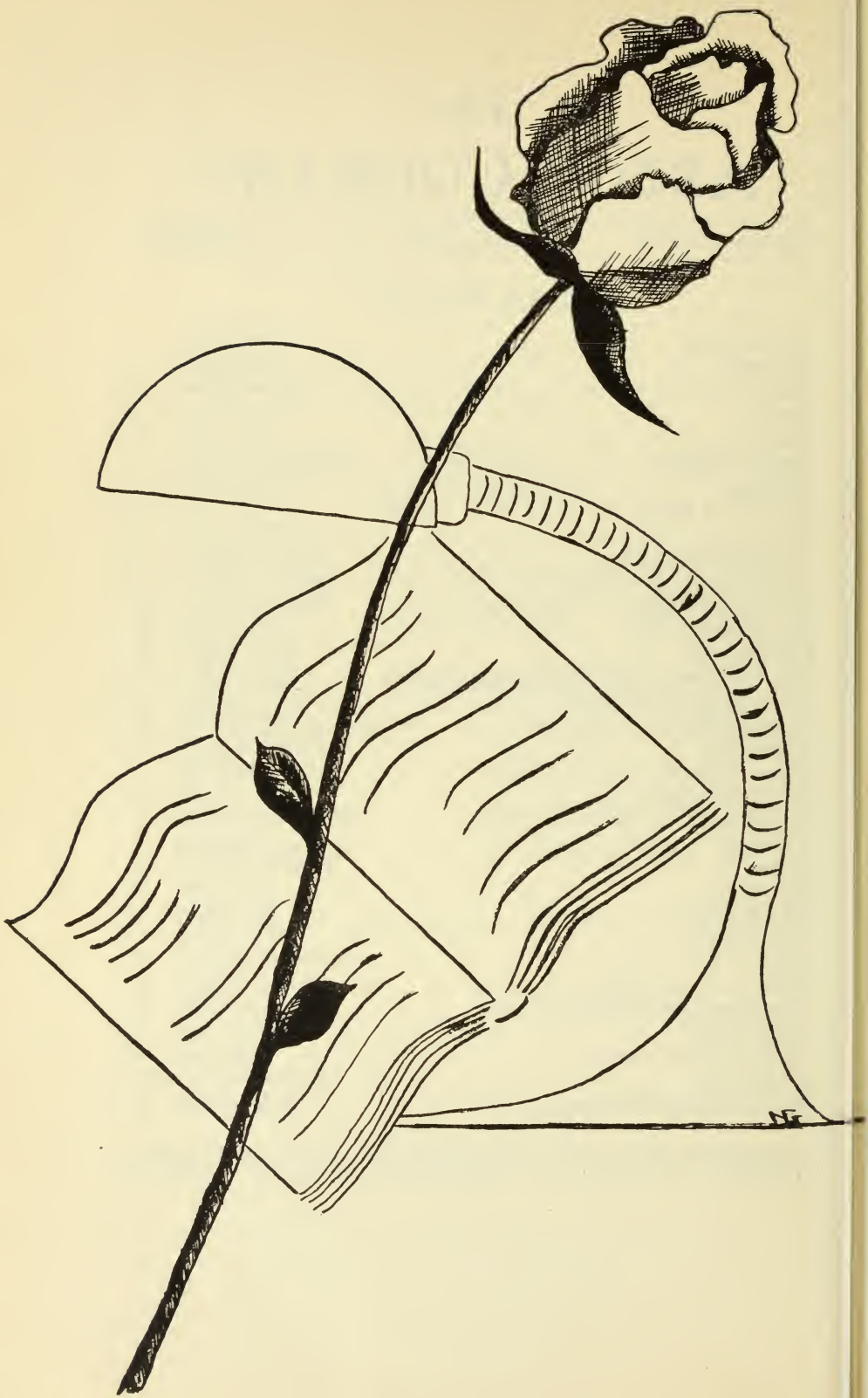
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Editorial

Just a short while ago an experiment was tried here at school. The idea is not new, but was temporarily pushed aside during the past few years. I am speaking of the essay type of College Board exams.

Until quite recently, College Boards contained mostly thought questions. Use of this type of question was gradually lessened until, at the present time, it is practically non-existent. The examinations now consist almost entirely of multiple choice tests. The student merely has to write down a letter or number on an answer sheet. Granted, a test of this type is not so easy, for it takes knowledge to be able to choose the right answer, nonetheless it leaves the student dissatisfied. He is never required to express himself. He merely ascertains the truth or falsity of someone else's idea. The goal of the present system seems to be to accomplish everything in the way which is the most time saving and involves the least work. There is nothing wrong in these aims. However, it is an unfortunate truth that too often such methods omit other necessary and worth-while factors.

I feel that some of the speed and ease of correcting afforded by the present type of tests could be sacrificed for the sake of a little more time spent in developing fewer questions but ones leading to answers indicating thorough understanding of the subject. This idea often leads to the criticism that fewer but more thorough answers show only specialized knowledge, and the ability to answer this type of question does not prove that the student is well acquainted with the whole of the subject. But I maintain that a little information in each part of a particular field is also no indication of real knowledge, for the type of student who knows a little of everything very rarely knows enough on any one point to prove valuable.

There is another criticism of the essay type of test; namely that the student has the opportunity to "beat around the bush." This term usually means that because he does not know the answer, a student subtly introduces another topic about which he is well informed and writes at great length, thereby trying to deceive the examiner into giving a good or at least a passing mark. This criticism is really quite unnecessary, because anyone correcting such an exam would

certainly be well enough acquainted with the methods of students to see through this plan.

There is, I believe, a far greater chance that an indifferent student could succeed on the objective type of college board exam. A very good opportunity is presented for guess work. No one, correcting a paper, no matter how clever, could tell if the student actually knew the answer by a single number or letter. Perhaps fate is never so kind, but there is a possibility of a very good paper on such an exam being the result of haphazard guessing. Multiple choice tests are obviously not a fair means of testing the student's ability.

These are some of the many reasons why I am very much in favor of the revival of the old type of College Board examinations. It is also encouraging to realize that perhaps this trend is not only manifested in the field of education, but also reflects the feeling of the time. People at first swept away by the progress of the modern world, are at last beginning to realize that progress consists not only of being able to push buttons and make machines do work for us, but also of using our own minds to help create a better world.

GEORGETTE DAVIS '50

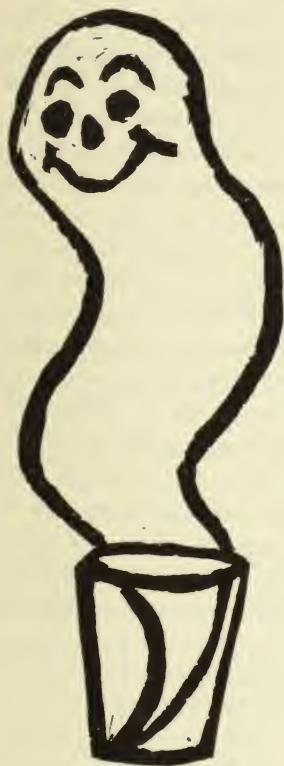
The Rain

Leaves winged with moving silver.
The rain drums down and down
And down;
A liquid stoic drumming with his fingertips,
Beating a musical rhythm;
Monotonous.

Close greyness edged in black,
Weeping and yet not sad;
Hypocrite
To weep with wailing winds;
Stinging tears falling, falling,
Endlessly.

TOVE DITHMER '50

"Cynthia"



When I was about twelve years old and at school in New York, I became fast friends with a girl named Cynthia. When I think back upon her, I suppose she was normal in most ways, or at least she appeared so to outside observers. But there was, within her, one overwhelming eccentricity: Cynthia was a spiritualist.

I didn't really realize this about Cynthia when I first knew her. She seemed a tall, thin, amiable girl, who giggled a lot and who had a simple adolescent obsession for dogs. She talked of dogs, drew pictures of dogs, and dreamed of dogs. (Once or twice I even caught her pretending to *be* a dog, but I never held it against her.) She was also quite talented, and drew charming little pictures of animals which were often printed in the school magazine. In short she was, from all outward appearances, a normal, intelligent girl. At least I thought so at first.

When I had known Cynthia for about a month, she invited me for a week end to her house in Riverdale. Here her family owned a huge, luxurious country home, flanked by lawns and trees and two lakes. It was really the most splendid house that I have ever seen — sprawling immensely about the lawn. There were many great two-story rooms with massive furniture and rich decoration. Every inch of its polished mahogany woodwork was kept gleaming by a staff of rigid butlers who were always around when one wanted them. In fact, a good deal of the life in the Delafield home was infested by these butlers. They opened doors, polished furniture, and served magnificent dinners at the table. Among them moved Mrs. Delafield, like an imposing monument, and Mr. Delafield, like her

small shadow. And of course Cynthia, like some sort of spook. Cynthia, being affectionate and rather spoiled, found it amusing to annoy the butlers by poking them when they were serving at the table, or pulling their coat-tails when they passed in the hall. If this was perceived by her mother, a word would silence her, and all facetiousness would cease. Mrs. Delafield, in truth, ruled the household. All were under her power, including me, as one of the week-end guests. And I was not one to question her authority. Only Cynthia dared to do that.

So, the first evening I was there Cynthia and I spent sitting gravely on the mahogany furniture and wondering how to entertain ourselves until bedtime. For with all its splendor, the house was a lonely one, and did not provide adequate entertainment for two restless twelve-year-olds. We had gone swimming during the afternoon in one of the lakes, but now that it had become dark the great outdoors was closed to us, and our resources were much more limited. Finally Cynthia got an idea.

"Have you ever worked a Ouija board?" she asked seriously. I hadn't. "Let's try it," she said. "I haven't got one, but I can make one out of cardboard." The spirits, it seemed, would come no matter what the Ouija board was made of. So she took a piece of cardboard and printed the alphabet on it in large letters. Then she got a glass, and turning it upside down upon the board began to rub it around.

"This is to summon a Medium," she explained. I stared. "Now," said Cynthia, "put your fingers on it, like this. Just rest them on the edge of the glass. I'll ask a question, and the Medium in the glass will answer it."

"Is there a Medium in the glass?" I asked, peering at it.

"I don't know yet," she replied. "Shh." We both placed our grubby fingers on the glass and sat for a moment in silence. Then Cynthia said,

"Is there a Medium there?" There was no answer except a floor board creaking somewhere in the house. She repeated her question, this time a little louder. We waited. Then slowly, ever so slowly, the glass began to move. I jumped.

"It moved! It..."

"Shut up," said Cynthia. "It's working. Just leave it alone." The glass moved to Y, then to E, then to S. Cynthia looked at me triumphantly.

"See?" she asked. I was astounded.

"You pushed!" I accused. She stared at me, shocked.

"Would I ever lie to you?" she asked, in a grieved voice. I immediately felt rather ashamed to have doubted the poor girl and hastily assured her that I trusted her implicitly.

"Let's work it some more," I said. So we sat in that huge, empty room until about midnight, working the Ouija board, and of course by that time we had acquired an amazing amount of information about our Medium. His name was Larry Zimmerman, he lived (or had lived) in Wisconsin, and had died about five years ago. He was in the intermediate stage that Mediums go through — between the end of one life and the beginning of another; and this, for some reason, gave him great powers of prophecy. In fact he was such an influential Medium that before long he and Cynthia had convinced me that there was actually such a thing as reincarnation. Perhaps the most joyful moment came when he told Cynthia that in the next world she would be an Irish terrier. Cynthia was so overjoyed that she clenched the glass in her hand and banged it up and down on the floor.

"Oh, Larry! Thank you..." she began happily, but suddenly, as we sat there, the glass began to wiggle back and forth under our fingers.

"What's the matter?" we asked simultaneously. And at that the strange little haunted orange-juice glass moved around to these words: IT TICKLES.

Fun had been fun, but this was too much. We sat back and stared at each other, then at the glass, then at each other. Finally I quavered, "Let's go to bed."

There was no sign of disagreement from Cynthia so we hastily left the room, leaving the innocent-looking cardboard and glass in a heap in the corner. We ran upstairs, silently undressed and got into bed. Finally I said frightenedly,

"I didn't know Mediums had *feelings*!"

"They're awfully amazing," Cynthia said. "My mother had a Medium once (by this time I had gathered, wrongly or rightly, that Cynthia's whole family were spiritualists) and she brought him to the dinner table. She thought he'd just be satisfied to sit there and wait for her while she ate, but when she went to the Ouija board

after supper, he sulked and said he was hurt because she hadn't fed him anything. All he would say for the rest of the evening was, 'I'm hungry!' She couldn't get another thing out of him." We lay in the dark for a while, shivering. I didn't say anything because I didn't trust myself to speak.

"Another time Dad was communicating out in the back yard," continued Cynthia. "I suppose you shouldn't communicate with a pipe, but anyway he was doing it. He was sitting at the Ouija board, just holding his pipe, which was lit. He happened to look down at the pipe, and the ashes GLOWED, and he hadn't touched it. Then a puff of smoke just came out of the air, from nowhere. He said he never could. . . ." Suddenly she stopped.

"Nora!" she whispered, grabbing me. "Look at the foot of your bed!" I broke out in a cold sweat, but forced myself to look. There was nothing there.

"What's the matter?" I chattered.

"Don't you see a little blue thing? A little blue wispy thing?" she insisted. I peered, but I still couldn't see anything.

"I think," said Cynthia slowly, "that it's Larry."

"But how could he escape?" I asked. She was silent a moment.

"I think. . ." she said with frightening deliberation, "that I KNOCKED THE GLASS OVER!"

This was the end. I grabbed the bed clothes and flapped them wildly up and down, in a hysterical effort to dislodge the persistent Larry. Cynthia protested, I flapped, and finally I screamed,

"I won't have spirits sitting on my bed! I won't! I won't! Get off! Get off!" And, at the very peak of my outburst, the door was flung open, and there stood Mrs. Delafield.

"What is all the noise about?" she asked. Neither of us could reply. I sat on the bed and shook. "Why, Nora! What's the matter?" she added, seeing my pale countenance. "Are you sick?" I continued to shake, and Cynthia muttered something incoherent about my unfortunate nightmares. Then I was given some tea and put to bed in the next room, supposedly to calm down. The rest of the night was spent in comparative ghostlessness.

The next day I left the Delafield house forever. Driving back to the city with one of the rigid butlers, who had somehow become a chauffeur, I asked him with forced casualness if he believed in Mediums. He laughed.

"Has Miss Cynthia been scaring you with her spooks?" he asked. "She tried that on me, once, but I never put any stock in it. I wouldn't worry about it." We drove along in silence for a while. Soon we reached home and the car drew to a halt.

"But those things are funny," he continued thoughtfully, "I got a Medium one evening, and I could have sworn the thing followed me to my room. Couldn't get to sleep for the longest. . ."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I was out of the car, up the front steps, and pounding on the front door.

"Mom!" I cried. "It's me! Let me in! I'm home!"

NORA JOHNSON '50

Reality

Time is either past or future.
I have said that; I have read that.
It is gone, it was,
And it is nothing more.
Or it will be.
Past replaces future, always, bit by bit.
There is no in-between.
A long freight train, cars pounding by a crossing,
It does not end or stop.
It will be, or it has been.
Such is time.
And it is nothing more.
Past is remember; future, hope.
Memories and hopes, that is all there is.
Hopes are only hopes because of memories.
And there is nothing more.
Memories are fragments,
Elusive wisps like milkweed on a breeze,
Or cotton candy.
They are nothing more.

JANE POPE '50

Temper, Temper!

"Come on, hold that temper!" So that's what you'd say. No, you are all wrong. Curb it and you'll have a smothered personality. Put it to good use, fellow temper-tantrumites, and you shall satisfy your desire to punish the outside world and at the same time you will be an asset to your community.

I shall give several circumstances which prove that tempers can be wisely handled:

The other day I sauntered into a room whose occupant was vigorously crashing a mop under the bureau. Perhaps she figured that she was doing a double duty by polishing the surface dust under there and at the same time shaking the dust out of the mop, thus preventing the long trek to the dust chute. I believe however that I saw through her lively mop routine. Someone's curt remark had pinched her pride or perhaps her family thought it wise for her to remain at school this term without a weekend. Well, hadn't she been hurt? Then why not an eye for an eye? The mop was at hand so she stumbled to the closet to fetch it. Certainly her roommate wouldn't mind, so her job was begun. By chapel she was bobbing to and fro among her friends as happy as a lark. The incident not only resulted in her regained happiness, but it made their room for the first time the proud possessor of a "very neat" note.

This system works equally well in situations outside of school. My father, who, I believe, is a pretty level-headed person, frankly told me once that the only time I did a quick, efficient job was when I was frothing at the mouth. It was a pleasure to watch me work, said he, during one of my frequent frantic moments.

I find too that my point is illustrated in a certain article which I was reading recently in one of the magazines that women swear by, an article about how America lives. A mother, who had written her life history in order to receive a new wardrobe, hair style, and vacation, from the magazine's pay roll, said that she had solved the tantrum situation with a few smooth replies consisting of four wise words. If Suzy's big rubber doll fell off the shelf and hit Suzy's foot, her whimpering and ugly chatter were quieted by mummy's simple suggestion, "Well, spank it, Dear." And if Johnny tripped headlong over a chair, his sage mom would yell, "Kick it back, Son!"

Try this method yourself by making the nearest wall, lamp post, mud puddle or Kleenex box a human being and giving it the rough treatment you have just received. A kick or heave will be sufficient. This method, if properly guided, will develop something constructive out of an otherwise nasty, bothersome habit. Instead of becoming a brutal and unmanageable person, you and your mop will be frequently swishing about and your knitting and hobby clubs will have a proficient, quick contributor, for needles get a lot of chafing when they are producing a sweater, and a piece of wood on the way to becoming an ashtray gets its tummy dug into more than once. Come on, tantrums, now's your time to have a field day!

MADELEINE KIMBERLY '51

Baggage

If heavenward well-loved objects could be brought
A strange assortment would accompany me,
A few to train the hand, a few the thought.
Of earth, a sweet remembrance, these would be.

The smell of chocolate cake, a lilac spray,
To make me think of home, and sultry Spring,
The sound of planes at night, which heavy sway—
All these, to that celestial spot I'd bring.

With catboat sleek, I'd sail the heavenly sea,
For 'tis a thing too dear, not to be sent.
And now, the need for music I foresee,
So our piano shall fill my intent.

This is a wish which cannot be fulfilled,
So we must be content with what earth's willed.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

Norwegian Easter

Soon it will be Easter again. It used to mean so much; it does not mean much to me any longer — only longing and homesickness. Wonderful memories of the Easter at home come before me, but I cannot go home, not yet.

The disappointment last year over the American Easter, I will never forget. Some girls said casually, "Sunday is Easter." When I asked what we were going to do, they looked up at me, shrugged their shoulders and said, "Don't know. Go to church probably, and eat Easter eggs."

That was what we did. We went to church in the morning, came back and ate the Easter eggs, and went to church in the evening again. Not that I object to going to church, but it was just — well, a disappointment. That evening I wrote letters to my friends at home, asking them to think of me in their Easter vacation. Then I sat down and buried myself in memories of last Easter.

The Norwegian Easter is something special and something wonderful. Everybody goes up in the mountains and skis and has fun. Months before the Easter vacation some of my girl friends and I, eight altogether, had decided where to go, and made all plans. We were going to a place in the mountains named "Sjusjoen." A cottage had been rented. It was a small cottage, we had heard; some of us would have to sleep in sleeping bags on the floor. What fun! The excitement at school the day before vacation was great. The class would have a contest: "Who would come back with the best tan?"

Easter vacation starts on the same day for everybody. The station is crowded with people. They all have knapsacks and sleeping-bags on their backs, and skis in their hands, and they are all very happy and excited. There are never enough trains or enough places on the train for everybody to sit. Therefore you have to be at the station early.

We came at seven o'clock in the morning. The train was to leave at eleven, but the line was long already. We were going to one of the most popular places, and nobody would risk not getting on the train. We sat down on our bags in the line, waiting. At twelve o'clock, we were still sitting there. It was just the usual speed; we didn't mind too much. At one we were on the train, and were off on the vacation.

In Norway we have trains with small "rooms" with eight seats, and a corridor outside these. The seats were, of course, all taken. What could we expect! We sat down in the corridor with our bags. Soon the corridor was crowded also. So many happy people! They were all going from their work and worries to fun and play. We were like a big family. Everybody was speaking with everybody else. Somebody had an accordion and played popular songs. Some people sang, some played cards, and some just made friends. We did all the three things, as we stayed on the train for six or seven hours. Sometimes the conductor would come through the corridor, shouting, "Please give room for the conductor to pass!" Nobody had any room to give, but that is the trick of a conductor: he always comes through.

From the train, we changed to a bus. For one and a half hours we drove. The bus mounted one hill after the other. As we came higher and higher up, the trees became smaller and more crooked. Then, at last, we were on the top. We looked down on the place where we were to stay. It looked like a town, hundreds of small square cottages were lying in a valley in the middle of the mountains. As far as we could see there were mountains, snow, and sun, and happy skiers.

We had to climb quite far up on the mountainside to get to our cottage. We were overjoyed to see it. It was the most beautiful brown timber cottage, with a flat roof and square windows in which the setting sun was reflected. The cottage was small and cozy. There was a sitting room with a huge fireplace and low easy chairs around. In a corner was a long, wooden dining-table, at which to dine, in another corner, a sofa. Then there was a small kitchen with a wood stove, and two bedrooms. We counted that three of us would have to sleep on the floor.

At once we started to put everything in order. We opened the doors to get in the fresh air. We unpacked the food from our knapsacks, and for every specially good dessert we screamed and danced with joy. Bread, butter, meat, fruit, a little chocolate saved up from the last two months' ration — everything was put up on the shelves. Soon a fire was burning in the stove, and big kettles of snow were put on it. We had no other way to get water, but that made it only more exciting.

Some time afterwards, we would have our dinner at last. The appetites were as big as our energy had been, although the meat

might have been a little burnt and the dessert too sour. In the evening we were so tired that we were thankful for having nothing more strenuous to do than to sit around the fire making plans for the coming days. We went to bed with the wonderful thought that we had seven days, a wonderful long time.

The next day the vacation really started. We all knew the place from years back, and we met our friends from other Easters. We knew we would find them near by. Down where the buses stop there is a restaurant, and there everybody gathers both in the daytime and in the evening. We might end up there after a long ski trip, for instance. Skiing was, of course the most popular occupation there. We went on long trips of six or seven hours, starting in the morning and walking on with some high mountain-top for a goal. The sun shone, and the wind blew, giving our faces the tan that we were longing for. From day to day, from trip to trip, we examined ourselves in the mirror to see the progress in the tan. After having reached the top of "our" mountain, we found a nice quiet place, broke off some branches of a dwarf pine to sit on and took up our food. The food may have been squeezed and flat after some unfortunate falls, but it always tasted good!

We came back in the evening, tired and happy, and made ourselves some food on the stove, or we ate something cold, directly from the box it came in. There were no rules, you were your own master. Everything was just as you wanted it to be. After dinner we sat before the fire and spoke and sang, or we lay flat on the floor and played cards. All the time we ate more food, more of our good deserts, made fudge and so on.

If we did not want to ski one day, there were other things to do. Often we went up on the roof with blankets, books and the victrola, and took sunbaths up there. It was nearly as hot in the sun as if it had been summer. The cottage was in the middle of a hill, and people used to be very pleased with the popular songs we were playing for them while they were struggling up the hill, with the sun roasting their backs. They would stop to hear some of the songs, and, afterwards, they would applaud and go on with new energy.

Often our friends from the other cottages would come over on our roof too, and we would have a regular roof-party. Some of these friends we knew from other Easters, but also, much of the fun was

that every Easter we met so many new wonderful people. Common for them all was the fact that they were good sports, fond of skiing and happy. Often they would come over in the evening to speak and dance. The cottage dances were so much fun! There was one almost every night that we would go to if we wanted. We could dance the whole night through. Nothing was prohibited; it was Easter vacation. Often we all would go out skiing again, skiing in the moon-shine. Strange shadows would stretch out from the small, crippled pines, and the snow would be shining silvery, reflecting the light from the moon. And we would walk for long times without speaking, breathing in the fresh air and enjoying the atmosphere of a beautiful Easter night.

Often we took evening trips to the restaurant. The restaurant was always full of people. We were sitting around at the small tables drinking juice and "Cokes." Somebody played an accordion and everybody sang. The pipe and cigarette smoke lay heavy in the room; through it we saw happy, laughing, singing faces. But at eleven o'clock the restaurant was closed. We might end up at some other cottage to dance and continue with the fun, or we would be sensible for once and go to bed early, to enjoy the morning and next day the more.

Days like those go fast. It is not surprising. The last days we would sit on the balcony of the restaurant after a ski trip and see our friends make ready to leave. One cottage after the other was closed. The shutters were put on the windows, and we waved good-bye to our friends. Most of them we would not see again before next Easter.

The day for our departure came also. At the last party, the evening before, we had finished up our food; it was amazing to think that all our provisions were gone. The cottage was cleaned and tidied, except for our knapsacks which were not quite packed yet. We sat for the last time around the fire, for the last time, until next Easter, we told ourselves. The next Easter I was not there.

In the morning we took a last glance at the cottage which already had become like a home to us. The shutters were put before the windows. The cottage looked dark. We locked the doors and left, feeling sad and wanting to stay.

The sadness disappeared, however, when we came to the station. It was too exciting! It was the last day of vacation; we heard that

the train was perfectly "stuffed." Rumors were spread that the train had passed the last station without stopping, there had been no place whatsoever. And when it came, we saw that half of the ones waiting would not get on. The train looked like a Christmas tree, with people everywhere.

That day we sat seven hours on the platform of the train. The conductor was standing for some time between two of the wagons, with one leg on each platform. It was the only place he could get while taking the tickets. We had our last Easter sunbath on that platform, and were covered with soot and ashes from the train. On the first look in a usual sized mirror again we said: "What a tan I have!" After having washed our faces we said: "It still looks pretty good." But the washrag had taken much away. Easter in Norway is the most wonderful experience. Some time, some day, I will go back for Easter.

EVA SONTUM '50

Wind



The wind will find a coward.
 It will seek him out.
 It will pry into intricate niches
 And sweep the wide-flung plains.
 A huddled mound of shingles, clinging to shifting dirt
 Cannot contain a coward when the gales are searching everywhere.
 A coward will cry out —
 The swift gust will grasp him,
 He shall smother in the blind unceasing fury of his panic and the
 wind.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

A Flashback to Six

One of my special childhood delights was our hay stack. It was not actually a hay stack, as I insisted upon calling it, to the utter horror of our farmer, but a straw rick. I had been corrected countless times but insistently preferred hay stack to its official title, just as I preferred the inclusive term pigs to their correct name hogs. These two things, hay stacks and pigs, are closely connected in my memory, for the hay stack was a big golden mound of straw plopped right in the middle of the hog field.

It was not an easy job to approach the hay stack, for first one had to escape the farmer's watchful eye (jumping and climbing was not good for the newly settled straw), then there was a high gate which presented a difficulty for six-year-old legs, and the last, greatest terror was the dreadful family of pigs that inhabited the field. They snorted around in the tall weeds and looked very fierce. If we had only realized then that pigs run at the mere sight of a person how simple our life would have been, but at that time the silly animals presented an exciting but difficult barrier. Because of these "wild beasts," I could never reach the hay stack alone; I must have some cohort who felt more at ease under such circumstances. Usually this cohort took the form of the farmer's son, he being my only contemporary. He was a horribly dirty and stupid little boy, much smaller than I, a fact that kept him quite submissive in my presence, but he did have an aggressive temper with the pigs. He would leap over the gate while I climbed it rung by rung, jump into the pigs' midst while I waited on the top fence rail, scream and make incoherent noises until they all vanished. He then indeed seemed a hero to me, and I would fall into a daydream of some prince charming dispersing bands of charging boars and almost fall off the fence as well.

We always had a race to see who could climb to the top of the hay stack first, and then a daredevil test to see who would slide down the steepest side. I always won in the latter but he always reached the top first; thus we maintained quite a nice equilibrium in our hay-stack existence. One time, to assure my position, I was forced to slide down a side that wasn't even perpendicular; it sloped in at the bottom, if that were possible. I started the feat, and as the top was normal I slid down the hot slippery straw as usual until suddenly, at

a certain point, the surface completely gave way. There was just nothing there to slide on, so naturally I fell to the bottom in somersaults of flying straw. I landed in a soft mound, suffering nothing but a very hurt pride and ruined composure, especially upon looking up and seeing that dirty little face jeering down from the top. My superiority was somehow diminished by that fatal fall and was never quite regained, for he threatened that evening, just as we were ready to go home, actually to run off and leave me to be devoured by the pigs. This was an unwise rub, however, as he discovered too late, for my complete panic led to desperation and as I was sure I could never utter those magic dispersing grunts, I forcibly insisted that I should not be left alone.

Whenever we did play on the hay stack, he, in a typical little boy way, insisted upon jumping and racing and moving every second while I, in a typical little girl way, loved to plunk in the middle of a soft mound, sink down and just look at the sky. Everything visible would be blue, the sun hot, and even the straw prickles felt comforting and close. It was so good just to exist there as my six-year-old mind fashioned exciting dreams that were usually interrupted in the middle by that odious little creature pouncing in on a swish of straw. I would then have to run and dash and roll in the straw as he was doing, but all the while my secret consolation was the thought that next time I could perhaps sneak in without the pigs' notice and have the whole hay stack to myself.

But long before this ever happened the horrid little farmer's son moved away, and the hay stack disappeared, for the new farmer found a much more efficient way to harvest the wheat, which left none to be threshed. So there has been no hay stack since, and the field still looks rather empty as the pigs now snort at random between the tall weeds which scantily cover a lingering yellow spot where the glorious hay stack used to stand.

MANDY BOWMAN '50

Patterns of Early Spring

The black tree naked against the evening sky is
A spider web across the heavens.
Beneath, the ugly blotches of the brown earth form
Grotesque figures in the shrunken snow.

BARBARA BALDWIN '50

Character Sketch

In the midst of French class she suddenly stood up, emitted a shriek, "INSPIRATION!" and disappeared! She raced towards her room, threw her coat helter-skelter, plunked herself down at the typewriter and hacked away.

In Chemistry lab the fiendish glint appeared in her eyes as she slyly suggested adding ten grams of sodium to a pan of boiling water, and disappointment covered her face when the teacher suggested that perhaps it would not be the wisest thing to do.

At a Forum debate she popped up and stated with vigor her opinions on the controversial subject of racial intermarriage. Defiantly she faced the boos of the majority there.

These are just glimpses into the character of the girl who is one of the rare friends I can count on the fingers of one hand.

Life with her is never in danger of becoming dull. It is difficult, though, to be with her if one does not desensitize oneself first; for she is brutally frank and what one might almost call tactless. However it is a comforting thought to know that when others are indulging in flattery she will tell you the truth, however unpleasant.

This unique person that I have been describing may sound overenthusiastic, perhaps a trifle on the crazy side. But I know her well enough to vouch that such is not the case. Her superior intelligence is enhanced by her enthusiasm and insatiable curiosity. Her mind is keen and vital, ever seeking revelations. Each new idea is a challenge to her. Prowling through the dusty corners of a secondhand bookstore and emerging with something as unusual as a thirteenth-century Spanish Bible is one of her pet pleasures. The ideas involved in Russian communism and their effect on the Russian people, the potential power of the H-bomb — these are problems that she will ponder in preference to doing exercise 32 in the Latin book. She will spend an afternoon studying Van Gogh paintings of her own volition. Hers is a contagious vitality that permeates her environment and inspires the dead beings around her. I don't mean to give the impression that she is always involved in intellectual pursuit. If that were the case, she would soon exhaust herself and those around her, for when she pursues something it is with such impatient fervor and determination that all conventions are thrown to

the wind. Often her desire to analyze the heart of a situation and to see the real truth is blocked by snap decisions and a careless attitude. But those are minor faults and particularly common to youth. Even this shall pass.

Her desire to know and her ability to understand are just a part of her many capacities. She is an inventive, resourceful person. Her imagination and emotions fill her with a desire to create, and her acting and writing provide her greatest release. The sincerity and vigor with which she throws herself into the character she is creating give a quality to her writing that compensates for her technical failures. But she is realistic enough to know that she cannot do justice to her talents until the basic mechanics are mastered.

The driving force that prevents these talents from being latent was accidentally revealed to me when she said recently, "Bobby, I feel as though everything is packing up inside of me. I have so much I want to do and say. I feel I have something to give and I can't rest until I've given it. People can't hoard their ideas and talents — it's a trust — we have to use them to our very best."

I watch her when she is absorbed in listening to music or studying a painting or just being outside, and I can see her intense response to those forms of beauty which appeal to her. There was a time when she first heard her best friend play the piano. The music appealed to her and she has been taking music lessons ever since. For though she is not an unusually good pianist, the most philosophical ideas and emotions rise within her during a session with music. It is a joy to those around her to feel the youthful enthusiasm with which she throws herself into those things which challenge her.

I think I admire her most, however, for the strong character she has built and strengthened in spite of insecurity and unhappiness.

It is not an easy thing for a sensitive child whose home has been uprooted, whose parents have gone separate ways, whose loneliness and confusion have been abetted by lack of friends and sympathy, to come through a stronger, wiser person for it. For awhile she was terribly confused, what one might call "a problem child," but with a latent strength she has pulled herself up by the boot-straps and is neither cynical or bitter as one might expect. Oh, yes, there are moments of cynicism; but that seems natural from a child who has had to learn everything the hard way, and they are dimmed by her usual idealistic perspective.

She is not an arbitrary non-conformist, but is very much an individualist. This is witnessed by her strong stands on what she believes right, whether the opposition is led by Mickey Mouse or the Archbishop of Canterbury. It's true she speaks and acts on impulse and there's the rub; she often fails to consider others in her haste, but I regret that many do not realize it is this impulsive, genuine nature that is unique with her.

I can find no definable philosophy behind her, yet she believes in many things and is on the track to finding the answer for which she is searching. This fiendish devil of the chemistry class, this strong individualist, this temperamental artist, holds much within her reach. If she continues to keep her mind keen enough, her spirit searching enough, her heart big enough, she will accomplish inestimable ends. I have faith that she is one of the few who will not fail her trust.

BARBARA BALDWIN '50

The Birthday Cake, or Captain S. Faces the Creeping Moist Jungle

Knife in hand, I stood there.

(Captain S. was a woman, a woman born to command, a woman who had stood watch on a pitching, heaving teakwood deck, feet in a wide stance, as many long nights as the most rugged of men. She was strong as a steel spring or a leopardess prowling the jungle fastness. A ring of bearded, lawless, ragged renegades crowded around her, worshipped her, and feared her. They were singing a chanty for her benefit, and the harsh, discordant voices, many with thick accents, made her proud of her followers. She was aware of tradition, and accordingly extinguished the roaring ceremonial fire before facing the creeping, moist, impenetrable jungle, knife in hand. A lethally curved and sharpened machete gleamed in the torch-light and hung from a scarlet rag bound round her waist, at her slim thigh. Her lithe tanned hand gripped the functional leather handle from time to time and a tense finger flicked specks of dried blood from the burnished blade.)

Yes, there I stood, nervously fingering the cake knife and wondering what size pieces of my birthday cake the assembled relatives would soon demand.

JO ANNE SMITH '51

Closed Eyes

A cactus, straight and thorny,
Hard and dry and hot
As Arizona sun,
Flings up an arm against the indigo sky;
A million others cling and ramble
On the cracked clay ground:
Beauty to some.

A New England church spire,
Virgin white against a blushing twilight
In midwinter;
The skeleton trees stretch bony fingers
Towards the fawning snow
And icy winds:
Beauty to some.

Wheat swaying with breathless winds,
Fields butter yellow:
The barn, a distant blur of red,
Is a refuge of cool darkness
From embracing heat
That chokes the world with dust:
Beauty to some.

Windswept sands bleached white
As a gull's wing;
Shimmering blue, spreading to eternity,
Rises, and with a sudden crash,
Lands dizzily in a foaming calm,
Fizzing with sunlit sparkles;
My hair caressed with sweet salt fingers,
I stand alone,
Loving the sea with a fierce possessiveness
That makes me cry, "All is mine!"
My gaze flies across the waves
To see the surf kiss the golden sands of home:
Beauty to me!

TOVE DITHMER '50

My Constantly Changing Concept of Time

Have you ever listened to a church bell and thought beyond the harmonious and melodious sounds with which it strikes the time of day? Have you ever realized that with each clash of the church bell there passes a space in time upon which no man will ever again set his greedy eyes? Although Man has through mechanical invention developed the power to control most of the rising forces in the world, he cannot have, nor will ever have, the power to control time. And when one stops and does realize that the submissive and doleful yet decisive warning of a church bell marks an hour passed, an hour that no human, however powerful he may be, will ever have the privilege to relive or recapture, one sees the superiority with which time prevails; and one receives an eerie feeling, and resolves not to allow the next hour to pass with so little heed.

Time has a place in my mind equal to that of God, and, as I mature and change my concept of more material things, so my concept of time and God changes with each successive year. Does the ringing of a church bell represent the past, present, or future? The world revolves around time, thus the world revolves around a church bell, but does that church bell represent past, present or future, and, by substitution, which of the three elements does the world represent?

Time is seen through millions of eyes every day, each with a different conception. The child's concept of the past usually extends as far back as the changing of the first noticed season. This is from hot to cold, from water and playing boats, to snow and snow houses; from summer to winter. The child's present includes not only the moment at stake, but the whole day, from sunrise to sunset. His future does not concern the child. As the child matures, so his concept of time widens, and the space between past and future becomes more indefinite and undefinable.

Most young people fall into two types in regard to their attitude toward time. First, is the type who sees the church bell as a material object; second, the type who perceives the full value and the message it wishes to unfold. First, is the group who lives only in the past and present, believing in no future, thus preparing for no future. Second, is the group who lives in the present and the future, preparing for the rewards the future will contain by working wisely toward this goal.

How I should like to belong to the second group of people, but, although I can understand that with the passing of time this gift may come, at present I am admitted only to the first group. However, I believe I am gradually changing, for I understand and regard the church bell as an object of value, because of the message it unfolds; with each passing ring a lost hour in life and time, with each approaching ring a new hour complete with the hopes and desires for success in the future.

Sometimes I look at an old oak tree, and this provokes the same wonder as the church bell. This tree, with its gnarled roots, blooming leaves, and hidden new seeds also is past, present, and future. How far back is past for me? In terms of personal memory, past goes back to the age of three when I recall autumn walks with my Grandmother. In an imaginary sense and a sense of acquired knowledge, past is as far back as the time when the Earth was made to support that oak tree. Present exists for me until the phase of life which I now occupy has passed. My future is a symbol of eternity; and, until there is no more world, no more time, my future will exist.

Yes, I have listened to a church bell and I have felt its message; though at all times I have not had the will to obey, I understand the meaning of past, present, and future. Tomorrow may bring an entirely new essay, but never will tomorrow bring a drastic change in time. As the church bell strikes ten tonight, a day will have passed, a day whose hours are lost materially, but whose hours have brought about gain toward the better understanding of "the constantly changing conception of time."

ANNE DUNSFORD '50

An Adventure in Solitude

Have you ever been alone in the woods after a heavy snowstorm: when the cold air is as thick with quiet peace as the ground is thick with snow; when the only sound is the occasional smothered thump of snow falling from an overweighted limb; and near the brook, even the gurgling water is muffled under a roof of ice; when a rabbit track across your path makes you feel even more alone because there is no rabbit in sight; when you don't like to speak for fear of waking the deep sleep of something?

POLLY PARADISE '51



The Last Cat

The waves roared and dashed against the rocks in fury and the wind drove rain at the windows, the much-needed rain for crops developing in the gardens. But in their Cape Cod-type summer home the Perry family remained cosily by the fireplace. Nanny, the grandmother of the family, sat comfortably in the corner while everyone piled their sewing in her lap, to be sewed in small, neat, old-fashioned stitches by a hand that had served several generations willingly. Mother and Dad had settled down to read some new novels they had not had a chance to read during the sunny and busy days so far this summer. Mother appreciated a chance like this to catch up on her reading, for feeding the children and the cats took up much of her time. In another corner, frequent shouts and violent arguments could be heard from the children engaged in a noisy game of Rummy. Rufus, the youngest, almost old enough to start school, didn't have much knowledge of the game and was beginning to realize that he was being cheated out of his rights by the other two. Katharine, who prided herself in being almost nine, ever so often had violent fits of temper at her older brother's ideas of the rules of the game. Consequently the game did not commence very fast and the players soon became bored.

But the whole family had anxiety in the corner of their hearts — anxiety which they tried to push aside — because the most important member of the family was not present. This was Alexandria, their ten-year-old black and white mother cat, who was about to have kittens. Chris always resented the fact that Alexy was a week older than he, but they all were very much attached to her because of her never-ending loyalty in producing little kittens every six months. She was fed the best of food and was considered one of the

family, never excluded from any of their proceedings. Only several of her nine lives had been used up and she had gone through many exciting experiences. Now Alexy had been absent for several days, which was an occurrence that rarely happened. No one liked the idea of Alexy being out in the storm alone and wet.

Before he was tucked into bed that night Rufy asked his Mother, "When will Alexthy come in, Mommy? Will you wake me when she comes in? Will you, Mommy?"

"Yes, dear. I'm sure she is under someone's house, nice and warm, so don't worry," reassured his Mother, praying in her heart that this was true because Alexy meant everything to Rufy and the other children. Before Mother went to bed she put a dish of milk on the porch in case Alexy came home.

But the next morning there was no sign of her, and the milk had tipped over and had dripped down the cracks in the porch floor. The storm, having subsided, had left branches all over the lawn, and traces of the high tide could be seen. During the morning the children wandered up the shore looking for treasures.

Rufy wandered away from Chris and Kitty and soon arrived at one of his favorite places for hide and seek in the rocks. The tide had piled seaweed, rope and rocks all around. Out on top of all lay a dilapidated white and black cat. Her fur was matted and she was very much disfigured from being washed around by the water. Rufy was dumbfounded because he could not believe that his treasured friend could be dead. In his mind Alexy was immortal and just didn't die like this. It was impossible. It took a while for the little boy to comprehend this before he broke down and raced home to his Mother.

"Mommy, Alexthy's dead!" he cried, weeping bitter tears.

"I found her all drowned!"

The other children rushed out to the spot of the catastrophe. Mother and Dad followed. It was a tragic sight to see the sad faces of the family. Mother suggested hopefully that it might not be the same cat, because it really looked much thinner.

"I'll go get the pictures I took of her," said Kitty, running home. The pictures were almost identical to the cat but she was very mangled so they couldn't depend on the pictures entirely.

"Does she have double toes like Alexy?" suggested Dad.

"They seem to be quite small but I can't be sure," answered Chris. Dad then placed the cat in a box and carried it home to see what Nanny thought of it. You can imagine the dejected family that trudged home. Nanny was sure that it was Alexy and thought she ought to be given a decent burial. For the next few days Alexy remained peacefully under the rosebushes behind the house.

The funeral service was arranged by the children and the place of burial was under some blooming lilac bushes where other treasured cats, birds and squirrels had been buried for the past generations.

The whole family, including Nanny, gathered sorrowfully in the back yard on a beautifully warm summer day to say good-bye to their beloved cat. They sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers" since that was the only hymn that they all knew, and Rufy said a prayer.

"Dear God, bleth Alexthy. And Go — God pleath give Alexthy some nithe friends in Heaven." He broke down and cried all the time the cat was being buried in the dark, cool ground. Nanny then contributed the last prayer.

"Our Father, if Alexy can not be with us in body let her be present in spirit, forever, Amen."

The lilacs bushes rustled softly in the breeze and the distant cries of soaring seagulls could be heard faintly as the family walked slowly back to the house.

ANN SANBORN '52

Realization

She walked among the throngs of people, looked wonderingly at the lights and flashing colors, laughed at the little monkey performing tricks, did what everyone else was doing, and yet she was not one of the crowd. She was a solitary figure, quite alone, a little girl who in reality lived in poverty and dreariness and who found the carnival a fantastic fairyland. Everything was glittering and bright; all around was laughter and excited shrieks; smell of candy, apples and hot dogs drifted in the air, and grotesque but exciting machines loomed up on every side. The hard-packed ground was littered with popcorn, and people were crunching their way from one gay attraction to the next.

She followed the crowd, completely happy in this new-found de-

light. A group of awe-struck people tumbled from a gaping tent opening and the girl stretched to see what was inside. As the flap closed on another crowd she caught a glimpse of a man in a gaudy satin coat who was, as the poster outside insisted, to devour fearlessly, a full-length sword. She laughed a little at this and wandered on — just looking and thinking.

She held her breath as a pompous and wealthy looking gentleman to her right slammed down a bill on the counter of a lucky-number booth, and soon strode away with a big furry bear that he had won on the first chance. She noticed also a tired Mother, who had been standing before the counter a long time, gather up her last few dimes, comfort a disappointed child clinging to her skirts and wearily turn away. She felt a sharp but brief pain at the unfairness of circumstances and fate.

A little further on, a merry-go-round was twirling brightly. The little children riding it looked happy; several were a trifle timid but most waved gayly every time they passed their waiting mothers, fathers, older sisters, or brothers. The girl wished she had a bit of money now so that she might be able to whirl around too but then she felt too old and a little silly. Mostly she just kept thinking how lucky she was to be away from a dark and tired world and in this glitter and happiness. The old man at the entrance gate had been very kind to her, for not many people would have noticed the poor little girl standing in the dark, gazing in at the lighted grounds. This was the fourth night she had stood in the shadows outside and dreamed about the world inside. Yes, she thought, he is a sort of friend now, and soon I must go home and thank him very much as I leave.

She glanced straight up into a circling wheel whose lights made a dizzy pattern against the dark sky. Everywhere against the sky were speeding things, streaming hair, circling boxes, laughing mouths; everything was black and bright yellow, red, blue, and green. A thousand colors jumbled in to one as she stared at the sky until a blink brought the world into focus again.

After a time she realized she must go, must return to her Mother who would probably scold her for having left the dishes undone. Before she started she turned around slowly and looked hard everywhere so that she would remember it all — her different world.

Moving away she was caught up in a crowd of people who surged toward a little tent and poured in the entrance. It was a popular attraction. People were milling about everywhere and apparently she was unnoticed among the crowd. She herself didn't even know how she had gotten into the tent; she hadn't paid, but there she was inside, jostled and pushed, and she decided that she might as well remain for a few minutes before she left. The lights in the tent were dimmed as the attraction was brought forth — a brightly lit box that held a woman. She was a freak, a living person with no lower body, arms or legs. A man was calling her "the only one found on earth" and several people were laughing and poking at her from the front row. She was not even someone, merely some thing to laugh about and forget; no one would ever notice her empty, sad face. The girl had been pushed to the front and could see the half woman plainly; she wished she weren't there; she hated the sight. It was hideous, sad and mercilessly cruel. She did not feel a sudden horror at it all, but more a slow realization and acceptance, a mature feeling. Quietly she left and crept outside again, hating the gawking eyes staring at the pitiful human freak.

Once outside she felt different, older and more alone than ever. Looking around now she saw that there was only grotesque, ugly machinery pitifully disguised by a few gaudy lights; everything creaked painfully as it was loaded with people. The figures didn't even seem real any more, only fools devoid of feelings, laughing and depending on sensations to thrill them. The sky and everything dotting it looked bleak with cold, sharp spots of color. Nothing was real; everything was fake; nothing was sincere; everything was false, superficial. It was not exciting and gay, only disgusting and empty.

She turned to go, and slowly walked to the gate. Her once wonderful world was ruined, but exactly why it had changed she didn't know. She only knew that she felt much older now and much lonelier. At the gate the old man that had let her in was still there, but he looked at her without recognition as she passed near by. He looked old and tired too, in an ugly, sordid setting. She hastened her steps, and as she left the ugliness, she took a deep gulp of the cold, quiet, night air outside.

MANDY BOWMAN '50

The Easter Bonnet

They advertized in bold black print
Which spanned the entire page,
"Whatever you want in an Easter hat,
Come to Ames and Sage."

So I put on my last year's leghorn,
(After straightening the frazzled bow)
And headed down toward the center of town,
To buy a new chapeau.

The crowds were dense. They pushed and shoved
As if to storm a battlement,
But with only one bruise and a scratch or two,
I arrived in the hat department.

It was worse than Coney Isle on Sunday
Or the parties at our flat,
But I elbowed my way to a counter at last
And tried to select a hat.

I tried on blue ones, pink ones, brown ones,
With brims both narrow and wide,
I liked a red one with taffeta trim,
But couldn't quite decide.

Whenever I saw one that looked quite chic
It didn't suit my face;
Or if both these conditions were carefully met
The price was out of pace.

One was trimmed with flowers and shells —
Supposedly quite voguish,
I strained toward the mirror. A vision I caught,
On me it looked horribly roguish.

Finally a feathered one took my fancy
And this I decided to get.
But I found, when I went to inquire the price,
It belonged to a tall brunette.

I had no hat, but my patience was spent
And so I decided to go.
The faithful leghorn could very well do
If I replaced the frazzled bow.

But my leghorn — where was it?
It could not be found.
Before me lay hats of all sizes and kinds,
And mine was lost in the mound.

For Easter morn I've a bright new coat
With shoes and gloves of red.
A corsage of gardenias will add to the show,
But what shall I wear on my head?

PAT BURKE '50

My Brother—Joel

The blond hair, so carefully combed in precise ridges for Sunday School, is carelessly ignored as the little boy sleeps. To be sure, its weekly Sunday dressing is the only time it is not ignored, but to the onlooker, when a little boy sleeps, uncombed hair seems to symbolize all that is natural and innocent. For a brief moment than, it is impossible to remember all the annoying or bad things he did during the day. The brief interlude ends, however, at a quarter of seven the next morning, when, as he gleefully tries to tap-dance to the tune of "Twelfth St. Rag" in the room directly overhead, it is exceptionally easy to recall all the evil the "little angel's" demonic soul can reach.

The "little angel" stands four feet six inches in stocking feet, has blue eyes, and is composed mostly of bones, muscle, and charm. This charm can be turned on and off at will. At home it is usually off, the exceptions being when he wants something, or as I said before, when he is sleeping. At school this charm is apparently what he concentrates on to the detriment of arithmetic and the discouragement

ment of teachers, who think him a wonderful chap. . . and give him C's in their subjects. Joel simply turns on more charm and does less work.

This is the reason for my sarcasm: this eight-year-old brother of mine was mistakenly christened Joel with the hope that the meaning "giver of peace" would hold true. He actually goes out of his way to prove it false.

He loathes work, especially washing dishes. His methods of escaping it are both ingenious and unexpected, ranging from claiming an early Cub meeting to simply walking out leaving very importantly and then running for all he is worth. He will condescend to work at times if he is sure that we are working too; but let one of us shirk and he is upon us in a minute, thumping and chasing up the back stairs and down the front, until the dishes are finished by those not so occupied. Long ago he was appointed to the job of emptying wastebaskets, a job which he loathes, and from which he periodically tries to resign — without success. He will work harder to get out of work than he possibly could in doing it; but after all, one is willing to labor for a principle.

Joel is also in love, although with the idea in mind that he may some day see this article, I shall not tell his girl's name. Unfortunately his tastes are high and his girl is two years and two grades ahead of him. Also unfortunately, he has two rivals who are in front in favor and quite determined to stay there. He is content, however, to worship from afar; and, stranger still, teasing makes him stand up for her even more, instead of making him blush or get mad as the rest of us usually do.

His eating habits are every bit typical of his age. He consumes carrots but never peas, frankfurts but never sausage, and his favorite dessert is blueberry pie topped with orange sherbet, with butter-scotch sauce over all.

For Christmas he received two pairs of boxing gloves, the giving of which was a terrible mistake. No one is safe. Fortunately he also received an unbreakable punching bag or I would have been physically unable to return from Christmas vacation. One afternoon, a friend of his, who is, at the age of nine, equal in weight to the biggest member of any high-school football team, came to visit. Immediately he saw the gloves and declared there must be a fight. They trooped into the backyard, Joel looking rather sad. Ten minutes later, the

friend pounded at the back door, screaming, "Joel's knocked out." We rushed to the window and sure enough. There he was lying flat on his back, his arms stretched out, looking like an awfully pathetic fallen angel. Our hearts leapt to our throats and we leapt to our coats, arrested practically in mid-air by a loud, shrill giggle. Joel and his friend were dissolved in laughter at the fine joke.

As I said before, he is cute when he is asleep.

LEE FLATHER '50

The Melancholy Bird

It was a mournful tune. It was low, but full, and then it faded. Once again it rose and then it was joined by its echo. A bird, whom no one had ever seen, uttered this moan each year in the fall season. The forest in which it lived was bold and exuberant in the spring and summer. In the spring, the brook played upon the pebbles, the pine trees whispered back and forth and its animals freely wandered through the myriad pine-needled paths. Through the summer it played until late August when deciduous trees changed their brilliance into mellow beauty, the brook pounded heavily upon the stones, and animals instinctively began to gather their supplies for the long, desolate winter. It was at this time that the bird expressed, so aptly, their feeling.

This forest was like all others. Its season-wheel brought both joy and sorrow, but the bird was to condemn this forest for many a year. A superstition arose about the bird which promised that all who heard it were cursed with evil deeds. And if one saw it, he was to die, doomed to hell. One of the villages, comfortably settled on its border, was driven far away in panic when the song was first heard. Cagney medicine men told their version of its evil powers, but the melancholy bird sang on. No one ventured near the forest until one day, a boy, intrigued by its summer's beauty, wandered in. He watched the animals play and drink at the stream. At the end of the day he had been bewitched by it, and all through the summer he played among the trees. His going to the forest was against his parents' will and they fled, fearing that his and their life might be taken.

Soon, near and far, the tale was spread that the young boy was as evil as was the bird, so all the remaining villagers too, fled in terror. Left alone to wander through the forest, the boy made his home

among the animals, protected by the trees. On one lifeless, heavy day the bird poured forth his sorrow in song. Its dull drone penetrated his mind and soon he lay relaxed upon the ground. While he lay in peace, the villagers cast spells upon his soul, but none were to reach him. Men danced in wild excitement! Fear had taken hold of everyone and with fear came death to those who, by these mad-possessed people, were condemned. The boy's young family was routed out of its home and burned. All of his relations and those whose habits were somewhat eccentric were named witches and disposed of in a similar manner. Meanwhile the boy, fearless and happy, lay protected beneath the tree where the bird was perched.

MADELEINE KIMBERLY '51

Landings

How blind the builders of modern houses are to the charm of the staircase with a landing! They erect efficient, space-saving, ladder-like structures completely devoid of significance — just a means of getting from one floor to another. But the landing is the focal point of a staircase and gives it special character.

Let us consider the various aspects of life which the landing witnesses. Grandma rested here and caught her second breath while climbing the stairs. When refreshed, she could be heard ascending with renewed vigor, her cane tapping all the way.

This was the family homestead where, many years before, she was married. Just picture the sweet young girl coming down the stairs, eager and tremulous, her billowy white dress flowing behind. She pauses a moment on the landing to lift her head a little higher, and to compose herself for her grand entrance into the parlor where the ceremony is to be performed. The little pause there on the landing gives her the confidence she needs to go forward.

Every morning on his way to breakfast, Grandfather paused to check the time of his big old-fashioned pocket watch with the faithful Grandfather's clock standing guard on the landing. Again every night on his way to bed, he checked the hour with his trusty friend, the clock on the landing. What could be a more fitting place for this ritual than the landing?

It used to be the pleasure of the little boy of the household to make his appearance downstairs by sliding the length of the banister.

This feat was forbidden, but he did it nevertheless, jumping off at the landing and walking sedately for the remaining three steps, as if he had descended the whole flight in this decorous manner. The landing never told on him, but welcomed his eager, pounding feet.

When Grandfather died, the old clock seemed to run down too, and in due course it was replaced by a mirror. Sister's eager feet danced down the stairs and always stopped on the landing while she looked in the mirror to see if her slip was showing, or to steal another reassuring glimpse of her attractive reflection. It took but a moment, yet that little pause on the landing was like a heartening pat on the shoulder.

And when her beau came to call, she always managed to say her last good-night to him at the stairs, she on the landing and he at the foot of the three little steps. She was very artful about this, for she considered this good-night most romantic.

Father descended the stairs in a more leisurely manner, but he too paused on the landing, adjusted his tie, and gave a final pat to his hair.

Then there was the day when Susan fell down the steps. Everyone said she would have broken her neck had the landing not been there. She was found sprawled on the landing, with nothing hurt but her dignity.

And at Christmas time the landing looked so beautiful, for it was such fun to decorate. The banister was wound with laurel and a facsimile of an old English kissing bough hung from the ceiling, waiting for the unwary. So you see, there was hardly a phase of life in the house into which the landing did not enter.

Perhaps people live just as fully in houses where the stairs are without landings, but to me, some of the old-fashioned charm is lacking. When I have a home, one of my positive requirements will be a staircase with a landing, and may it enhance my home as did the one in Grandfather's house.

ANN HIGGINS '50

Hurry

FASTER...faster...faster, there is no time.

HURRY...hurry, life is too short. It is passing by.

There it goes, into the darkness.

Life is too short to hurry.

BARBARA BALDWIN '50

Just Before

Mrs. McCutherton stepped firmly across the hall, stooped to pull the oriental rug a bit to the left and, straightening with a sigh, brushed a speck of lint from a smart black dress. The dress fitted smoothly over a solid foundation — solid because of an armor-like, well-boned corset. Thick legs, the kind that shake just a trace at each step, tapered off, in a most amazing way, to fit into small black pumps. It was amazing, but it gave her distorted proportions, somewhat like a tremendous bunch of "in memoriam" chrysanthemums crammed into any old narrow glass vase someone had found in the second cellar of the church. Mrs. McCutherton's face was just a face: the kind that you can't remember after you've looked away and if a police officer asked you for a description you would say, "She has gray hair and eyes — well — light blue, I guess," but you could say no more. Right now the face had an urgent, harassed expression and the eyes squinted, for she had carefully remembered to leave her glasses upstairs.

The living room had been cleaned that afternoon by Maggie, but Mrs. McCutherton regarded it anxiously. After painfully peering at her watch she gasped and set to work. In a smooth gesture she swept together the sheet music scattered over the piano and perfunctorily dropped it on the floor of a small closet. Flitting an Irish linen handkerchief from her pocket she dabbed fitfully at those few particles of dust that always show up in the late afternoon sun. She lifted the cover of the piano bench and pondered a bit over the various classics.

"Harold," she called to her husband who was presumably in the pantry measuring Manhattans with the customary precision of a chemist, "Brahms or Chopin?" He didn't answer but she hadn't waited, for she was already creasing the volume of Brahms waltzes so it would stay open on the rack.

She squinted at her watch again and in spite of the passage of only a very few moments she gasped again with a near note of panic. Several books, with enticing, colorful paper covers, from one of those monthly book clubs, stood on the large mahogany table by the window. Gathering them up, she deliberately dropped them one

by one behind the set of rich leather-bound, gilt-engraved heirlooms lined in the bookcase. With only a moment's hesitation she selected a handsome volume of Emerson's essays and another of Dante to place conspicuously on the table. Then, leaving only the latest copy of the *New Yorker*, she threw the rest of the magazines, mostly *Posts* and *Ladies' Home Journals* in the closet after the music. She closed the door decisively and surveyed the room desperately. Everything had to be perfect. She was determined not to have one flaw.

She moved here and there around the room, always with the same quick little steps, patting the sofa cushions, blowing and polishing the silver cigarette box, touching the edges of the Renoir facsimile which hung, already quite straight, over the mantelpiece. Even the studied, precise arrangement of gladiolas, over which she had spent at least an hour earlier in the day accompanied by a book, *The Art of Japanese Flower Arrangement*, did not escape a few slight alterations.

Finally satisfied that the room looked as unlined in as the governor's suite in a first class hotel, she hopped toward the kitchen in the same manner as the chickadees hop around the sunflower seeds in the back yard. In the kitchen Harold was now shaking the Manhattans apathetically, munching, equally lazily, on a nut assortment.

"Harold dear," she said, picking a speck off his dark suit. "Don't forget to make sure that. . ." Her voice trailed off as she snatched the bowl of nuts and carried them in to the sideboard. "Oh, and Maggie, when you pass. . . what? There isn't going to be enough bread for the hors d'oeuvres? Harold, can you take the car and. . . oh well, never mind, I guess we can manage."

The gravel crunched in the driveway as the first car arrived. Mrs. McCutherton stood in the hall before the mirror for a last look. She looked tired and probably she was. Her face was dark, not from the shade of her complexion, but from the blue half-moons under her eyes and the lines across her forehead. Her eyes drooped at the corners and in their shallowness there lay a fear and uncertainty. She slid her soft hands up from her temples over her hair. With her two middle fingers she smoothed and arched her eyebrows. The doorbell rang. Her face changed; it brightened. She smiled and moved toward the door.

JANE POPE '50

Ella Frances



Ella Frances woke up with the usual happiness a child has in looking forward to another day. It was early yet, but there was a stirring in the cabin already. Frances sniffed the odor of salt pork cooking and stretched comfortably. She sat up suddenly and swung her feet to the floor. She pulled on her red sun suit over her black body and her attire was complete. She stepped into the kitchen.

"G'mawning, Maw."

"What you doin' up so early, baby?" asked Lila, Frances' mother.

Frances giggled. Though only five years old, she knew when her mother was teasing her. She ran out the open doorway into the clean-swept red clay yard. The sun was warm on her woolly head and the dust made little puffs as she patted it with her foot. Crickets hummed in the flower bed at one end of the yard. The honey-suckle which twined over the broken lattice by the cabin smelled sweet. Frances heard the busy clucking of chickens as they scratched and pecked in the chicken run. She hopped on one foot down the path toward it and let herself in through the sagging gate. In the straw nests she found two eggs, still warm.

"You, Frances, come here, chile!"

Frances hurried to the cabin and gave the eggs to her mother. Her breakfast of oatmeal with a little butter was on the scrubbed wooden table, her milk in a special blue-flowered glass. Her mother sat down with her and drank a cup of coffee. Frances ate in silence. She was happy, she was the center of her universe, there was nothing harsh or bitter in her world.

"Frances, honey, I wants you to wash up and put on your blue dress 'cause you gotta come with me to work dis morning. I cain' leave you in the fields all day, and yo' grammaw's done gone tuh Jackson County on accounta Aunt Ida's took sick again."

Frances was overjoyed. She had been wanting to go back to the

white lady's house since she had made her first visit there at Christmas time and the white lady had given her a present.

Lila and Frances walked up the long, shady driveway to the large white house. To Frances this was the most magnificent structure possible. Not even the ten cent store in town could equal it.

"Frances, you come in de kitchen do'. Don't use de front do'," said Lila as the little girl headed eagerly toward the big front door.

"Why, maw?"

"You know de cook's spouse ter use de back do'."

Frances said nothing.

During the morning Frances played around behind the house. At noon her mother called to her to come and help get the table ready for lunch. Lila handed the little girl the mats for the table.

"Fus' thing you do is set out one mat fo' each pusson, and den count out knives fo'ks an' spoons."

"All right, Maw," said Frances. It was going to be wonderful to eat in the great big, magnificent dining room. Carefully she placed a mat in front of each chair.

"Maw, ain' Miss Eloise got three chillun?"

"Sho."

"Den where's we goin to sit? Dere ain't enough places."

"Honey, we eat in de kitchen by ourselves," explained Lila.

"But doan dey want us to sit in dere?"

"Hush, chile, colored folks jus' don' sit with de white folks."

"Don'dey love us?" Frances' voice sounded as if she were going to cry.

"Sho', I reckon dey do, but you jes ain't good enough ter eat with 'em."

"Ain't we? Why?"

"Hush, chile, run on out an' play, you's askin too many foolish questions."

Frances walked slowly out the back door. She wondered why she couldn't do the things white people could. To her it didn't seem right. No one would explain it to her. Suddenly she wished to be back in her own yard where she was welcome. Wearily she wished the day with the great expectations it had held were over.

LIBBY MOSS '50

Two Hearts

Fire and frost, frozen together
 Forming the heart of an opal.
 Scarlet and saffron,
 Chilled by the indigo
 Statuesque flames formed in stone.

Fire and frost, frozen together
 Forming the heart of a woman.
 Fashioned of ice,
 Fearing the warmth
 Brittle, yet yielding to sun.

LEE FLATHER '50



Grief

Some arrived in bunches; others came alone. Each was wearing clothing of black which outlined the body with marked severity and which blended them all together, symbolizing soft pity and numb pain. I, wearing my pale-blue dress, stuck out painfully in the black mass, but at the same time was towed under by its intensity, my being insignificant among them. They came to pay their respects; I came to cast in light among the dirt and dampness of the hole. They left with serenity; I remained, to fall upon the ground in which lay my friend. My hands stroked the grass, which lay surrounding the spot, sending by way of its roots a tender vibrant stroking intended to sooth the lifeless body of my dear old friend.

MADELEINE KIMBERLY '51



Reflections on Yellow

The sickly, weakened yellow of squash.
 The penetrating yellow of the sun.
 The irritating yellow of the dandelion
 And the awful yellow in cowards' eyes.

B. BALDWIN '50

The Princess With the Golden Hair

It was a moody day when we first got up, the sky was overcast; by tiffin time, the sun was out; and then by sports period, it was threatening again. But undaunted, we threw on our gym suits and sneakers and went out. I don't know what made me think of her, perhaps it was the way the girl ahead of me walked, which reminded me, but suddenly I started thinking of a girl whom I had known years ago in New York.

We had gone to school together, a small Quaker school in Stuyvesant Square, and we had been inseparable. As a matter of fact there were three of us: Sally, cute and plump, who had big blue eyes and very black and very curly hair, of which I was so envious; Lila, tall and dignified with long, beautiful red-gold hair; and I who was rather in between. We had gone through all the usual trials together, such as having the boys tease us mercilessly, and having crushes on the teachers. Each of us had had our one big accident when she had fallen down and had broken or strained some member of her body. It was pretty painful at the time, but then we rather enjoyed the state of martyrdom when all our friends looked in sympathy and wrote their names on our slings. Life was a wonderful universe of fun and fantasy, and we were still at that age where hurt feelings and disillusionments were only temporary.

From the first I had thought there was something queer — no, not really queer, but rather — unusual about Lila; she never asked us to her house, and what was more odd to our basically financial minds, she always had plenty of money. She was forever lending us some without asking for it back — however, she was a good roller-skater so we never really thought much about it.

One day it was raining, so the three of us played our usual indoor game; that of taking Mummy's clothes out of the closet for dress-up. Naturally, we had to go to the house of the one whose mother was out and that time mine had gone to the country for the whole day, leaving our maid to keep an eye on me, but she was a darling and easily convinced that Mommy wouldn't mind. We were having a wonderful time when suddenly Sally had the brilliant idea of playing the court of an English royal family which had been in the news lately and about which we had heard our parents talking. Promptly Sally and I had a big argument over who was to be the Queen, and

Alice, our maid, who had heard our yelling, came to settle the argument and said that Lila should be the queen. Lila smiled and said she'd rather be a princess, and then, in a very sad tone, "I'll never be a queen anyway."

At the time, we didn't think about that remark much, because Alice suggested we have some cocoa, but later, after Lila had gone, Sally said something to me about it. I laughed and said she was probably being dramatic or something, but Sally persisted and said, "You know, there is something funny about Lila. I bet you didn't know she could speak Russian."

I naturally was amazed and said, "How exciting! Maybe she'll teach us."

I rushed up to her the next day and asked her if she would teach us, but she seemed very angry that we knew because she said, "How did you find. . . No, I won't," and walked away.

The next day Sally and I went to school and Lila wasn't there.

"She probably has a cold," Sally said, and we forgot about her. She didn't come the next day or the next. Finally we asked Miss Grinnell, the room teacher, who said, "I'm sorry, girls, but Lila has left school."

We asked if we could write her anywhere and she replied, "No, I thought you two might know — she didn't leave any forwarding address with the office."

And that was the last we ever saw or heard of her. . . .

I was guiltily snapped out of my reverie by a familiar voice saying, "Three times around the field, everybody," and I thought as I fell into line, "Who knows? Maybe she really was a Princess."

ALISON CARTER '50

Shark Dance

Cold black water crashes against the stone jetty,
Hitting straight, angling up, then out
Into the inky darkness.

Slithering among the jagged rocks below,
A million grey monsters with slant white eyes
Twist, then ooze together in jelly-like mass,
And suddenly dart angrily apart,
Leaving a phosphorescent glow of swirling bubbles.

A lacy piece of pale red coral, waving in the midst of lurid foam,
 Is suddenly snapped up by the great white teeth
 The luminous demons slowly wave in weird rhythm
 As the grotesque bulks again begin their writhing dance.
 Tumultuously jet-black water lashes out,
 Hurling the spinning fiends away — away.

And the water slaps the jetty.

PEG DOANE '50

LaSalle Street Station

Through the slums, the mills, and factories,
 Past the dripping lights and networks of steel and ties,
 To a subterranean tunnel full of grease and dank air,
 The train slows, shuffles, and stops.

Bored business men with brief cases,
 Mothers with squalling kids, baggage stubs clenched in white kid
 gloves,
 Deluge the platform like ants on a driveway.
 They hurry, past exuding steam, the sickening stench, away from
 deafening machines and raucous cries of greasy men.
 Like ants on a hot cement driveway they scurry and crowd and turn.
 Like ants, and no more important.
 But they must catch the Parmeleees and taxis,
 Proud and intent upon their business.

JANE POPE '50

Overheard

Lovely party, of course.
 Hedda's new gown. Oh yes, charming, isn't it?
 Have you read Peter's latest essay? political economy.
 They say he spent much money on research.
 Quite a job. . . nominated for some award.
 I say, everybody — we must give a party for Peter.
 What? so soon after. . . simply not appropriate. . . .
 His wife you know. ghastly end.
 Terrible shame. so scandalous.
 NATURALLY — Oh well. . . .
 We simply must have a party, though!!
 What about my place tomorrow. say around fivish.

BARBARA BALDWIN '50

On Not Doing Homework

There is nothing quite so dull as a prepared lesson, and nothing quite so interesting as an unprepared one. It's true that the first renders more peace of mind, but with the latter goes the interesting emotional state of indecision, besides the incredible amount of knitting and reading of movie magazines done when one is supposed to be doing homework.

There are several fine points of knowledge one must have before not preparing a lesson, for there is certainly an art to the process. I have not done it enough myself to become a connoisseur, but I have discovered a few hints that ought to help amateurs a bit.

First, before you do anything at all, you must think up an excuse. There are several trite excuses, such as, "I didn't have time," "I didn't have the assignment," "I didn't understand it at ALL." Teachers, I find, do not appreciate these, because there is no way to get around them, and yet, there they are. On the other hand, if you think up a great long elaborate excuse about how it was your Aunt Minnie's birthday the next day and you just had to make her six penwipers because you'd been giving her penwipers ever since you were six and the poor old lady would probably have a nervous breakdown if you didn't give her penwipers — this is not only likely to arouse a skeptical response from your teacher, but she might even check up to find out if you *have* an Aunt Minnie, which you never do, and then you're lost. So the best alternative is a nice, natural, credible excuse that the teacher will believe and you can *almost* make yourself believe.

Once the excuse is thought up, the rest is comparatively easy. You just settle down with the knitting or the movie magazine and silently fight off the gnawing pangs of conscience. If you can fight these off until the end of study hall, you are safe. If not, you've broken all your fine resolutions of enjoying Not Doing Homework and you are hereby classified as having a Weak Character.

The above is the less common Intentional Approach of Not Doing Homework. There is another more universally used type, however, which is the Unintentional Approach, used by those people who have Good Resolutions. These people appear good from the outside but are actually base underneath, as you shall soon see. To begin

with, they lie to themselves, which is the worst thing they can do. They say, "Oh goody! I just can't wait to settle down tonight with all that lovely math, and with that wonderful history test to look forward to tomorrow." Now none of them, no matter how much they may say so, actually enjoy homework of any kind, so these people are starting off on the wrong foot to begin with. Then, when study hall arrives that night, they sit down piously with a math book the minute the bell rings, and goad themselves into thinking they're going to enjoy it. They work hard for two problems, then the distractions begin.

The most common type of distraction is the Mind that Wanders. My mind has an unfortunate habit of wandering at times like this, and the resulting train of thought is very interesting.

"A man walked up a hill in two hours at the rate of five miles per hour. Why did he walk up the hill anyway? Why didn't he drive up? This must be a very old book. Hm, copyright, 1936. I wonder if they had cars in 1936? That's an awfully long time ago. And if they did have cars in 1936, walking would be an ana-anachronism, because any man with any common sense at all, even in 1936, would drive up the hill. I think I have much more intelligence than the publishers of this book, because I stopped to reason it out and they didn't. In fact, I'm a pretty smart girl on the whole. Suppose I did flunk that history test? I just don't happen to have that kind of a mind. But I'm really a brilliant conversationalist, and quite witty, I think." (Here there is a reverie on the Wonder of Me.)

"But even more wonderful, I've really had a tragic homelife and it's marvelous that I've emerged from it without any complexes or anything. (Not an inferiority complex, anyway.) My parents treat me like a slave, most of the time. Imagine us, living in a world of Rich Capitalists and I have to wash dishes. In Russia children are forced to work like poor little me, but in America we're supposed to have child labor laws." (Here the soliloquy rather contradicts itself.)

"But anyway, I'm in no position to be influenced by child labor laws. I'm a woman, and very mature and cynical for fifteen. I'm sophisticated. I'm hard. I often wonder what there is left in life for me, now — I've seen and been so many places — and had so many experiences — it's rather a pity I can't be as naive and wide-eyed as

so many of these children around here. They take life with happy faces and outstretched hands — one brand new experience after another. But as for me, I've seen it all. I've used life, and life has used me." (Here is a journey to the mirror and an attempt to muster a sad, cynical, callous smile, usually without success.)

Then begins a hair-combing session, a decision is reached as to what really lovely hair I have, then comes the look at the clock and the jolt back to normality; "Good heavens, I only have forty-five minutes in which to do three subjects!" I sit down, figure out the man and his hill, and the whole procedure starts again five minutes later, this time with a different train of thought.

By this time all the fine resolutions have been thrown to the wind, and the subject of homework has become extremely distasteful to you. You discover you have only ten minutes left of study hour. You optimistically tell yourself that you have time in the morning to do the work, and then you happily grab your knitting and knit-two purl-two, until the bell rings.

Such conduct is all very well; you have mastered the art of Not Preparing Your Lesson, but unfortunately you can't sleep. You bounce happily into bed, the lights go off, silence reigns, and then — the curse of mankind — you begin to think.

You discover that you can do that math after all. Those two quizzes you failed — you've got to get that terrible stuff done and pull your mark up. Suddenly, you are pervaded with an all-consuming, rabid urge to DO YOUR HOMEWORK.

Here there are several alternatives. One is to get up, grope about in the dark for a pencil and paper, and scribble down the equation before you forget it. Another is to fool yourself into believing that the math doesn't matter, but this seldom works. And the last is to writhe all night in an agony of conscience. The last is usually what happens.

So here are the methods, if you ever want to try Not Doing Your Homework.

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But actually, if you ask me, the whole system I have outlined is not very good. But you probably haven't asked me because I've said entirely too much already.

NORA JOHNSON '50

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